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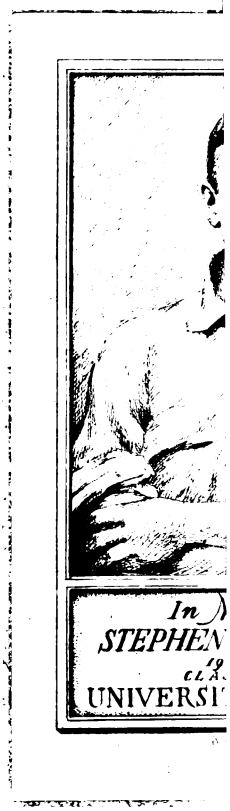

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declared that the gods w
utterly useless. None, he
zeal than himself, and yet o
than he had done; he was,
trial to the new religion. O
purer spirit. Comparing the
end is in darkness, to a swa
refuge from the storm withou
and cheerful apartment, and t
proposed that if Christianity s
and explain whence we came a
diately be adopted. Coifi, up
called in to explain to them
immediately done; and so cog
that the impatient Coifi decla
tion. He proposed that the
overturned; and, as he had h
pers, he offered to be now th
threw aside his priestly garn
priests were forbidden to wield
permitted to mount, and thus
amazed multitudes, who thoug
to a temple in the neighbourho
his lance within the sacred enc
profaned, No lightning descen
and the crowd, encouraged by
proceeded to second his effor
enclosures were levelled with th
was followed by that of multit
who was afterwards consecrated
baptized twelve thousand conv
Bede Ecc. His.

John Fitz Marmaduke, lord of
descended from a nephew of bis
Bachelier" of bishop Beck, was,
St. John's Town [*Perth,*] in Scotl
ing to a custom then not uncommon
to comply with that clause in his
Durham, literally boiled his dead
served his bones till an opportunity
yard of Durham presented itself.—

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THE LAIDLEY* WORM OF SPINDLESTON-HEUGH.

Virgo jam serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
Horrectis horret squamis et sibilat ore;
Arduaque insurgens navem de littore pulsat.

A song about 500 years old, made by the old mountain-bard, Duncan Frasier, living on Cheviot, A.D. 1270.

First printed from an ancient manuscript.

BY THE REV. ROBERT LAMBE, VICAR OF NORHAM.

THE king is gone from Bambrough Castle,
Long may the princess mourn,
Long may she stand on the castle wall,
Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them ta'en,
She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,
And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,
She tript into the yard;
But it was more for the king's sake,
Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day, the king
Brought the queen with him home;
And all the lords, in our country,
To welcome them did come.

Oh! welcome father, the lady cries,
Upon our halls and bowers;
And so are you, my step-mother,
For all that's here is yours.

A lord said, wondering while she spake;
This princess of the North
Surpasses all of female kind
In beauty, and in worth.

* This is a northern corruption for loathly, i.e. loathsome.

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The envious
You might
In a few hour
Down to a l

I will her liker
That warps
And not, till Ch
Shall she agai

The princess sto
Laughing, wh
But e'er the next
A long worm s

For seven miles
And seven mil
No blade of grass
So venomous

The milk of seve
It was costly h
Was brought her
Before she wer

At this day may
Which held he
And the stone tro
Out of which sl

Word went east,
And word is go
That a Laidley w
Would ruin the

Word went east, a
And over the se
The Child of Wyn
Which filled his

He called straight
They thirty were
I wish I were at Sp
This desperate w

We have no time n
Hence quickly let

There is now a street calle

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My only sister Margaret,
Something, I fear, doth ail.

They built a ship without delay,
With masts of the rown tree,[1]
With fluttring sails of silk so fine,
And set her on the sea.

They went on board. The wind with speed
Blew them along the deep,
At length they spied an huge square tower
On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the weather clear,
When they approached nigher,
King Ida's castle they well knew,
And the banks of Bambroughshire.

The queen look'd out at her bower window
To see what she could see;
There she espied a gallant ship
Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails,
Full glancing in the sun,
To sink the ship she sent away
Her witch wives every one.

The spells were vain; the hags returned
To the queen in sorrowful mood,

[1] Mountain ash.

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Crying that w
Where ther
Her last effort,
Which in th
With armed m
But they we
The worm lept
She plaited r
And ay as the s
She banged it
The Child then
The ship on B
And jumping int
Securely got t
And now he drev
And laid it on
And swore if she
That he would
O! quit thy sworc
And give me k
For though I am
No hurt I'll do
Oh! quit thy swor
And give me ki
If I'm not won, e'
Won I shall nev
He quitted his swo
He gave her kiss
She crept into a ho
But out stept a l
No clothing had thi
To keep her from
He took his mantle
And round her di
He has taken his ma
And in it he wrap
And they are up to l
As fast as they ca

[1] Budle is a small village and port a

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His absence and her serpent shape,
The King had long deplored,
He now rejoyced to see them both
Again to him restored.

The queen they wanted, whom they found
All pale, and sore afraid;
Because she knew her power must yield
To Childy Wynd's, who said,

Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
An ill death mayst thou dee;
As thou my sister hast lik'ned,
So lik'ned shalt thou be.

I will turn you into a toad,
That on the ground doth wend;
And won, won, shalt thou never be,
Till this world hath an end.

Now on the sand near Ida's tower,
She crawls a loathsome toad,
And venom spits on every maid
She meets upon her road.

The virgins all of Bambrough town
Will swear that they have seen
This spiteful toad, of monstrous size,
Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe within the shire
This story to be true,
And they all run to Spindleston,
The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frasier
Of Cheviot, sings in rhime;
Lest Bambrough-shire-men should forget
Some part of it in time.

This Ballad was printed in Hutchinson's History of Northumberland, from a communication by the Rev. Robt. Lambe, of Norham, (editor of the old Poem, entitled Flodden Field), who pretended to have transcribed it from a very ancient Manuscript.—*Evans.*

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on the following morning, he was surprised to see his servant in the charge of a mounted horseman, who was turning into a lane which branches off from the main road to the left, leading to Sandhoe. He advanced, and addressing the young man, enquired the cause of his being thus taken into custody. The servant replied, his visage brightening at the same time, that he knew of no cause whatever; but while awaiting his arrival, according to the instructions received on the previous day, the stranger on horseback came up to him—told him he was his prisoner, and dragged him away in the manner he now witnessed. This stranger, Hall knew to be a Widdrington and on questioning him as to the circumstances, the fellow replied, he would not be interfered with in discharge of his duty, or if he was it would be at Hall's peril; that the youth was in his keeping, and to no person would he be accountable, save only, to her gracious Majesty the Queen.* The previous misdeeds of the Widdringtons crowded on Hall's recollection, who, at once perceiving that the whole scope and design of the unfeeling wretch before him, was to get the poor lad conveyed away as a slave to the West Indies, interceded for his liberation, with all the eloquence of which he was master, urging that the youth had an aged mother and a sister relying upon him for support. But the other was inexorable: he only requested the supplicant would not trouble him with his entreaties. Hall however was not to be thwarted after this fashion: his pride was somewhat chafed, and conceiving that justice was on his side, he drew up his horse in front of that of Widdrington, and commanded him to produce credentials proving that, in the present instance, he acted conformably to the law. Any man in those days who could afford to purchase arms, wore them at his pleasure, and Widdrington, unsheathing his piece of pointed steel, held it before him, and exclaimed, "This is my commission." "Then we will test its truth," said Hall, and ere another word was spoken, he alighted from his horse.

The lane in which this parley took place, being confined where it joined the main road, owing to some inclosures bordering upon it, gradually grew wider as the party advanced; and now where they stood the road crossed a piece of level green sward that might, in other times, have served as the scene of a more splendid chivalric spectacle. Unfastening from his neck the clasp of a large cloak, such as horsemen at that period were in the habit of wearing, Hall flung it from his shoulders and, drawing his trusty *Ferrara*, the basket hilt of which was like a ram's head, stood ready for battle. Widdrington in compliance with the laws of honour, likewise dismounted and confronting his

* Queen Anne.

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opponent manfully, threw
and though Hall was an ad
time sharp enough beset by
as skillful, and when he h
watched an opportunity, and
drington's weapon, by a su
throwing it behind him to
defenceless man now supplic
of a gentleman to deny him t

Widdrington had scarcely
when his life was again put
much more disgraceful way.
concourse of people, to the g
known and by whom he was
or making known to each o
fiercely with sticks and sto

The poor people in Nort
to live unmolested, none of
among them; and Hall fo
the infamous system which
most cordial expressions of

BART

The following beautiful fr
Surtees, of Mainsforth, from
woman, who weeded in his g
within brackets were inserted
as the chantress's memory left
reciter be correct, was shot to
had seduced, but was afterwa
place of meeting; which ma
ground, but beside the burn.
would argue a Northumbrian o
Cross, among many so named,
the mention of the Nine-Stane
refer to those places in the vi
countenanced by the mentioni
hero may have been an Englis
land, which renders the catastr

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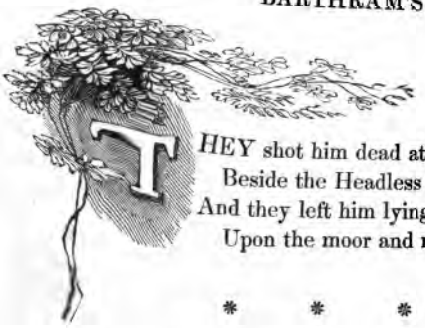
BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.



THEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

* * * *

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch of the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside,
She tore her ling [long] yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well
His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
[And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.]

They buried him at [the mirk] midnight,
[When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.]

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Ninestone Burn,
And they covered him [o'er with the heather-flower,]
The moss and the [Lady] fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide,
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

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THE

HERE
of wil
nearly
park a
belongi
probabl
genuine
his lord
and picturesque description of
colour is invariably white, muzzl
ear, and about one-third of the
horns white, with black tips, ve
bulls have a thin upright mane,
long: the weight of the oxen
and the cows from twenty-five t
fourteen pound to the stone. T
lent flavour.

"From the nature of their pa
are put into, by the curiosity of
should get very fat; yet the six-
beef; from whence it may be fair
they would feed well.

"At the first appearance of an
gallop to a considerable distance;
come boldly up again, tossing th
a sudden they make a full stop, a
looking wildly at the object of th
tion being made, they again turn r
but forming a shorter circle, and
threatening aspect, they approach
other stand, and again gallop off.
ening their distance, and advancing
yards, when most people think it p

"The mode of killing them was,
of the grandeur of ancient hunting.
bull would be killed upon a certain
bourhood came in great numbers, b
rode off the bull from the rest of the
a marksman dismounted and shot.

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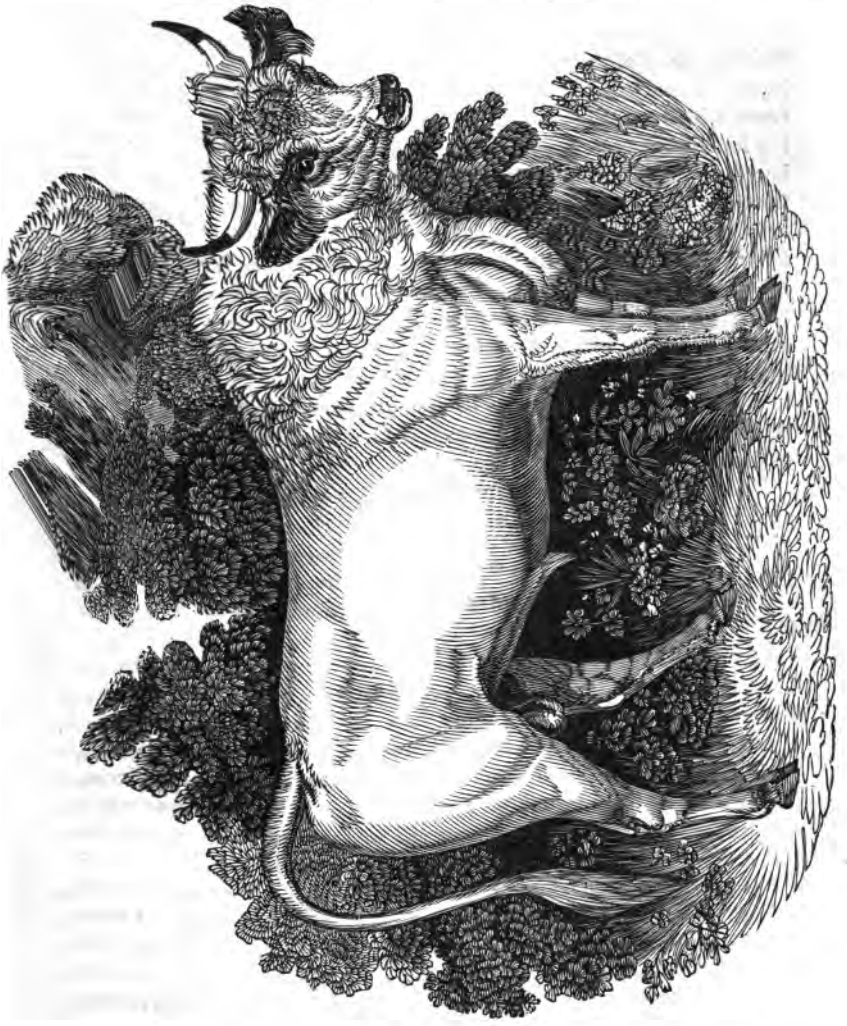
or thirty shots have been fired before he was subdued: on such occasions, the bleeding victim grew desperately furious, from the smarting



of his wounds, and the shouts of savage joy that were echoing from every side. From the number of accidents that happened, this dangerous mode has been seldom practised of late years, the park-keeper alone generally shooting them with a rifled gun at one shot.

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Grey. At what period, or by what process, the park became inclosed, it is impossible to say; but it was closely bounded by the domains of the Percies on the one side, and by the Hibburnes on the other, the latter of whom had been seated there since the time of King John; and as the chief branch of the Greys always made Chillingham their principal residence, until it passed into the hands of Lord Ossulston, by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Ford Lord Grey, it is reasonable to suppose that, in order to secure their cattle, wild and tame, they had recourse to an inclosure probably at an early period. They have, pre-eminently, all the characteristics of wild animals, with some peculiarities that are sometimes very curious and amusing. They hide their young, feed in the night, basking or sleeping during the day;—they are fierce when pressed, but, generally speaking, very timorous, moving off on the appearance of any one, even at a great distance. Yet, this varies very much in different seasons of the year, according to the manner in which they are approached. In summer, I have been for several weeks without getting a sight of them,—they, on the slightest appearance of any one, retiring into a wood, which serves them as a sanctuary. On the other hand, in winter, when coming down for food into the inner park, and being in contact with the people, they will let you almost come among them, particularly if on horseback. But then they have also a thousand peculiarities. They will be feeding sometimes quietly, when if any one appear suddenly near them,—particularly coming down the wind, they will be struck with a sudden panic, and gallop off, running one after another, and never stopping till they get into their sanctuary. It is observable of them as of red deer, that they have a peculiar faculty of taking advantage of the irregularities of the ground, so that on being disturbed, they may traverse the whole park, and yet you hardly get a sight of them. Their usual mode of retreat is to get up slowly, set of in a walk, then a trot, and seldom begin to gallop till they have put the ground between you and them in the manner that I have described. In form, they are beautifully shaped, short legs, straight back, horns of a very fine texture, thin skin, so that some of the bulls appear of a cream colour; and they have a peculiar cry, more like that of a wild beast, than that of ordinary cattle. With all the marks of high breeding, they have also some of its defects. They are bad breeders, and are much subject to the *rush*, a complaint common to animals bred in and in, which is unquestionably the case with these as long as we have any account of them. When they come down into the lower part of the park, which they do at stated hours, they move like a regiment of cavalry in single files, the bulls leading the van, as in retreat it is the bulls that bring up the rear. Lord Ossulston was witness to a curious way in which

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they took possession, as it were,
to them. It was in the evenin
the front of a small wood, whic
all of a sudden they made a
charging close by him across t
a little time began feeding.
an instance. An old bull be
proceeded to separate him fr
ing in the outer park. T
frustrated in several attemp
(the latter doing it in cautio
him down; he then tossed
knelt down upon him, and
other person present but a b
him was, by letting loose a c
who immediately attacked th
off the man and eventually s
left the keeper, but kept cont
giving him a to from time
while the dog w singular sag
at bay, a messen er came up
came out with th eir rifles, and
pally by a stead good marksm
of twenty-five yards; but it was
entered the head of the anima
that he at last fell. During
changed his ground, merely sh
shots. Man more stories
accidents of sundry kinds, an
observable in these animals, as
a wild state: but, I think I b
memory suggests to me, as mo
In addition to the above, Mr
information, collected from Mr
servation - There are about eig
bulls, forty cows, and fifteen stee
and tips of the horns alone are b
of the ears red or brown, and al
the bulls have no manes, but a l
fight for supremacy, until a few
and the mastery is no longer dis
by accident, they fight when the
do so till they become friends ag

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became as tame as the domestic ox, and thrived as well as any short-horned steer could do, and, in its prime, was computed to weigh sixty-five stones. They are shy in summer, but tame in winter, and will eat hay from a fold, although they will not taste turnips. At the end of the last century, similar cattle existed at Burton Constable, Yorkshire, and at Dunnlary, in Dumfriesshire, but these are now extinct. From the absence of all recent notice of these animals, there appears to be little doubt but that they are genuine descendants of the wild cattle of the ancient Caledonian forests. The author then quoted a passage from Boetius, which, allowing for a little colouring, described these animals very well, except in the non-existence of a mane. The cattle at Dunnlary had black ears, but in all other points resemble those of Chillingham; and this may be accounted for by a statement of Bewick, that about forty years ago some of the animals had black ears at Chillingham, and were shot by the keeper. On the whole, the author was inclined to think these animals the survivors of the Caledonian cattle, which undoubtedly extended through the northern provinces of England; and that, under the protection of the owners of Chillingham, they had escaped the general destruction dependent on the advancement of civilization, &c. in the country.

The author of a recent publication, entitled "Rambles in Northumberland," has the following anecdote:—

"About seven years ago, when the keepers were about to shoot a bull which they had ridden off from the herd, the infuriated animal suddenly turned upon Lord Ossulston, who was mounted on a pony, and after a short chase came up with him, and threw both his lordship and the pony to the ground. The bull then retired a few paces to gain the advantage of a run, but just as he was advancing to renew the attack, one of the keepers fired his rifle and brought him to the ground. The Countess of Tankerville was in the park at the time, and beheld the imminent danger to which her son was exposed. A tree is now planted on the spot where the young heir of Tankerville had so narrow an escape." The same writer informs us that "Mr. ———, an *active* member of the Wernerian Society of Natural History, nearly fell a martyr to his love of science in September, 1833. He had advanced near the herd for the purpose of making some particular observations, when a gruff-fronted, sharp-horned bull, offended at the intrusion, turned upon the inquisitive naturalist, and coursed him over the park 'in gallant style,' as they say at Melton-Mowbray, and was gaining ground, when the chase ran to earth in a conduit adjoining the park wall."

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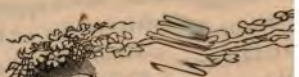
SIR JOHN

WHO WAS MURTHERED IN THE A

HOU GHTON



PRA Y for th
W hen the
A nd the v
Pray or the sp
Pray or the son
He fell not, before t
The ning crescen
Wher he Martyr's
d Christ's sold
Rewa A not in the bat
He f th St. George'
Bene n the pealing cr
Whe t cheer the sowl
Mig
Bu at dead of night, i
In his garden bower—
An d the dew of sleep
In the arms of his l
nd by murderous h
In that guilty bow
With his paramour
Did his sowle from hi
And through mist an
Was forc'd away fro
To the dreaded judg
In the southern aisle
Hangs o'er his marbl
And his tilting spear
His helm, and his gal
And aye the mass pri
And patters many a p
And the chaunting be
And aye, the lamp b

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And still, when that guilty night returns,
On the eve of St. Barnaby bright,
The dying taper faintly burns—
With a wan and a wavering light.

And *the* clammy midnight dew breaks forth
Like drops of agony,
From the marble dank, and the armories clank,
Affrights the priest on his knee.

And high over head, with shivering tread,
Unearthly footsteps pass;
For the spirits of air, are gathering there,
And mock the holy mass.

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep,
And kiss no leman gay;
For he that sinks in sin to sleep,
May never wake to pray.

Judge not sinner as thou art,
Commune with thy sinful heart—
And watch, for thou knowest not the hour;
And to Jesus bright, and Mary of might,
Pray for the sowle of the murder'd Knight,
That died in the moonlight bower.

Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.

RIDE THROUGH SANDGATE.

Ride through Sandgate, both up and down,
There you'll see the gallants fighting for the crown:
All the cull cuckold's in Sunderland town,
With all the bonnie blue caps, cannot pull them down.

This is a genuine fragment of a ballad relating to Newcastle, besieged by *Lesley* and the Scots army. The blue caps (or Scotchmen) did, however, *at last* succeed in pulling them down, after a most gallant defence, 19th October, 1644. *Ibid.*

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T

Edw

AT NEWC

A

* * *

* * *

Meantime withi
Crowding her s
Ready to march
Full more than
All armed and w
The orders of t
Himself, within
Surrounded by
Discoursed of B
And how due c
Dealt upon tho
His right to Sco
Tall he appeare
Swarthy his hue
Firm was his lo
As thoughts of
To rouse his sp
Flamed in his h
So plain his ga
Upon their mo
He should app
In midst of suc
For arms and p
On every side,
And thronged
The pride of E
Whilst her bro
Streamed on th

* * *

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THE CAPTIVE PRELATE.

THE death of Richard Kellow, bishop of Durham, in A. D. 1316, opened a wide field for ecclesiastical intrigue; and four competitors for the vacant see appeared, supported by powerful interests. The earl of Lancaster recommended his chaplain, John de Kinardslee; the earl of Hereford brought forward John Walwayne, a civilian; and the king (Edward II.) recommended Thomas Charleton, also a civilian, and keeper of the Signet. The queen, meanwhile, supported the interest of her kinsman, Lewis Beaumont, a descendant of the royal blood of France. The election was fixed for the feast of St. Leonard. The earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Pembroke, waited within the church the event of the conclave; Henry Beaumont, a brave and successful soldier, well known on the borders, was also there to support the interests of his brother; and some of the savage nobility threatened, with characteristic violence, "if a monk were elected, to split his shaven crown." Surrounded by violence and intrigue, the electors preserved their purity and firmness, and announced to the impatient and irritated nobles, that their unanimous choice had fallen on the venerable prior of Finchale, Henry de Stamford, a man recommended only by the mild dignity of age and of virtue.

The king, who was at York, would have readily admitted the bishop elect who had been honourably chosen; but the tears and prayers of a beautiful and kneeling queen, who begged the promotion of her kinsman as the only favour she had ever solicited, were irresistable; and the king, refusing to ratify the election of Stamford, wrote to the Papal court, to demand the bishopric for Beaumont. Despairing of justice at home, Stamford, with three companions, undertook a painful journey across the Apennines; but the royal letters far outstripped the tedious footsteps of age and infirmity, and Stamford, on his arrival at Rome, found that pope John XXII. had already, at the joint request of the sovereigns of France and England, irrevocably bestowed the see of Durham on his opponent.

Lewis Beaumont had been consecrated at Westminster on the 26th of March 1318, and purposing to be installed at Durham on the high festival of St. Cuthbert, in September the same year, began his progress for the North, attended by a numerous and splendid retinue, accompanied by his brother Henry Beaumont, and by two Roman Cardinals, who were charged with a pacific embassy into Scotland. At Darlington the bishop was met by a messenger from the convent to warn him that the road was in possession of marauders; but the high

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rank and sacred dignity of
danger at defiance, and th
or suspicion. A few hours v
midway betwixt the small
road crosses a small and sull
well calculated for surprise a
ate band anxiously waited the
his companions had no soone
loped in a cloud of light ho
Middleton, a Northumbrian
times had driven to adopt th
this occasion is said to have
the desire of plunder. After
stored the cardinals' horses,
journey to Durham, where th
citing the liberality of the n
The bishop meanwhile, and hi
off with the rapidity of a b
through the heart of the bish
of Mitford, of which says Gra
the proprietor. The treasure
for Lewis's redemption, and
of a heavy ransom to the s
were liberated.

The king, had it seems, use
harshly in some business of the
of the family honour, adopted t
of Durham. The times were l
gentry of the north were freq
the defence of their own proper
veniences, the life of a freeboo
stantial attractions, which seem
borderer who had once adopt
path of allegiance and legitimat
the gentlemen of the English n
feeble successor they were freque
freebooters and outlaws. Midd
him; he was surprised in his s
bouring chief, who had suffered
the hands of government, and
neither reclaimed nor dismayed
range themselves under the bann
ton's associates, who then held t

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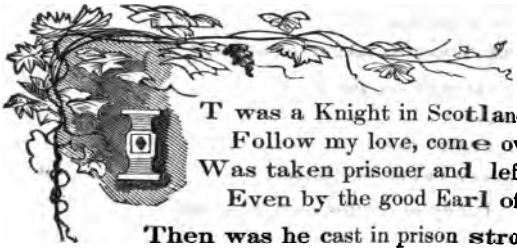
THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



IT was a Knight in Scotland born,
Follow my love, come over the strand—
Was taken prisoner and left forlorn,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland!

Then was he cast in prison strong,
Follow my love, &c.
Where he could not walk, nor lay along;
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland!

And, as in sorrow thus he lay,
Follow my love, &c.
The Earl's sweet daughter walks that way,
And she is the Fair Flower of Northumberland.

And passing by, like an angel bright,
Follow my love, &c.
The prisoner had of her a sight;
And she, &c.

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,
'Follow, my love! come over the strand,'—
The salt tears standing in his eye,
And she the Fair Flower of Northumberland!

'Fair Lady,' he said, 'take pity on me,
Follow my love, and come over the strand,
And let me not in prison die,
And you the Fair Flower of Northumberland!'

'Fair Sir, how should I take pity on thee,
Follow my love, &c.
Thou being a foe to our country,
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland?'

'Fair Lady! I am no foe,' he said,
Follow my love, come over the strand?
Through thy sweet love here was I stay'd,
For thee—Fair Flower of Northumberland!

'Why shouldst thou come here for love of me,
Follow my love, &c.
Having wife and children in thy country,
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland?

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'I swear by the bl
Follow my love,
I have no wife nor
Nor Dwelling a

'If courteously th
Follow my love,
I vow that I will r
So soon as I co

'Thou shalt be a
Follow my love,
And sit like a que
When I at hom

Then parted hence
Follow my love,
And got her father'
To help this Kni

Likewise much gol
Follow my love,
And all to help this
To wend from h

Two gallant steeds,
Follow my love,
She likewise took o
To ride with the

And to the jailor sh
Follow my love,
Who the Knight fr
To wend with h

This token set the
Follow my love,
Who straight went
To wend with her

A gallant steed he d
Follow my love, &
And with the Lady a
And she the Fair F

They rode till they ca
Follow my love, &c.
'Good Sir! how should
And I the Fair Flowe

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'The water is rough, and wonderful deep,
Follow my love, &c.
And on my saddle I shall not keep;
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland!'

'Fear not the ford, fair Lady!' quoth he,
Follow my love, &c.
For long *I* cannot stay for thee,
And *thou* the Fair Flower of Northumberland.

The Lady prickt her gallant steed,
Follow my love, &c.
And over the river swam with speed;
And she the Fair Flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was she:
'Follow, my love! come over the strand?'
This have I done for love of thee,
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland?

Thus rode she all one winter's night,
Follow my love, &c.
Till Edinborough they saw in sight,
The fairest town in all Scotland.

'Now choose,' quoth he, 'thou wanton Flower!
(Follow my love, come over the strand)
If thou wilt be my paramour,
Or get thee home to Northumberland!—

'For I have a wife and children five,
Follow my love, &c.
In Edinborough they be alive;
Then get thee home to fair England!

'This favour thou shalt have, to boot,
Follow my love, &c.
I'll have thy horse; go thou on foot,
Go! get thee home to Northumberland.'

'O false and faithless Knight! quoth she,
('Follow my love, come over the strand')
And canst thou deal so bad with me?—
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland!

'Dishonour not a Lady's name,
Follow my love, &c.
But draw thy sword, and end my shame!
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland.'

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He took her from
Follow my lov
And left her ther
And she—the

Then sat she do
Follow my love
At length, tw Kr
Two gallan t Kn

She fell dow hun
Follow m y love,
Saying, 'C urteo
And I th e Fair

'I have of ended
Follow ended
And by my love,
From false Kni
he good E

They k her up
w my love,
Foll ught her to
And he the good
An u, fair Maide
All y llow my love,
('F
Scot never were tr
T Lord, nor Lad

O THE RUINS (

WRITTEN BY THE LATE WM.

WAND'RER with reve
And while the ravish'd
Strays o'er the wonder
And to thy memory br
When stern Religion
And form terrific, harm
Dare not with impious
Those wild Austerities
Unlock'd the springs of
To Life, and Immortali

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FOLLOWERS OF PRINCE CHARLES

In Redesdale.

IN an evening at the close of the year 1745, according to tradition, two strangers, presented themselves at the door of a cottage at Rooking in Redesdale, and asked permission to lodge during the night. The occupier, a shepherd distinguished for his hospitality, led them to his cheerful hearth; his wife added a fresh portion of turf to the fire, spread her whitest cloth on the board, and heaped it before them with her best fare. To the way-worn guests this reception could not fail to be agreeable, especially as they might perceive it arose from motives of pure and unaffected benevolence.

One was a young man, approaching the prime of life, dressed very plainly, but whose elegant and unobtrusive manners indicated the bearing of a gentleman. He was sad and woe-begone; his looks bore evidence that anxiety and disappointment pressed heavy upon him; he ate little at supper, and to speak, save by answering respectfully any remark addressed to him, was a task he seemed unwilling to undergo. In only one slight instance he varied from the homely practice observed by the inmates; instead of kneeling, while the shepherd, in performing family worship, prayed, he remained standing, and rested himself gently on the back of his chair. On retiring to rest, it may be presumed, he slept little from the audible though suppressed sighs which escaped from him during the whole period of repose.

The other of middle age, had seen much of the world, and was an active, sagacious man. Prompt and decisive, yet combining with these qualities great affability, he conversed freely with the shepherd on the excitement which agitated the country, spoke of the march of the Highlanders through Lancashire, of their retreat, of the surrender of the castle at Carlisle, and described most minutely the figure and appearance of Prince Charles Edward, not even omitting the slight pimples below his chin, and his hand, the fingers of which were *webbed*, or bound together by the skin.* Unlike his younger companion, he knelt while the venerable old man addressed the Deity, and slept soundly till aroused by the crowing cock at approaching day.

After breakfast, when his guests were about to depart, the generous host took such interest in their welfare, that he saddled his pony,

* This peculiar formation of the Prince's hand, though unnoticed by historians and novelists generally, is not undeserving of credit. The following stanza of a violent invec-

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desired the young man to mount,
ward as Coquet-head. From the
dential man, the shepherd gleaned
memorials of their history. Th
ancient and honourable Catholic
behalf of Prince Charles, when th
a royal race was borne across the
desirous of renown, he was ever
enemy; and, unhappily, in one of
due precaution, he was made a p
relative of the same family, had
gents; but when his friend was c
of ambition to effect his escape, w
accomplished. Foreseeing how th
terminate, they had now to provi
ing, by the most unfrequented ro
might obtain a vessel, and embar

ONLAFBAL, a pagan chief, who
the lifetime of bishop Cutheard, p
as to seize on the very glebe land
bishop, who wished to save a sin
ions *(volens cum Deo lucrari)*, wi
the most profane blasphemies ag
threaten me" he said "with you
of my Gods I will be a fearful en
you." The *dignus vindice nodus*
braved and threatened, exerted
caitiff was entering the church t
by both feet to the threshold *ibi*
extreme torture, he confessed th
and expired. The rest of the pag
with so notable an example, fled
of the church free for evermore.—

---

tive against the insurgents, occurs in the

"Britannia the*y thought with*
But she would not, she than
Such vermin wont live *long*
As *web-fingered Charles*, Tu

It is proverbial that a person whose fin*ger*
or bad fortune. The *saying* bears very a

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SUNDERLAND BRIDGE.

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL WATSON, NORTH SHIELDS,

YE sons of Sunderland, with shouts that rival ocean's roar,
Hail Burdon in his iron boots, who strides from shore to shore!
O, may ye firm support each leg, or much, O, much, I fear,
Poor Rowland may o'er stretch himself, in striding 'cross the Wear.

A patent quickly issue out, lest some more bold than he,
Should put on larger iron boots, and stride across the sea!
Then let us pray for speedy peace, lest Frenchmen should come over,
And foll'wing Burdon's iron plan, from Calais stride to Dover.

The second line is well worthy of preservation. Rowland Burdon, esq., M.P., for the county of Durham, from 1790 to 1806, built this splendid bridge; the advantages of which have never been sufficiently appreciated. It is singular enough, that the act of parliament for its erection does not determine its name, and it is now called indifferently, Sunderland Bridge, Wearmouth Bridge, and the Iron Bridge.—

Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.

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Ode to the Ri

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGIN

WRITTEN A.

O Thou! that r
My native fie
And speedest
With the gree
Still through my owr
Thy never failing stre
To me the mind is not
Since first upon thy ba
And like another joyo
The hours in harmless
Or heaps upon thy wi
Of shining pebbles lai
Or loved within thy c
My yet too tender fee
Or caught thy fry in
And boasted of my n
So passed my days in
Days never to return
So late a boy! to-mo
And so the years on
Day steals on day wi
And what, dear strea
Than thy loquacious
To mingle with *the r*
But take unto the tro
Take all my *grief and*
And keep, as erst, th
And cheer *our house*

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POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

IN the north-western parts of Northumberland, where there are no large towns, and where the rather scanty population reside in small villages and lonely farmsteads, many traces of popular superstitions still remain; and houses which had the character of being haunted, and lonely places where spirits were wont to walk, a century ago, have not yet entirely "given up the ghost." It is a common practice at *lyke-wakes*,* where both young people and old assemble to watch the dead, to relate ghost-stories: and it is at such times, when the company is assembled in the room in which a corpse lies, that they produce the most powerful impression. Persons who have been born and educated in large towns, and who have seldom after dark been beyond the circle of lamp-light—within which no spirit dare enter—can form but an imperfect idea of the hold which ghost stories take upon the minds of those who live in the country, and who have frequently to pass the spot where a murder has been committed, the three loaning-ends where a suicide has been buried, or the lonely church-yard where the spirit of a miser, who has died without discovering his hidden treasure, is still said to walk.

He who in boyhood has listened to stories of ghosts, narratives of the appearance of the departed spirits of men and women who once had a local habitation and a name in the neighbourhood of the village in which he resides, related by persons who fully believed in them, and perhaps ghost-seers themselves, finds considerable difficulty in after life, in divesting himself of his early impressions; and even when he is rationally convinced that ghosts have never existed, except in the minds of those who professed that they had seen things which they only imagined, his feelings are sometimes not in perfect accordance with his belief. When riding home from fair or market, there are certain places on the road which he has a great aversion to pass at the "dead hour of the night." As he approaches them, notwithstanding the courage-inspiring influence of John Barleycorn, he feels himself rather chill. He reins in his horse a little tighter, seats himself more firmly in the saddle, and thrusts his feet home in the stirrups, ready to strike spurs into his horse, should aught supernatural appear; and more

* *Lyke* is from the German *Leiche*, a corpse. It is customary, among the lower classes in Northumberland, for several of the friends and neighbours of the deceased to sit up each night in the same room with the body until it be interred.

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than once, as he has passed the
less woman jumped up behind th
ling of the withered leaves, and
was about to spring from the wo

Though among the Northuml
of persons who profess to testify
pearance of ghosts, wraiths, dea
of the power of warlocks and wi
persuaded that "such things h
to believe that there are ghosts
which most frequently vexed th
were those of persons who had
hidden treasure, and failed to d
who mourned with inordinate g
wife, or friend, were sometimes
and solemnly warned not to dis
unavailing lamentations, and m
dence. It was believed that th
tecting the murderer, yet wen
earth, for not unfrequently did
in the darkness and solitude of
which death would have been t
greater torments which awaite

About eighty years ago, acc
had the character of being pos
he always carried about with
Rothbury, at which, in his reg
he had been accustomed to ca
seen, and tradition ascribes h
the only person at home whe
husband had before spoken o
she resolved to avail herself
the foul deed. As he was sit
door, eating of some food wh
behind him, and felled him
staff; and after taking the p
deep well in the yard. On h
informed him of what she had
vants were absent, they drew
Though their neighbours notic
much improved, and that they h
formerly, yet they were never su
Their ill-got gain, however, b

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husband, a few years afterwards, fell from his horse and broke his neck; and at times the widow was seized with fits of terror, which appeared to deprive her of reason. She survived her husband several years, and on her death-bed communicated to a person who attended her the circumstances of the pedlar's murder, and the cause of her terrors. Frequently when she entered the kitchen where the deed was done, she fancied that she saw the pedlar sitting at the table; and after she had removed to another house, he used sometimes to seat himself opposite to her, with his hair wet and hanging down over his face, as he appeared when she and her husband drew him from the well.

In passing a cottage, in which I remembered that an old woman had dwelt who was suspected of having caused the death of one of her children, I inquired of a person, a native of the village, who was with me, if he knew anything of the circumstance, and received from him the following account. "I knew the woman, who is now where the Lord pleases, very well. She was the wife of a day-tale * man, and they had more small bairns than they could well provide for; and in harvest she used to go out a-shearing. One year, about the harvest time, she had a young bairn at the breast, which she thought was one too many; and that she might not be hindered of the shearing by staying at home with it, and that she might get rid of it altogether, she smothered it in the cradle. There was no public inquiry made, nor inquest held, but all her neighbours, especially the women folk, believed that the bairn was wilfully made away with, for she had the character of being a cold-hearted mother. She never did well, though she lived for nearly forty years afterwards. She fell into a low way, and was, at times, almost clean past herself. She was always at the worst about the time of the harvest moon; and would then often walk about the house, and sometimes go out and wander about the common, all night, moaning and greeting in a fearful way. I have many a time seen her holding her head atween her hands, rocking herself backwards and forwards on a low chair, groaning and sighing, and every now and then giving an awful sort of shriek, which folks, who knew her best, said was her way when she fancied that she heard the bairn cry out in the same way that it did when she was smooring it. About the harvest time, she often used to see the spirit of the innocent that she had put to death, and her neighbours often heard her talking to it, bidding it to be gone, and not to torment her longer with its cries. She is now dead and in her grave, and has been many years; and whatever may

* A *day-tale* man is a labourer not engaged by a master for a certain time, but working for any person who will employ him by the day or by the week.

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be her punishment in the nex
harmless bairn of her own flesh
penance in this."

A *wraith*, or *wauf*, as it is fre
the apparition of a person which
is commonly seen by a near rela
it portends; and it is sometime
is thus announced be in a dist
who saw and spoke to his own
answer, and who died next da
headless horses, and driven by
proceeding rapidly, but withou
death of some considerable per
no distant period. After the d
mode of proceeding to ascertain
to depart for their "long home
mattress on which the person la
into the yard and burnt, and in
foot; and that member of the fa
impression was the person who
ral belief, that if there be pige
person lies, the struggle of the
its tenement of clay is painfully
even die on such a bed, but
spirit can obtain its release.—

Amongst the middle classes
when a person dies, either to
ment, or cover it with a wh
place without a mixture of fe
imagination being excited, sh
pearance of unearthly forms;
discontinuing its use. The
corpse a table plate containin
the females, who attend on s
body from swelling; but this
different motives,—the salt w
it was thus employed for the
the influence of the powers of

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JOCK O' THE SIDE.

FROM THE "MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER."

The reality of this story rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. Jock o' the side seems to have been nephew to the Laird of Mangertoun, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Christie of the Side, mentioned in the list of Border clans, 1597.

Jock o' the Side appears to have assisted the earl of Westmoreland in his escape after his unfortunate insurrection with the earl of Northumberland, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth. The two earls went into Liddesdale, but being opposed by Martin Elliott and others, adherents to the Regent of Scotland, they were compelled to fly to one of the Armstrongs, who lived on the debateable land on the Borders between Liddesdale and England, and who, to his perpetual disgrace, ultimately betrayed Northumberland into the hands of his enemies. On their departure with their followers, they amounted to not more than fifty horse, and Westmoreland, that he might be unknown, changed his coat of plate and sword with Jock o' the Side, and departed like a Scottish Borderer. The countess of Northumberland, and her retinue appear to have remained in Liddesdale; for after the earls departed, the Border thieves stole the horses of her ladyship, of her two women, and of ten others of the company,—hence she was left on foot at Jock o' the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared with many a dog kennel in England.

JOCK O' THE SIDE. *

NOW Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better hae staid at hame;
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.

For Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spaits[1] fa' fast frae her ee.

[1] *Spaits*—Torrents.

* This Ballad was first published 1784 in the *Hawick Poetical Museum* from an ancient Manuscript, communicated by John Elliott, Esq., of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of Riddisdale. It was republished with some slight emendations by Scott, 1802, in his justly celebrated "MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER."

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Then up and spoke he
" What news, what
" Bad news, bad news
Michael is killed, a
—" Ne'er fear, sister
" I have yokes of
My barns, my byres,
I'll part wi' them
" Three men I'll sen
A' harneist wi' the
The English louns n
The weight o' the
" The Laird's Jock
O Hobbie Noble,
Thy coat is blue, the
Since England ba
Now Hobbie was an
In Bewcastle-dale
But his misdeeds th
They banished hi
Lord Mangerton the
" Your horses th
Like gentlemen ye
But look like co
" Your armour gu
Nor yet appear
As country lads b
Wi branks and
Sae now their hor
And Hobbie ha
Jock his lively ba
And on they ro
At the Cholerford
And there, wi'
A tree they cut, w
To climb up the
But when they ca
And were alight

[1] *Caugers*—Carriers.—
[2] *Cholerford is*

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They fand thair tree three ells ower laigh,
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.
Then up and spak the Laird's ain Jock;
"There's naething for't; the gates we maun force."—
But when they cam the gate until,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.
His neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang;
Wi' fute or hand he ne'er play'd pa!
His life and his keys at anes they hae ta'en,
And cast the body ahint the wa'.

Now [illegible]une they reach Newcastle jail,
An[illegible]d to the prisoner thus they call;
"Sle[illegible]eps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Side,
O[illegible]art thou weary of thy thrall?"
Joc[illegible] answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone;
"Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep:
[illegible]t whae's this kens my name sae weel,
And thus to mese[1] my waes does seik?"—
[illegible]hen out and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
"Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he;
For here are the Laird's Jock, the Lairds Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."—
"Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
For ever, alas! this canna be;
For if [illegible]' Liddesdale were here the night,
[illegible]morn's the day that I maun die.

1 *Mese*—Soothe.

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"Full fifteen stane o
They hae laid a' ri
Wi' locks and keys I
Into this dungeon c

"Fear ye na' that," q
"A faint heart ne'e
Work thou within, we
And I'll be sworn w

The first strong door t
They loosed it witho
The next chain'd door
They garr'd it a' to f

The prisoner now upon
The Laird's Jock has
And down the stairs, hi
Wi' nae sma' speid an

"Now, Jock, my man,"
"Some o' his weight y
"I wat weel no!" quo' t
"I count him lighter th

Sae out at the gates they
The prisoner's set on h
And now wi' speed they'v
While ilk ane jokes fu'

"O Jock! sae winsomely'
Wi' baith your feet upon
Sae weel ye're harneist, an
In troth ye sit like ony b

The night, tho' wat, they d
But hied them on fu' mer
Until they cam to Cholerfor
Where the water ran like

But when they cam to Chole
There they met with an au
Says—"Honest man, will the
Tell us in haste, if that ye c

"I wat weel no," quo' the gud
"I hae lived here thretty yea
And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne s
Nor running anes sae like a s

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Then out and spoke the Laird's saft Wat,
The greatest coward in the cumpanie
"Now halt, now halt! we need na try't
The day is come we a' maun die!"—

"Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
"There'l nae man die but him that's fie;[1]
I'll guide ye a' right safely thro';
Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."—

Wi' that the water they hae ta'en,
By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro';
"*Here are* we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock,
"*And, puir* faint Wat, what think ye now?"—

They scarce the other brae had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-serjeant[2] the water saw,
"It winna ride, my lads," says he;
Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."—

"I wat weel no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
"I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be:
My gude bay mare—for I am sure,
She has bought them a' right dear frae thee,"—

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
E'en as fast as they could them hie;
The prisoner is brought to's ain fire-side,
And there o's airns they make him free.

"Now, Jock, my billie," quo' a' the three,
"The day is com'd thou was to die;
But thou's as weel at thy ain ingle-side,
Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."

[1] *Fie*—Predestined.

[2] The land-serjeant was an officer under the warden, to whom was committed the apprehending of delinquents, and the care of the public peace.

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"THE FALS

LITTI
east si
sward,
since t
ed to
Some
new ho
the hill
exposed,
There it was that "*the false hea*
breda long and bitter feud betwee
occupier of Girsonfield had been e
ship of Percival Reed; but when
was leading out a party of his ne
clan of Crozier from the opposit
the hands of the enemy, who slew hi
ground. Some say, that Hall se
Reed's musket, after it was loaded;
and killed him. All agree that he c
vention of Hall, whose clan were
holden in the greatest detestation.
of Reed, ever after it was disembod
seen wandering far and near, in troub
gifted with words to lay it to rest, s
offered it the place and form it mig
banks of the Rede, between Todlawha

("Trained forward to his
"By Girsonfield the treach
"Oft by the Pringle's haun
"The shepherd sees his spe

It had five miles of river-side scenery
flitted about by night, and roosted o
One of its favourite haunts was about
where the people, as they went to the
Cragg, often saw it, uncovered their head
and the courteous phantom bowed again,
expired; on the last day of which, as the
following his ordinary occupation of a th
felt something touch him like the wing of
down the ladder, was seized with a cold
died.—*Hodgson's Northd.*

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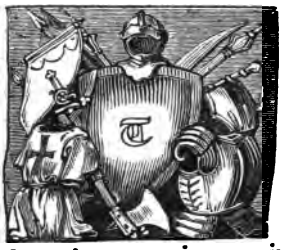
THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

FROM "THE RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY."



THE subject of this ballad is the great northern insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569; which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negociation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character and firmly attached to the protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the north. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her; but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the tower, and summonses were sent to the northern earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely on the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, November 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person*. The earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession to the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner† (on which was displayed the cross, together

* This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.

† Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

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with the five wounds of Chri
Richard Norton, esq. of No
whom Christopher, Marmad
by Camden,) distinguished h
Durham, they tore the bible,
they then marched on to Cli
mustered their men. Thei
York; but, altering their
which Sir George Bowes he
The two earls, who spent thei
extremely beloved on that
money; the earl of Northum
thousand crowns, and the ea
the subsistence of their forces,
as they at first intended. In
began so visibly to despond, tha
Northumberland still kept up
field till December 13, when t
Lord Hunsdon and others, havi
of a large body of forces, and
under command of Ambrose Du
retreated northward towards the
followers, made their escape into
had been suppressed with so littl
Sir George Bowes, marshal of th
martial law, without any regula
at Durham sixty-three constabl
latter made his boast, that for
breadth, betwixt Newcastle and
or village wherein he had not
This exceeds the cruelties pract
rebellion: but that was not the ag

Such is the account collected fro
Carte, and Rapin; it agrees in n
ballad, which was apparently the
strel, who was well affected to the t
from two manuscript copies, one of
tion. They contained considerabl
readings were chosen as seemed most

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THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a noble earle,
The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walkes his faire ladie[1];
I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight, or flee.

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee:
But goe to London to the court,
And faire fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee:
If any dare to doe you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The court is full of subtiltie;
And if I goe to the court, ladye,
Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,
And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee:
At court then for my dearest lord,
His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
Far lever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

[1] This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

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But come thou hit
Come thou hith
To Maister Norto
In all the haste

Commend me to th
And beare this le
And say that earnes
He will ryde in m

One while the little
And another while
Untill he came to his
The little foot-page

When to that gentlem
Down he kneeled o
And tooke the letter b
And lett the gentlem

And when the letter it
Affore that goodlye c
I wis, if you the truthe
There was many a we

He sayd, Come thither,
A gallant youth thou s
What doest thou counsell
Now that good erle's i

Father, my counselle's fai
That erle he is a noble
And whatsoever to him y
I would not have you b

Gramercy, Christopher, m
Thy counsell well it like
And if we speed and scape
Well advanced shalt thou

Come you hither, my nine g
Gallant men I trowe you b
How many of you, my childre
Will stand by that good erl

Eight of them did answer mak
Eight of them spake hastilie,
O father, till the daye we dye
We'll stand by that good erle

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Grámercy now, my children deare,
  You showe yourselves right bold and brave;
And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
  A father's blessing you shall have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
  Thon art mine eldest sonn and heire:
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast;
  Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

Father, you are an aged man,
  Your head is white, your bearde is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares
  For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
  Thou never learnedst this of mee:
When thou wert young and tender of age,
  Why did I make soe much of thee?

But, father, I will wend with you,
  Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
  Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
  And with him came a goodlye band
To join with the brave Erle Percy,
  And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
  The Erle of Westmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
  Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,
  The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
And three Dogs with golden collars
  Were there set out most royallye[1].

[1] "Dun Bull, &c.] The supporters of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collar'd Gold, armed Or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad, among the badges, &c., given by that house. This however is certain, that, among those of the Nevilles, Lords Abergavenny (who were of the same family), is a dun cow with a golden collar: and the Nevilles of Chyte in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland branch) gave for their crest, in 1513, a dog's (grey-hound's) head erased. So that it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above device on his banner. After all, our old minstrel's verses here may have undergone some corruption; for in another ballad in the

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Erle Percy there his an
The Halfe-Moone sh
The Norton's ancyent l
And the five wounds

Then Sir George Bowe
After them some spo
Those noble erles turn'
And aye they vowed

That baron he to his ca
To Barnard castle the
The uttermost walles w
The earles have wonn

The uttermost walles we
But thoughe they won
Long e'er they wan the i
For they were cut in r

Then newes unto leeve L
In all the speede that e
And word is brought to o
Of the rysing in the No

same folio manuscript, and apparently written b
this Lord Westmoreland's history, his banner is
known bearings:

Sett me up my faire dun l
With gilden hornes, hee

1 "The Halfe-Moone," &c.] The Silver Cr
the Northumberland family. It was probably b
against the Saracens. In an ancient pedigree in
and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in posses
account given of its original. The author begins
or *Algernon*, often born by the *Percies*; who, he s

.....Gernons fyrst named Brutys b
Which valliantly fyghtynge in the la
At pointe terrible ayance the miscre
An hevynly mystery was schewyd hy
In hys scheld did schyne a *Mone* ver
Which to all the oost yave a perfytte
To vaynquys his enemys, and to deth
And therefore the Persés [Percies] th

In the dark ages no family was deemed *considerable*
the Trojan Brutus; or that was not distinguished by

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene shee swore[1],
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before.

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see;
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,
Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsdèn;
Untill they to Yorke castle came
I *wiss, they* never stint ne blan.

Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,
Thy dun bull faine would we spye:
And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And the halfe moone vanished away:
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life:
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

[1] This is quite in character: her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

Sir Cuthbert Sharp, the talented editor of "The Bishoprick Garland," visited Bishop Percy, at Dromore in 1798, and ascertained "The Rising in the North" to be his favourite ballad. The venerable compiler of the far famed "Reliques" recited it to him with great energy and effect. Sir Cuthbert was indeed

"Happier in this than mightiest bards have been;"

For to be present on such an occasion, would, to many, have been an intellectual feast of no ordinary kind. Considering the influence which the worthy Prelate's editorial labours have had on our national literature, we think he has not yet acquired more than a portion of his fame.

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contained great variations; one of them in the Editor's folio manuscript. In the other copy some of the stanzas at the beginning of this ballad are nearly the same with what in that manuscript are made to begin another ballad on the escape of the earl of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

HOW long shall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrowe me with feare and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while!
It was my sore and heavye lott:
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
A Scot, he is much bound to mee:
He dwelleth on the border side,
To him I'll goe right privilie.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
With a heavy heart and wel-away,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They delt with him all treacherouslye;
For they did strip that noble earle:
And ever an ill death may they dye.

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide:
Who sent him to the Lough-levèn,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched him right curteouslie:
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

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When the regent was a banisht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.

Betweene England and Scotland it wold breake truce,
And friends againe they wold never bee,
If they shold 'liver a banisht erle
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas! alas! my lord, she sayes,
Nowe mickle is their traitorie;
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes,
And tell these English lords from thee,

How that you cannot with him ryde,
Because you are in an ile of the sea[1],
Then ere my brother come againe
To Edenborrow castle[2] Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd
When I thinke on my own countrie,
When I thinke on the heavye happe
My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
And sore those wars my minde distresse;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
To cause my faire and noble friends
To be suspect of treacherie:

This rives my heart with double woe;
And lever had I dye this day,
Than thinke a Douglas can be false,
Or ever he will his guest betray.

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
Nor unto mee no credence yield;

[1] i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.

[2] At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.

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Yonder is Sir John Foster[1], quoth shee,
Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace.
He pulled his hatt down over his browe;
He wept; in his heart he was full of woe:
And he is gone to his noble Lord,
'Those sorrowful tidings him to show.
Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
I may not believe that witch ladìe;
The Douglasses were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove false to mee.
I have now in Lough-leven been
The most part of these years three,
Yett have I never had noe outrake,
No no good games that I cold see.
Therefore I'll to yon shooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weale, betide me woe,
He ne'er shall find my promise light.
He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
And gave itt to that gay ladie:
Sayes, It was all that I cold save,
In Harley woods where I cold bee[2].
And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,
Then farewell truth and honestie;
And farewell heart and farewell hand;
For never more I shall thee see.
The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,
And all the saylors were on borde;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.
Then he cast up a silver wand,
Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well!
That lady fett a sigh soe deep,
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.
Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,
A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie;

[1] Warden of the Middle March.

[2] i. e. where I was. An ancient idiom.

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What needeth this, Douglas? he sayth;
What needest thou to flyte with mee?
For I was counted a horseman good
Before that ever I mett with thee.
A false Hector hath my horse,
Who dealt with me so treacherouslie:
A false Armstrong hath my spurres,
And all the geere belongs to mee.
When they had sayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the sea;
They landed low by Berwicke side,
A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percye.
Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
It was, alas! a sorrowful sight:
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

The folio MS. reads "land," and has not the following stanza.

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

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and gallopin down the lonin, as if, "yeben and yerth was coming together."—*Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.*

The following remarks from a recent publication of peculiar merit,* serve very materially to illustrate the present subject:—

"Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the bogle or goblin—'a freakish spirit, who delights rather to perplex and frighten mankind, than either to serve or seriously to hurt them,'—mentions *Shellycoat* as a spirit of this class, 'who resides in the waters, and has given his name to many a rock and stone upon the Scottish coast.' Sir Walter adds: 'He may, perhaps, be identified with the goblin of the northern English, which, in the towns and cities, Durham and Newcastle, for example, had the name of *Bar-guest*; but, in the country villages, was more frequently termed *Brag*. He usually ended his mischevious frolics with a horse-laugh.' With respect to the name, *Bar-guest*, I am inclined to think that sir Walter had been misinformed. A *Bo-guest* used not unfrequently to tease and frighten the inhabitants of Newcastle and the city of Durham before lamp and watch acts were obtained for those places, but a *Bar-guest*, I am inclined to think, they were never annoyed by. Sir Walter adds, in a note; 'His name [*Bar-guest*] is derived by Grose, from his appearing near bars and stiles, but seems rather to come from the German—Bahr-Geist, or Spirit of the Bier.' Grose's derivation is worth little, though not far-fetched; and that of sir Walter himself is not in accordance with the goblin's character. The mischevious sprite which sir Walter calls the *Bar-guest* was not at all associated with the bier, nor with man's going out of the world, though he was a frequent attendant on the *howdy* or midwife, who assists to bring him into it; following her, sometimes in the shape of a dog, a little deformed man, to the dwelling of the good woman when they, or she was about to make an addition to the population of the country, where he used to chatter at the window and imitate, in a ludicrous manner, the conversation of the gossips and the out-cries of the 'lady in the straw.' There is a *Berg-geist* which haunts the German mines, more especially those in the neighbourhood of the Harz forest, and which occasionally plagues and frightens the workmen; and if ever a *Bar-guest* had played similar tricks, either above ground or below, with the miners of Northumberland and Durham, it might be conjectured with some appearance of probability, that those goblins were the same both in name and disposition. With respect to BO—a name terrific to children, and a test of manhood when addressed to a goose—Warton gives him a Scandinavian origin, and describes him as a Mighty cleaver of skulls, worthy of a high place in the hall of Odin; while Chalmers,

* Rambles in Northumberland. † Border Minstrelsy.

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fast as their legs could carry them, the bogle following, hooting and laughing, close at their heels. In crossing the Derwent, a small stream near Ebchester, the one who took the lead fell down in the water, and his companion, who was not far behind, tumbled over him. In their fright, the one mistook the other for the *Kow*, and loud was the cry of terror as they rolled over each other in the stream. They, however, managed to get out separately; and, on reaching home, each told a fearful tale of being chased by the *Hedley Kow*, and of being nearly drowned by him in the Derwent. A farmer of the name of Forster, who lived near Hedley, went out into the field, early one morning, and caught, as he believed, his own grey horse. After putting the harness on, and yoking him to the cart, Forster was about to drive away, when the horse, whose form had been assumed by the *Kow*, for the purpose of having a laugh at the surprise of the farmer, 'slipped away from the *limmers* like a knotless thread,' and set up a great *nicker* as he flung up his heels, and scoured away out of the farm-yard. This bogle was a perfect plague to the servant girls at farm houses; sometimes calling them out by imitating the voice of their lovers, and, during their absence overturning the kail-pot, setting the cat to the cream, undoing their knitting, or putting their spinning-wheel out of order. Sometimes, in the shape of a favourite cow, he would lead the milk-maid a long chase round the field before he would allow himself to be caught; and after kicking and rowting, during the time of milking 'as if the deil was in *Hawkie*,' would at last upset the pail, and, slipping clear of the tie, give a loud laugh, which informed the astonished girl that she had been the sport of the *Kow*. Such were the freaks of this bogle, who was mischevious rather than malignant. The house of death he rarely visited; though, at the birth of a child, he was almost certain to make himself either seen or heard; and his appearance at those times was so common as scarcely to excite alarm. The man who rode for the midwife on such occasions was often teazed by *him*: sometimes by appearing to the horse in a lonely place—for a horse often sees a bogle when the rider does not—and making him take the *reist*; and, at other times, by some cantrip, causing the animal to kick and plunge in such a manner as to dismount his double load of messenger and *howdy*. Sometimes, when the goodman would rush out with a thick stick, to drive away, from the door or the window, the *Kow* that was mocking the groaning wife, the stick would be snatched from him by an invisible hand and lustily applied to his own shoulders; and, sometimes, after chasing the bogle round the farm-yard, he would tumble over one of his own calves.

A farmer riding homeward late one night, observed, as he approached a lonely part of the road where the *Kow* used to play many of his

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BISHOP-MIDDLEHAM.

ON the beginning of the fourteenth century, Bishop-Middleham was a fortress of the first class, and was the chief residence of bishop Anthony Beck within the county of Durham. The reasons which led to this preference are obvious: defended by a morass on two sides, and by broken ground to the north, the fortress presented an almost impregnable stronghold during the wars of the border, whilst Auckland lay bare and defenceless, on the direct rout of Scottish invasion. It is no wonder that in after-times Middleham was deserted for the green glades of Auckland.

The following lines are extracted, from an inedited poem on the "Superstitions of the North."

"There Valour bowed before the rood and book,
And kneeling Knighthood served a Prelate Lord;
Yet little deigned he on such train to look,
Or glance of ruth or pity to afford.
There Time has heard the peal rung out by night,
Has seen from every tower the cressets stream:
When the red balefire on yon Western height,
Had roused the Warder from his fitful dream;
Has seen old Durham's Lion banner float
O'er the proud bulwark, that, with giant pride,
And feet deep plunged amidst the circling moat,
The efforts of the roving Scot defied.
Long rolling years have swept those scenes away,
And Peace is on the mountain and the fell;
And rosy dawn, and closing twilight gray,
But hears the distant sheep-walks tinkling bell.
And years have fled since last the gallant deer
Sprung from yon covert at the thrilling horn;
Yet still, when Autumn shakes the forest sear,
Black Hugo's voice upon the blast is borne.
Woe to the wight who shall his ire provoke,
When the stern huntsman stalks his nightly round,
By blasted ash, or lightning-shivered oak,
And chears with surly voice his spectre hound."

Of this black Hugh take the following legendary account:—

"Sir Anthon Bek, busshop of Dureme in the tyme of king Eduarde, the son of king Henry, was the maist prowd and masterfull busshop

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GEORGE COUGHRON'S

Farewell to Coquetdale.

FROM MR. ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

THIS little piece, simple and unadorned though it be, has a claim on the attention of all who take an interest in the early effusions of men of genius; being, in all probability, the only composition of the kind its author ever produced. Science seems, afterwards, to have occupied all the energies of his mind; and as his labours can only be appreciated by those who are acquainted with the scientific periodicals of the time preceding his death, his fame has been limited;—hence, in his native district, he is almost unknown, save to the few who have heard of his extraordinary talents as a mathematician.

Some account of the life of GEORGE COUGHRON may be found in Mackenzie's history of Northumberland, vol. 2. page 72. He was born at Wreigh-hill, a small village near Rothbury, on the 24th day of August 1752. His father was a farmer, and his ancestors for several generations had followed the same occupation at Wreigh-hill. Growing up amidst his family, this remarkable young man was distinguished, at a very early period of life, by his attachment to books and study; and though intended, by his father, to follow the profession of a farmer, inclination had its sway, and, with him, every spare hour from bodily labour and sleep, was appropriated to mental cultivation. It seldom happens that a man's hand prospers in one calling, while his heart follows another; and it would seem from the following poem, which was written on the eve of his departure from Wreigh-hill, when he completed his eighteenth year, that previous to that period he had, like Samuel Johnson and a still greater man, John Milton, made an attempt to earn his bread by teaching school. This pursuit would afford him a greater degree of leisure for his favourite studies; but probably owing to the trifling encouragement given to the conductor of a poor country school, it was at last abandoned. He removed to Newcastle upon Tyne, and was employed there as a clerk in the office of Mr. George Brown, wine and spirit merchant. In this place he occasionally met with some young men, amongst whom was Charles Hutton, who, like himself, were votaries of science; and, enjoying an acquaintanceship of this kind, there can be no doubt, it exerted a considerable effect on his future career. He very soon made

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many a noble of nature's making, seems to have been, by circumstances, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"—these are all genuine elements of the divine art, and could only have arisen from a mind, not merely susceptible of poetic impulse, but influenced by and overflowing with the best and most precious feelings of our nature.

When we consider the untimely fate of the author, there is something, towards the close of the poem, peculiarly touching and impressive. His anticipations of the future seem to have been chequered by hope and fear—hope that his prospects in life would become brighter, and fear, almost amounting to a forewarning, that his days were soon to be numbered. These lights and shadows of the soul, in the course of the three following years of his earthly pilgrimage, were but too truly realized. Pursuing the bent of his own vigourous intellect, notwithstanding the narrowness of his means and the fitful opportunities he had for study, which to a man who toils for bread are ever "few and far between," he wrestled for and obtained in science a position which not only reflected on him the highest honour; but was of itself proof that he was entitled to move in a sphere of life more congenial to his own feelings, where his exertions might be better remunerated, and in which he might enjoy more ample scope for the exercise of those talents which would have borne him to "perpetuity of fame." Fortune at last opened up before him a new path; but he was only permitted to cast upon it a departing look:—the angel of death passed over him, and the green laurel, which ought to have decorated his brow, had to be intermingled with cypress, and strewed upon his grave.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NEWCASTLE.

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Farewell, MISS STOREY; * now I take my leave:
May you each blessing from above receive!
Farewell, MISS DONKIN; may your prudent choice
Make both your parents and your friends rejoice!
Farewell, MISS SPEARMAN; may you ever share
Each virtue that can decorate the FAIR!
Farewell, MISS RAMSAY, and may fortune kind
Procure you one befitting to your mind!
Farewell, MISS ROBSON,—votary of the quill!
For which I loved you long, and love you still.
Farewell, MISS WEALANDS,—art and nature's boast!
In social circles, oft you'll be the toast.
Farewell, ye FAIR, from south, north, east and west,
With whom I used betimes to smile and jest:
Whe'er I go, let friendship still subsist
Between us, while on earth we both exist.
Bear in your minds that true and mutual love
Makes this low world resemble that above,
In which, dear girls, you should lay up your store,
Since there you mean to live for evermore:
There neither moth nor rust shall e'er impair
Aught you possess, and where no stealers are;
There, only there, you can live satisfied,—
All is enjoyment, nothing is denied;
So, lovely maids, on this one truth rely,
That you were born,—but only born to die.
Would I were done; yet, ere I make an end,
I must take leave of every neighbouring friend,
With whom I did associate frequently;
And hence I cannot—must not pass them by.
Then, friendly pen, pray tell these youths that I
Must leave this place,—the time approaches nigh:
On each I'll call before I quit my home
To wander forth amongst I know not whom.
Farewell, BOB STOREY; neither time nor space
Shall from my mind your friendship e'er deface!
Farewell, BILL REDHEAD; your kind love shall be,

* The names enumerated here, and in the following page, distinguish families who, at the date of the poem, flourished in the vicinity of Wreigh-hill. Seventy years make changes in the population of a district:—a part are now either removed or nearly extinct; others flourish still about the places where dwelt their forefathers,—and of these some have acquired considerable opulence, with its usual accompaniments—honour and respectability.

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The truth and virtues of thy SONS and FAIR?
Alas! from all, soon parted must I be,—
Yes, severed from their joyful company:
O! sad, alas! O, how I grieve to think,
That I *no more* shall tread sweet Coquet's brink!
But stay, my pen,—in vain it sure must be
To grieve for those, who may not grieve for me!
How many will, of all I mention here,
At my departure, drop a bursting tear?
Let that be as it may,—farewell! farewell!
All you who in these plains around me dwell.
Adieu! adieu! thou ever famed Wreigh-hill!
My native village, and my favourite still!
But hush! I think I hear Tyne's murmurs say,
Welcome! O, Coughron!—Welcome, come away!
Ne'er shalt thou rue,—I take thee as my son:
Thy Coquet-nymphs forget:—thy sorrow's done!

GEO. COUGHRON, *Wreigh-hill.*
Oct. y° 12th. 1770.

THE BROWN MAN OF THE MUIRS.

FROM "SURTEES'S HISTORY OF DURHAM."

IN the year before the great Rebellion, two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the High Moors above Elsdon, and after pursuing their game several hours, sat down to dine in a green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water; and, after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood on a crag covered with brackens across the burn. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man; but was uncommonly stout and broad-built, having the appearance of vast strength; his dress was entirely brown, the colour of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair; his countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glared like those of a bull.

It seems he addressed the young man: first threatening him with

THE

Jolly Huntsman's Garland.

The Jolly Huntsman's Garland, with considerable local interest but little poetic merit, was transcribed from a printed copy in possession of the Rev. John Hutton, of Houghton-le-Spring, and of Hole, near Rolveden, Kent.—It must have been written about 1670-80, as it presents a catalogue of most of the sportsmen living at that period in the neighbourhood of Houghton-le-Spring.—*Sir C. Sharp's Collections.*

AS I walk'd o'er the mountains
Where shepherds feed their flocks,
I spy'd a troop of gallants
A' hunting of the Fox.

With clamours and with hollows
They made the woods to ring;
The hounds they bravely follow
Making a merry din.

Brave *Beauty*, she did cry him,
Hard by the break of day,
And *Lady* came so nigh him,
He could no longer stay.

Brave *Countess* and young *Nancy*
Did freely cry him out,
Which made *Comely* and *Fancy*
Betake them to their foot.

Then came *Tickler* and *Towler*
And *Myrkyn* and *Ryal*,
And *Bonny Lass* and *Jowler*
With *Cappe* and *Tryall*.

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Then follow'd bravely after
  Two other gallant squires,
Nic. Conyers[1] and *Tom Shadforth*,[2]
  Which made me much admire;

To see them with what pleasure
  They made their horses fly;
Rejoicing out of measure
  To hear the lovely cry.

Brave *Middleton*[3] did rant it;
  He made the ground to knell:
And his *Dragon* did so chaunt it,
  I thought it had been Bow-bell.[4]

With *Comely* and with *Fancy*,
  To help to mend the cry;
I thought I had been in the abbey,
  The organ very nigh.

Jack Lamb[5] he came a whipping
  Upon his bonny bay;
And over hedges tripping
  As if it was plain way.

O'er hills and over mountains,
  And all the campaign o'er;
Which made him shout and hollow,
  Crying, *Trowley—In Lady. W—e!*

Then *Vulcan* he came plying,
  Upon his metal fee;
But when the hounds came by him,
  He quietly let it be:

[1] Son of the high sheriff, by his second wife, Jane, daughter of Sir William Lambton, aged 11 in 1666.

[2] Of Eppleton, esq. was an ancient sportsman, born in 1605, father-in-law to Captain Hutton: so that the whole of the sportsmen seem to have been nearly related by blood and connection.

[3] Richard Middleton, of Offerton, esq. who married Catherine, the daughter of the high sheriff, by his second wife.

[4] On reading this passage, the author was strongly suspected of being little better than a Cockney; the allusion, however, must evidently apply to St. Mary-le-Bow, in Durham.

[5] Mr. John Lamb, of West Herrington, an alderman of Durham, buried at St. Giles', 31st March, 1710.

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TRADITIONS OF TUDHOE.

TOWARDS the close of the last century the occupier of Tudhoe mill, a quiet, sober, steady man, had been at Durham on business, and was returning home; but, by the time he reached Sunderland bridge, it was nearly dusk, and being on foot he felt rather desirous of company. The wish had scarcely crossed his mind, when, on looking up the bank before him, he espied, at the distance of about twenty paces, a stiff built man, who seemed to wear a broad-brimmed hat:—he wondered he had not observed him before, as the road was quite straight at this place, however he hastened on to overtake him. It was very strange; the quicker he walked, so much the quicker glided on the person in advance, and yet without appearing to exert himself! They kept at about the same distance the whole of the way, until they arrived at "Nicky-nack bridge," and the miller was about to turn off to the gate on the right hand. He withdrew his eyes from the object before him, it might be for a moment, and when he looked again there was nothing on the bridge, nor on the slight ascent beyond it, nor yet in the lane further away. It was suggested to him that probably the man had passed behind some tree, and so escaped observation; but he replied in his quiet, meek manner, that recollecting he never harmed any body, he needed not to fear *ill things;* and trusting that good was about and around him, he determined to see if he had been mistaken. He therefore proceeded onward, and searched every place which could possibly shield a person from view, but all to no purpose; the mysterious being had vanished "like the morning mist before the summer-sun."

Many years previous to the period when the above adventure took place, when there was no public house either in the village of Tudhoe, or nearer than that at Sunderland bridge, a company of reapers had assembled at a farmer's house to enjoy a "Mell supper." A good supply of spirits and ale had been laid in by the farmer, but either the party was larger than had been expected, or they drank more freely, for the supply was exhausted before many of the reapers were satisfied; so they agreed to contribute each a small sum, and send one of the company for more. The mission was entrusted to a poor fellow, who was defective in intellect, and when he had been absent nearly three hours, the distance being only about a mile and half, several began to be impatient for his return. At length one of them swore, with a deep oath, he would wrap a sheet round him and meet him at "Nicky-nack

He check'd his steed, and sigh'd to mark
Her coral lips, her eyes so dark,
And stately bearing,—as she had been
Bred up in courts, and born a queen.

Again he came, and again he came,
Each day with a warmer, a wilder flame;
And still again—till sleep by night,
For Judith's sake, fled his pillow quite.

He brought her gifts, he brought her gold,
Her beauty praised, and his passion told,
Till the woman's heart, within her breast,
Yielded—need I tell the rest.

And did nor father nor mother guess,
Who gifted their child her gaudy dress?
And did no brother bid beware
His sister from the hidden snare?

No! but amid that wandering throng,
Was one whose bosom fear'd her wrong;
For, jealously, his eye had seen
What pass'd the ill-match'd pair between.

A stalwart man was Gemmel Græme,
With fearless heart and sinewy frame;
But when he thought of his last love, grief
Would seek, in unmanly tears, relief.

But revenge into his spirit crept,
Awakening fires that only slept,
Till all his fierce Egyptian blood
Boil'd over—like a lava flood.

Beneath Eve's star, in thicket green,
Hath Gemmel Græme their meeting seen;
His pistol flash'd, and bleeding lay
The heir of Riccon,—senseless clay!

Forth stepping to Judith, then he said,
"False maiden, now fondle with the dead;
And try if thy wild embrace can charm
His lips to speak, or his heart to warm!"

And turning aloof on his heel, he cried—
"Thine be the downfall that follows pride;
And take back your worthless troth,—ye see
That both your lovers have left you free!"

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THE SMUGGLER OF CHEVIOT.

A Border Tradition.

Aye! there are peasants,
Meek, humble, and submissive, who, if roused
By force or insult to maintain their cause,
Put on a lion's boldness, and become
The dread of those who chafe them. Lowliness
Often conceals true courage; and the serf,
Weighed with his lord, may prove the braver man.

Old Play.

ABOUT the close of the last century, when only a few excise officers were stationed on the Borders, Scotch whiskey, in very considerable quantities, was conveyed into England. Many people, by becoming smugglers, obtained, while fortune favoured them, the means of a tolerably fair livelihood; and the profession had this to recommend it, that, like a species of gambling where much might be won, and not a great deal lost, it kept the mind, with some occasional exceptions, in a state of excitement, by no means disagreeable. These adventurers, though living to a certain degree in defiance of the law, were, amongst their friends, often jovial and good hearted: and reckless and daring though they wished generally to appear, it rarely occurred that they injured the excisemen, unless in self-defence, when these "limbs o' the law" carried matters to a greater length than was accounted gentlemanly.

Donald M'Donald, a native of the Highlands of Scotland, was a personage of this description, having, on the Borders for several years, led the restless and unquiet life of a smuggler. Tired at length with the locomotion he had almost daily to undergo, he bethought him of a plan by which business, in a more retired manner, and even more lucrative, might be transacted with considerably less risk than on the old principle. In the wilds of Inverness-shire, by the tributary streams of Loch Ranach, Donald had distilled "the pure mountain dew," and why could not the like process be performed amongst the ridgy range of the Border hills? On considering this subject, sanguine anticipations more and more occupied his mind, till he had not a shadow of doubt either as to the practicability of his project, or his assurance of its success. A suitable spot, in one of the most unfrequented recesses

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the following conference is said to have occurred, when the stranger unfolded to his host the most essential part of his business.

"What is your name?" he enquired.

"Tey ca' ma Tonal'," replied the other drily.

"What more than Donald?" asked the intruder.

"No muckle mair," observed the other;—"Tonal' M' Tonal'."

"Well, Donald," said the stranger, "you distil smuggled whiskey; and I am an Excise officer. I came here to make you a prisoner!"

"Ough! tat needna pe tune," replied Donald with seeming indifference; "ye maun pe tak' ta things, she'll warrant; put fat wad ye tu wi' her sell?"

"I must *take* you, Donald," continued the other; "it becomes me as an officer to do my duty."

"Troth! put tuty pe no owre muckle mindit, now a tays;" sarcastically observed Donald, grinning and shewing an excellent set of white teeth in a mouth whose dimensions ranged considerably above the usual standard. "I'm no pe want to quarrel wi' ye're honour; put I'm no shust willing to pe ta'en. Only as twa can keepit a secret, fan three canna, let us no rife out ane anither's hearts apout ta piziness, an nought ta petter. We'll shust transackit ta matter snodly, an kin ye tak' ilka thing tat pe mine, an' gie ma *leg-bail* for payment,—sertainly, to gudeness, ye get ta pest o' ta pargain!"

"I cannot, Sir, reason the business with you," said the exciseman, raising his voice as if he intended to overawe the Highlander. "According to my oath, I must detain you a prisoner, and take possession of these materials. If I am opposed, I have only to command help where it may be found."

"Fery sefere! fery hard, inteed!" obdurately continued the smuggler; "put Tonal' winna pe triven like a cow or sheep py efer a shentleman i' Ningland! If help pe gotten, she maun shust help her nain sell. She has frien's nane sae far awa' as ye may trow; an' ken't they o' siccan a feesitor peing here, they wad sune pe at Tonal's side. Tid ony pody saw ye come in?"

"Not a soul;" observed the officer, rising from his seat as if determined to perform his duty, and waive all further conversation.

"THEN T——D A ONE SALL SEE YE GO OUT," thundered Donald, with a rapidity of expression that instantly arrested the progressive movement of the officer. "A man's house pe him's castle, an' if ye pe finger eyther ta swort or pistol, by C——d, she'll tak ta first shance;—sae ye're plood pe on ye're nain head!"

While the excited Highlander uttered these words, he produced from behind the door a brace of horseman's pistols, which he cocked, and laying one on the board at his side, he held the other in his right

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Jockie's Lamentation,

WHOSE SEDITIOUS WORKS WAS THE LOSS OF HIS COUNTRY AND HIS KIRK;

TO A STATELY NEW SCOTTISH TUNE.

From a Black Letter Folio in the British Museum.

CONTRIBUTED BY FREDERIC R. SURTEES, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

THESE singularly quaint lines though "evil apparalled in the dust cobweb of an uncivil age," are antique and interesting. They allude to the treacherous conduct of the Scottish nation, during the early part of the civil wars of Charles the I. and II., and particularly refer to the vengeance taken upon them by Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, when, having previously profited by their rebellion, he then invaded their country and reduced them to subjection. In that action which took place in 1650, a full measure of retaliation was given, and it is the pitiful figure of the Scotch there and subsequently, that elicits Jockie's Lamentation, when contrasted with their rapacity in sacking Newcastle, after having stormed it at the conclusion of a two years siege under Lesley lord Leven A.D. 1644. The style of the pasquinade somewhat resembles that of the well known song:—

"Bonny Scot all witness can
England has made thee a gentleman," &c.

It may be observed, there is a strong coincidence between the 'Lamentation' and the statements of historians in several little incidents connected with the seige of Newcastle and the battle of Dunbar.

The pilfering of 'the suits and silks' for instance ascribed in the former, exactly tallies with the following extract from Lithgow's inflated account of the storm and siege of Newcastle, published in the 'Newcastle Reprints.' "Then begun the whole Armie, commanded, and uncommanded (observing king David's ancient rule, that they who stayd with the Baggage, and they that fought in the field, should share the booties alike) to plunder, I say, for twenty foure houres time, being an act of permission although to no great purpose. And why? because the common souldiers being onely able to plunder the common people (although they might have justly stretched their hands further) had for the greatest part of them but small benefite, excepting only household stuff, as bed-cloaths, linnings, Tanned leather, calve skins, men and womens apparell, pans, pots, and plates, and such like common things." Advert too, to Echard's account of the battle of Dunbar, in

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With his gay gang of blew caps tall,
Along we march't with our general;
Newcastle we took all in a trice,
And thought for to make it our Paradise;
And then we were gallant and gay,
For why? we took their pillage away.

Then straight to plundering we did fall
Of great and small, for we were all,
Most valiant that day;
And Jenny in her silken gown,
The best in town from foot to crown,
Was bonny and gay.

Our suits and our silks did make such a smother,
That hardly next day we knew one another;
For Jockie he was wondrous fine,
And Jenny in her silks did shine;
For there I'se did get me a beaver then,
But now it is bent to a cap again;
For a red coat got every rag,
That Jockie now and Jenny must bag.

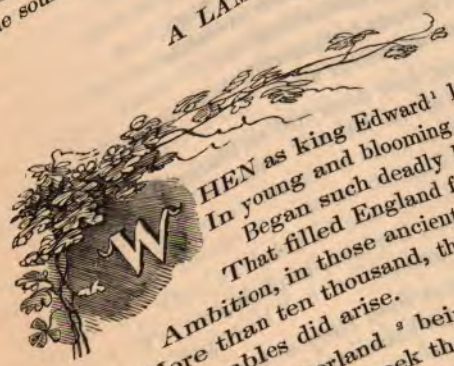
The English raised an army straight,
With meikle state, and we did wait
To charge them all:
Then every valiant musket man
Put fire in pan, that we began
Apace to fall.

For when that the powder was touched by the coal,
Then every man did pay for his poll;
For the red coat the battle won,
And Jockie fast to Scotland did run:
And at Dunbar fight, a weel and a neer,
For there we were put to a meikle fear:
They took our guns and silver all,
And hung up our silks in Westminster hall.

Full well I wot in Lancashire,
Our brethren dear did plunder there,
Both rich and poor:
Which caused the fury of the north,
When we set forth to be in wroth,
And were as sore;

vered it, however, as on comparison his ballad exactly corres-
ls with this, it may be presumed they have both come from the
e source.

A LAMENTABLE DITTY.



WHEN as king Edward[1] left this life,
In young and blooming years,
Began such deadly hate and strife,
That filled England full of tears.

Ambition, in those ancient days,
More than ten thousand, thousand, thousand,
Troubles did arise.

Northumberland[2] being made a duke,
Ambitiously did seek the crown,
And Suffolk[3] for the same did look,
To put queen Mary's title down;

That was king Henry's daughter bright,
And queen of England, England, England,
And king Edward's heir by right.

Lord Guilford and the lady Jane,
Were wedded by their parents' wills;
The right from Mary so was ta'en,[4]
Which drew them on to further ills:

[1] Edward the 6th.

[2] The earldom and the baronies of Percy and Poynings having become extinct on the death of the sixth earl of Northumberland, of the Percy family, by the failure of issue, and the attainder of sir Thomas Percy barring the succession to the nephews of the late earl, the title of duke of Northumberland was conferred on John Dudley, earl of Warwick, the nobleman here mentioned. However, in 1557, twenty years after his execution, the title was restored by queen Mary to the Percy family in return for eminent services performed by the eldest son of the attainted sir Thomas Percy.

[3] Henry Grey, duke of Suffolk, who had married Frances, one of the co-heirs of Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk, by Mary his wife, youngest sister of king Henry the 8th.

[4] The duke of Northumberland had persuaded Edward the 6th to make a will in their favour. Queen Mary rested her claims to the throne on a will of Henry the 8th. See Rapin and other historians.

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Whilst he unto the block did go,
She in her window, weeping, weeping, weeping,
Did lament her woe.

Their eyes that looked for love erewhile,
Now blubbered were with pearled tears,
And every glance and lover's smile,
Were turned to dole and deadly fears:
Lord Guilford's life did bleeding lye,
Expecting angels, angels, angels,
Silver wings to mount on high.

His dearest lady long did look,
When she unto the block should go,
When sweetly praying on her book,
She made no sign of outward woe;
But wished that she had angels wings,
To see that golden, golden, golden,
Sight of heavenly things.

And mounting on the scaffold then,
Where Guilford's lifeless body lay,
"I come" quoth she "thou flower of men,
For death shall not my soul dismay:
The gates of heaven stand open wide,
To rest for ever, ever, ever,"
And thus those princes died.

Their parents likewise lost their heads,
For climbing thus one step too high:
Ambitions towers have slippery leads,
And fearful to a wise man's eye.
For one's amiss great houses fall,
Therefore take warning, warning, warning,
By this you gallants all.

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Another time, a traveller, wandering over these mountain solitudes, had the misfortune to be benighted; and perceiving near him a glimmering light, he hastened thither and found what appeared to be a hut, on the floor of which, between two rough, grey stones, the embers of a fire, which had been supplied with wood, were still glowing and unconsumed. He entered, and the impression on his mind was, that the place had been deserted an hour or two previously by gipsies; for on one side lay a couple of old gate-posts ready to be split up for fuel, and a quantity of refuse brushwood, such as is left from besom-making, was strewed upon the floor. With this material he trimmed the fire, and had just seated himself on one of the stones, when a diminutive figure in human shape, not higher than his knee, came waddling in at the door, and took possession of the other. The traveller being acquainted with the manner in which beings of this description ought to be regarded, retained his self-possession, kept his seat and remained silent, knowing that if he rose up or spoke, his danger would be redoubled; and as the flame blazed up, he examined minutely the hollow eyes, the stern vindictive features, and the short, strong limbs, of the visitor before him. By degrees he perceived the hut to afford little or no shelter from the cold night air, and as the energy of the fire subsided he lifted from the floor a piece of wood, broke it over his knee, and laid the fragments upon the red-hot embers. Whether this operation was regarded by his strange neighbour as a species of insult we cannot say; but the demon seized, as in bitter mockery, one of the gate posts, broke it likewise over his knee, and laid the pieces on the embers in the same manner. The other, having no wish to witness a further display of such marvellous agency, thenceforth permitted the fire to die away, and kept his position in darkness and silence, till the fair dawn of returning day made him aware of the extreme danger to which he was exposed. He saw a quantity of white ashes before him; but the grim, dwarfish intruder, with the roof and walls of the hut, were gone: and he, himself, sat upon a stone, sure enough; but it formed one of the highest points of a deep, rugged precipice, over which the slightest inadvertent movement had been the means of dashing him to pieces.—*Contributed by Robert Bolam.*

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MSS. Mr. Ritson in his 'Ancient English Songs' tells us in an introduction to one of them, that there is amongst the Harleian MSS. a poem on Flodden, commencing as this does 'As I lay musing' —and he also says that there is another one in the same volume, and on the same subject, which begins 'O Rex Regum, in thy Realme celestial,' which had been printed in Mr. Lambe's Poems on Flodden Field. Now, on turning to Mr. Lambe's work, it was found that he had taken this last mentioned one, not from the Harleian MSS. but from an edition published in the year 1587, of a very rare work entitled the 'Mirror of Magistrates,' which was printed first as early as 1527. In the Mirror, this Lamentation, which, for some reason, Mr. Lambe had not inserted in his book, may be seen prefixed to 'O Rex Regum' &c. and annexed to it, by way of introduction, are the following amongst other observations, which tend to prove that the Harleian MSS. was the original from which they were transcribed into that work :—

"It seemes by the copye (i. e. the MSS. from whence the poem was copied) that it was pende above fifty yeares agone, (it must be borne in mind that this work itself is of as early a date as 1587) or even shortlye after the death of the sayd king, for I founde therewith, in an olde hand, the copyes of the sayd king James' letter sent unto king Henry at Turwin, and the king's aunsweres and letters sent to him againe, with this lamentation among them."

These letters and the poem 'ensuing them' are in the Harleian MSS. just as the writer of the Mirror declares his 'copye' was, and from that as well as the circumstance of the Harleian MSS. having been manifestly written about the time before assigned, there can be no doubt the original of the Mirror and the Harleian MSS. were one and the same. Assuming this to be the case, the antiquarian necessarily wonders how the MS. had been so long preserved safely. The proper answer perhaps should be, that the Lamentation was the work of an ecclesiastic, and so formerly treasured in the archives of some monastery or other religious house. The last line of every stanza indicate a monkish composition.

In the 'Mirror of Magistrates' this poem, (which is to be taken as an account of a vision* seen by the narrator), has been confes-

* It cannot but remind the reader forcibly of the following passages in the Book of Job. Chap. iv. ver. 12-16.

Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, &c.

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In welthe and hon^r I lackyd nothyng;
In pesybyll man^er I ruled my lande;
Ordyr my realme I cowd w^t a whyte wan:[1]
Now am I exiled from lande and lyberte,
Kyng w^t owte realme, lo now where I stand;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Thus for my folye, I fele I do smarte,
Bothe lawe and nature dothe me accuse
Of grete unkyndnes, that I shulde take p^ce
Agenste my brother and hys lyege refuse;
I purposyd warre, yet I fayned truse:
Thys dyd I, Frenshe kyng, for ye love of the,
Yn ordinat affecciōn so dyd me abuse;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Jesus.

All thys kyng Lewys,[2] I suffryde ffor y^i sake;
Woo be the tyme that eu^r I the knewe;
Ffor the am I put yn sorowfull brake,
Thy wylfull apetyte dothe me sore rewe.
Thys world ys not stable, yt chaungeth aye newe;
Now am I bounde, sometyme I was ffree,
Exiled ffrom liberty, I am kepte yn mewe;[3]
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Moreover for the and the realme of Ffraūnce,
Contrary to my oythe solemly made,
Unto kyng Herry I made deffyaūnce,
To ffolow yor apetyte, I dyde as ye me badde;
In moste cruwell wyse I ded hys realme ynvade,
I trobylled hys subjets by lande and by see;[4]

[1] Alluding to the peaceable state of Scotland during his reign.

[2] Lewis the XII. king of France who, according to Grimstone's History of France, "had stirred up James king of Scotland an ancient ally to this crowne, but the success of arms was nothing fortunate for him neither by land nor at sea."—Grimstone's History of France, Fol, 1611.

[3] This seems to allude as doth the former expression 'in sorrowful brake' to purgatory, "that unknown land" as Mr. Hallam terms it "which the hierarchy swayed with so absolute a rule, and to which the earth was rendered a tributary province."

[4] The engagement at sea which took place in 1511 between the son of Lord Surrey and Andrew Barton a Scotch sea officer, was, according to Bishop Percy, "in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James the IV. lost his life."—See the Ballad of Sir A. Barton in Percy's Reliques and Introduction to the same.

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Cryste awtoryte I dyde all refuce,
The sensures of the chyrche y dyd not regarde,
Therefore I am damed by ryghtfull justyce;
Sore ys his sentens and cruell swerde,
Exsepte thy m^r cy lord I am marde;
Save me for whom thowe soffryd on a tree;
To thy m^r cy I appele for my savegarde;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Here after by me my successo's may be ware,
And example take by my wrechyd ruyne,
Lest yn lyke wyse they be take yn the snare,
As I am nowe, and paye a lyck ffyne.
Venquesshyd we were w^t power devyne,
For by mann's pow^r hyt semyd not to be;
Here nowe I lye yn an homelye shryne;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

I am a spectakyll also yn lyke case
To the ffrenche kynge, yf he lyste to take hede;
I ffere and he canne not for lacke of grace,
The chyrche and he be not yet agreede;
Therefore let hym looke for a lyke spede,
As we had y^t whereof hys lege and verite;
I trowe he doth god neythyre love nor dred;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Whoo ev^r knewe Crystyn man yn worse case
Then I, wrechyd caytyfe, that cannot have
In chyrch, or chyrchyerd any man^r of place,
Among Crysten pepyll to lye yn a grave? [1]
The erthe abhorryth me, all men me deprave,
My ffrends forsakyth me and hathe no petye,
The world takyth ffrom me all he me gave;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

There ys no more nowe, I moste take my leve,
Yn thys wrechyd world I may no long^r dwell;
But on thynge y^t ys y^t dothe me sore grēve,
I not where to rest yn hevyn or yn hell.

1 James's body was according to Maitland, "by permission of the Pope, buried at East Sheen in Surrey, for having been excommunicated he could not be interred without that." In Stowe's annals a story is told of the unceremonious manner in which the remains were treated, when Sheen shared the fate of other monasteries at their general subversion. The story is repeated in the Tales of a Grandfather.

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NIMMO OF THE ROCKING TOWER; *

In Redesdale.

N old house, or the spot where a house has stood, cannot to us be devoid of interest, if we have heard of something peculiar that was said or done by those who lived there, and have long ago terminated their earthly career. Nor is it necessary that this charm should depend altogether on the forcible expressions or heroic deeds of the departed:—it may be felt stronger, no doubt in those places which are celebrated as having been the abodes of distinguished men;—but wherever words, on any particular occasion, have been uttered, expressive of human feeling or thought,—or actions performed which were striking from their singularity, although the speaker or actor may have been, in respect to intellect, one of the humblest of men,—still the attraction is there. We look wistfully on the place while fancy conjures up before us what, we are told, did occur, in brighter colours perhaps, and regularly defined, as if the whole dialogue or circumstance had passed under our own observation.

Upwards of a mile north east from Otterburne in Redesdale, on the opposite side of the stream from the Dow Craig, and near to the present farm steading of Hope Foot, stood an old peel house called the Rocking Tower. It was, about eighty years ago, inhabited by a small farmer or cottager, Nimmo by name, and his wife, with their son—a lad probably about ten or twelve years of age. The wife's name was Marjory,—a rallying, magisterial woman, who, according to the country saying, "got the heavy end of the barrow to carry,"—poor Nimmo being by nature a silly, inactive, inoffensive man, ready to do any thing for a quiet life. John, the son, partook largely of his mother's qualities, and as the old people had little at home wherewith to keep him employed, they hired him as a cowherd to a neighbouring farmer who resided at Elishaw. Equipped with bonnet and plaid, and accompanied by Moss, the dog, the boy entered on his new avocation with the idea that he was about to perform a part in the world's drama, of no inconsiderable importance.

He had been only a short time at place, when a report reached

* Communicated to the transcriber by the late Robert Beighet of Otterburne Walk Mill, who died at an advanced age about fifteen years ago, and of whom some account will be given in an early part of this work.

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cut off the shanks, and afterwards bled the animal to death. Jack had, on an evening, witnessed a cruel exhibition of this kind, and meeting, on the following day, with a neighbouring shepherd, an acquaintance of his, he, in the spirit of communicativeness, related to him the leading points of the whole transaction. "We killed a ewe last night," said he, "an' dye, she was a rook! *she ran out o' the house after feyther had the spaulds cut off her!!*"

These anecdotes, trifling in themselves, will to many appear unworthy of notice; yet, to those acquainted with the localities of Redesdale, they may at least possess some degree of interest. The remains of the Rocking Tower are now level with the surrounding soil; and it is not without some impressions of a melancholy nature that the transcriber observes, such scanty *memoranda* are, he believes, all that tradition has recorded of several generations, to whom, formerly, the spot was a residence and a home.—*R. White's MSS.*

Pandon Dean.

FROM "NEWCASTLE WEEKLY MAGAZINE," MDCCLXXVII.

WHEN cooling Zephyrs wanton play,
Then oft in Pandon Dean I stray;
When sore depress'd with grief and woe,
Then from a busy world I go;
My mind is calm, my soul serene,
Beneath the Bank in Pandon Dean.

The feather'd race around me sing,
They make the hills and vallies ring;
My sorrow flies, my grief is gone,
I warble with the tuneful throng;
All, all things wear a pleasing mien,
Beneath the Bank in Pandon Dean.

At Distance stands an ancient tower;
Which ruin threatens every hour;
I'm struck with rev'rence at the sight,
I pause and gaze with fond delight;
The antique walls do join the scene,
And make more lovely Pandon Dean.

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culprit, a young man, and allied to a respectable family, was strongly recommended to mercy.

In the mean time, Sir John Fenwick, both for his own credit and that of his regiment, felt desirous to investigate the matter, and, if possible, discover how far the soldiers had reason to complain. He suspected that a considerable portion of their money was spent by them in taverns and ale houses; and communicating his ideas to Mr. Loraine, it was resolved that they should forthwith adopt measures to ascertain the fact. Having effectually disguised their persons, they sallied forth under shadow of night, to observe whether or not, in these places of resort, the men were accustomed to spend their weekly allowance.

On they went from house to house, without meeting with any of the men, until at last, entering a small tavern near the Nun's-gate, they encountered corporal Steel, an old soldier, who was partially known to them, seated at a table with a tankard of ale before him. They sat down near him, and called for a pot themselves; but before it was brought, the old corporal very generously placed his own before them, begging that they would pledge him therein. They complied, and when their full pot was produced, it of course, was presented to the corporal, with a request that he would favour them with a toast; and he, his eye glistening with delight over the foaming beverage, gave "May our soldiers ever preserve in their *noddles* due obedience to their colonel; and may he resolve in his *noddle* to increase their pay!" This was drunk with acclamation,—another pot was emptied,—and when it came to the corporal to provide for a second round, he excused himself, alleging that he had not the means to procure more. On being asked if he had nothing he could pledge with the hostess until he received his pay; he replied that his sword a Ferara, with which he boasted of having performed many surprising feats, was the only thing he possessed that could be appropriated to such a purpose; but that having to appear on parade, on the morrow (the day appointed for putting the mutineer to death), he could not possibly dispense with it. By persuasion, however, he was at last induced to substitute a smooth lath, which was immediately procured; the blade was delivered to the hostess,—the ale produced,—another and another tankard were emptied,—and the party seperated.

Next day, when the whole brigade was drawn up, on the town moor, to witness the death of the criminal, Sir John Fenwick stated to the adjutant that, understanding a corporal Steel in the regiment had been, when engaged in several battles, uncommonly dextrous in hewing off the heads of the enemy, he intended his skill should be proven once more, and that he should behead the mutineer. To all

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All faithful peple may be faen,
When dath coms, that non can fre;
The bode kept the soul in paen,
Through Christ is set at liberte.
Among blesed compane to remaen,
To slep in Christ nowe is he gon;
Yet stil beleves to hav again,
Though Christ a jouful resurrecshon.
Al frends ma be glad to hear,
When hes soul from paen did go,
Out of this world, as doeth appear,
In the year of our Lord, 1562.

Barnard Castle Bridge.

My Blessings on your pate, your groats in my purse,
You are never the better, I am never the worse.

Alexander Hilton, curate of Denton, of the ancient family of Hilton, of Dyons, in the Bishopric, left a son, Cuthbert, of great notoriety, who having taken orders in *no* church, but having been trained up as a bible clerk under his father, considered himself fully competent to perform marriages upon the Bridge of Barnard Castle, which connects the counties of York and Dnrham.

The old rhyme, which he used on these occasions (and quoted above) after having made the parties leap over a broomstick, is still remembered in the neighbourhood.—*Sharp's Bishopricke Garland.*

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LAMENTE OF HENRYE PERCYE VI. EARLE OF NORTHUMBERLAND OVER ANNE BOLEYN.

THE following lines have been recently composed in memory of a circumstance which was one of ten thousand that tend to show 'the course of true love never did run smooth.'

The beautiful but unhappy Anne Boleyn, before her marriage with Henry the 8th, had been deeply beloved by Henry Algernon Percy the 6th earl of Northumberland, and there is every reason to believe that she returned his love; but Cardinal Wolsey, at the suggestion of the king, broke off the match. The earl's fate, if not as tragical as that of his mistress, was at least not far removed. He died broken hearted in the same month in which his brother was executed, A. D. 1536.

Lamente of Henrye Percye.

(A modern imitation of an old style of ballad writing.)

What joy can fayre earth offer, nowe to me?
Ah none! I wepe that ever I was born,
No more delight I in swete minstrelsy, [1]
Or trumpets clang, or sound of hunting horn.

What boots, gif happiness he cannot bryng,
Phœbus his bryght rays shed's on Alnwick towers,
Where birds in wodes bedeckt with leafis syng,
Chauntyng melodiouslé [2] in yon green bowers.

[1] Percy in his Essay on the ancient minstrels informs us that as the House of Northumberland had anciently three minstrels attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so they still, in his time, retained three in their service in Northumberland, who wore the badge of the family (a silver crescent) on the right arm.

[2] Suggested by the recollection of a couplet in Chr. Marlow's 'Passionate Shepperd,' which is quoted in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and runs thus—

"By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing Madrigals."

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CARD-PLAYING FOR GEESE.

A Custom in Northumberland.

IN Redesdale and Coquetdale, since the commencement of the present century, it was customary amongst such small farmers as might have reared from a dozen to a score of geese, to invite, about the latter end of the year, a number of their friends and neighbours to their houses, and dispose of the brood by a species of lottery or card-playing,—wherein each goose was put up at a value—stakes advanced by the party to the amount—a game at cards played thereon, and the winner became possessed of the prize. The same plan was observed with each cackler in succession till the whole were played for and won. An excellent supper was then served up to the guests—two or more bottles of whiskey were supplied—songs, fun, and amusement circulated amongst them; and it frequently occurred that morning approached ere they could muster resolution to break up and retire, in detached groups, to their respective homes.

Sometimes a successive number of meetings of this description took place in a small district; and each was regarded with much attention by the inmates of the house at which it was held, forming to them a kind of era for the whole year. Where the neighbourhood was populous, and it occurred that a public house, with an agreeable landlord or pleasing landlady, was stationed in a central position, the "Play" was generally *performed* there, especially if the dwelling house of the farmer was too small to accommodate the company. To those who never witnessed a scene of this kind, the following comic sketch may not be unacceptable. It is from a pen, unfortunately too seldom employed, which, were its progress proportioned to its power, would add another wild blossom to the imperishable chaplet of our native literature. A certain graphic truth, and homely fidelity about the draught, forcibly remind us of some of the humourous delineations of Hogarth. The speaker is represented as an inhabitant of Jedburgh, whose gastric capability has procured him the appellation of "*Wull the Slowan*,"* and his account of

* The word Slowhoun' is, on the borders of Scotland, applied as a term of reproach to any person who can and does consume food of a liquid kind in very large quantities. It means the *Sleuth hound* or Blood hound, and indicates clearly that these animals were remarkable for the voracity with which they seized upon and swallowed their food.

and, my certy, I made few banes o't. When I was within half a score o' spunefuls o' being dune, I cries out to Jacky Common to fetch a quart o' yill, that I might synde my throat. 'Nit a drop,' cries the mean creature, Tom Fenwick, 'nit a drop; its nit i'th' bargain.' 'If it binna i' th' bargain' says I, 'that's just the reason ye canna hinder me to hae it,—I refer to the company.' 'Jethert yet,' shouted the company again. 'Nothing but fair play! Jacky, bring the quart,—a gallon if he'll drink it.' Sae the quart was brought, and nae suner had I gotten a waught o' the yill than, my truly, I wasna lang in clawing off what remained o' the haggis. 'Now friend,' says I, just as I swallowed owre the last mouthfa' o' the bag, 'ye'll be sae gude as table the eight geese.' 'Aye table the geese, Tom' cried the company all at once, 'every thing's been dune fairly, and the honest man shall have his bargain.' 'Here they ir then,' cries Tom, layin' the hail eight delightful creatures on the table,—'here they ir, I fancy I needna wish ye a stomach to eat them.' 'Na,' says I, 'ye may save yoursel' that trouble, friend; I'll excuse ye for that pairt o't. If ye had had the mense to offer me the quart o' yill when ye saw me in need o't, I wad ablins hae gi'en ye a guse back again, but as ye behaved sae shabbily, ye need expect naething if ye war gaspin—ye manna think to put tricks upon travellers, especially upon a man like me.' 'Jethert for ever!—dye, nought can gang wi' Jethert,' shouted the company again, and the creature, Tom, findin' what an a customer he'd gotten, hadna another word to say, but sneaket off like a tyke wi' a shangy on his tail. Sae I cam away, conqueror, wi' hail eight geese, gude anes they war. I wan other five by play, three at Rodbury, ane at Thropton, and ane at Snitter,—by that means I had nae less than thirteen geese when I cam hame to Jethert. O man! what a shot it was! I canna expect to play sic a yin every year.'"

Such festive occasions and mirthful meetings are now less and less observed, and ere long will in all probability be classed with things which are held only in remembrance. The introduction of roads through the most retired parts of the country—trade working its way, like water, through every channel where profit may be gained—the human race increasing, and individuals communicating more and more with each other—and the effect which railway conveyance has and will have, on the present and future generations,—all tend to erase, from men's minds, recollection and observance of what was done in bygone days. If the change make us more virtuous, it is well; but our forefathers, while they kept and devoted many times in the year to innocent amusement and jocund hilarity, were distinguished not less for simplicity of life, than for honesty of purpose, and adherence

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EARL MORAY'S CAPTURE.

THE Scots upon Northumberland, like swarming locusts came;
Their path by tower and hamlet was marked with smoke and flame;
Earl Moray led them on, and paused not till he came before
Newcastle's guarded walls, and these he has assaulted sore.

King David Bruce is in the camp;—each man before his eyes
Endeavours boldly to perform some feat of high emprise:
Midway between the threatening towers a struggle they maintain;
They try to pierce the barriers, but find all efforts vain.

Sir John, the gallant Neville, of the fortress held command,
And round his floating banner thronged a brave and martial band—
True men who in the town's defence would stand or nobly die;
Would hurl each fierce invader back, or in its ruins lie.

A stirring day of warfare passed:—the sun's last troubled beam
Fell dimly o'er St. Nicholas' spire and Tyne's broad rushing stream;
Then rain came on and thunder growled, and the watchfires' ruddy light,
With bolts of flame, glared wildly through the darkness of the night.

Out spake the noble Neville, amongst the warriors all,
As they in close discourse were set within his lofty hall:
"Methinks at such a time as this, it were a fitting thing,
To rush within the Scottish lines and try to seize their king.

Myself for one will venture: what numbers can we raise?
The deed, though we should miss our mark, at least may gain us praise,
And will a fair reprisal be on such a hated foe."—
With one long shout the band arose and answered, "We will go!"

Then there were buckling on of arms, and rivetting of mail;
And prayers were breathed from female lips which fear had rendered pale:
Sir John upon a charger black before the troop appears;
Their number when he marshalled them was twice an hundred spears.

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Conyers of Sockburn,

IN THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

VERY soon after the Norman conquest, Sockburn became, by episcopal grant, the seat of the Norman family of Conyers. The legend which accounts for their establishment is as follows:—

In an ould manuscript w^h I have sene of ye descent of Connyers, there is writ as followeth: Sr John Conyers, Knt., slew y^t monstrous and poysonous vermine or wyverne, and ask or werme, w^h overthrew and devoured many people in fight, for that ye sent of y^t poison was so strong y^t no person might abyde it. And by ye providence of Almighty God this John Connyers, K^t, overthrew ye saide monster, and slew it. But before he made this enterprise, havinge but one sonne, he went to the church of Sockburne in compleate armour, and offered up y^t his onely sonne to ye Holy Ghost. Y^t place where this great serpent laye was called Gray stane;* and as it is written in ye same manuscript, this John lieth buried in Sockburne church in compleat armour before the conquest.

The ancient service by which the manor of Sockburn was held, proves that the legend is of no modern origin, and I will not doubt that some gallant exploit is veiled under this chivalrous tale, with at least an adumbration of truth. At the first entrance of the bishop into his diocese, the lord of Sockburn, or his steward, meets him in the middle of the river Tees, at Nesham-ford, or on Croft bridge, and presents a faulchion to the bishop with these words: "My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the faulchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which, the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that upon the first entrance of every bishop into the country, this faulchion should be presented." The bishop takes the faulchion in his hand, and immediately returns it courteously to the person who presents it, wishing the lord of Sockburn health and a long enjoyment of the manor. The tenure is distinctly noticed in an inquest on sir John Conyers in 1396. The observance is still continued, and the faul-

* The grey stone is still pointed out in a field near the church.

and into a kindly sympathy towards them in their fallen fortunes. This trait of character was strongly marked by the considerate and effectual exertions he made to shed comfort on the latter days of the descendant "of one of the most honourable houses in the north." Sir Thomas Conyers, on behalf of whom he appealed to the titled and opulent, by a letter of characteristic simplicity and feeling which appeared in the Gentlemen's Magazine for December 1809, and Supplement. Sir Thomas was the last decayed representative of the Conyers'. After stating the antiquity, noble alliances, and large possessions of the family, Mr. Surtees says, "that on the death of sir George Conyers, who had squandered the little that was left, the barren title descended to his uncle Thomas Conyers, who after a life perhaps of some imprudence, certainly of much hardship, after an unsuccessful attempt in a humble business, and a subsequent service of several years at sea, was then, in his seventy-second year, solitary and friendless, a pauper in the parish workhouse of Chester-le-Street. Sir Thomas had received from nature, in his fine manly figure and open expressive countenance, the native marks of a gentleman. He bore his lot with a degree of fortitude equally removed from misplaced pride, or querulous meanness. Accustomed to a life of hardship and labour, he wished for neither affluence nor luxury; but his then humiliating situation he felt severely."

On the 26th of Feb. 1810, before the subscriptions had been received, Mr. Surtees hastened to the relief of the old Baronet, accompanied by the late Rev. Patrick George, then curate of Bishop Middleham, who used to speak with admiration of the delicate and kind manner in which he executed his commission. His own grey head uncovered, he accosted sir Thomas at once with cordiality and respect, simply stating the purpose of his visit. The old man was at first much affected. But soon, a dormant sense of pride seemed to be awakened, and he said "I am no beggar, sir, I won't accept any such offers." Mr. Surtees gently soothed this temper, assuring him, that the gentlemen by whom he was deputed were actuated by no motive that could be offensive to him, but only by feelings proper to their rank, and his own; and that, by acceding to their wishes, he could only evince his own sense of that propriety, and prove that he, in their situation, would have felt and acted as they now did. Thus his scruples were gradually overcome, and he consented to the proposed arrangement, with many expressions of gratitude to those who had so kindly interested themselves in his situation.

It is pleasant to remark, that instead of any feeling of mean triumph over the remains of fallen greatness, there is, in the middle, and even lower ranks of this country, a kindly sympathy prompting them to

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* At the house
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shadowed both Durham and Yorkshire. All are now fallen; and not a foot of land is held by Conyers in either county. Of the house of Conyers not one stone is now left on another. The little church, standing lonely on its level green, has survived the halls of its ancient patrons. Deep traces of foundations of gardens and orchards, a little to the south, point out the site of the mansion, and an old decaying Spanish chesnut, spared by the axe, and whose bulk and indurated bark have protected it from other injury, seems alone to connect the deserted spot with some recollection of its ancient owners."—*Memoir of Mr. Surtees.*

The following extract is given from a Poem entitled "TEISA," descriptive of the river Tees, written by Anne Wilson, and published at Newcastle in 1778. In point of poetical merit, little perhaps can be said on behalf of the couplets; yet the relation which they bear to our present subject may, it is hoped, render their insertion not unacceptable.

To Nesham TEISA has its course,
This sweet village lays to the river close;
Here its silver stream the traveller fords,
And in this limpid stream we find the Lords
Of Sogburn meet the Bishop new elect;
To him they homage pay, with great respect;
For these two manors, Sogburn and Dinsdale,
They hold a sword, and tell a wond'rous tale
Of a wing'd serpent which did infest
Sogburn's fine plains, of Durham lands the best:
From the lunar circle ('twas thought) there fell
A serpent, as the hydra terrible;
Like her, so dread, so fearful to behold,
That no courageous knight, tho' e'er so bold,
Durst him attack, none, none was to be found:
He rul'd the lord and master of this ground;
The people many years this grievance bore;
(For man's short date live serpents o'er and o'er)
Thus these piteous people were distress'd,
'Till a deliverer to the opress'd
Arose, whose name was Conyers, he a wight,
Did, like Alcides, in great deeds delight;
In his own prowess wrapt, and coat of mail,
He with his sword this serpent did assail;
First on the neck he gave him such a stroke,
As might have fell'd the stoutest, tallest oak
That e'er in Britain grew, when Druids Possest

Vast grove
At which,
The hero
For in this
Tho' else
Death's lea
His undaun
Bold Conye
In this ungu
Soon found a
The purple l
And sally'd f
The vanquish'
And, like a bl
A large shrill
On which appea
Who drew this
Many a massive
The good Bishop
These manors for
Where he in peac
And built three ho
At Sogburn one, w
There, in fine stone
His body at full leng
A female on each sid
With his large trusty
That with his master
This tale now being d
Present the sword, that
Did the old fiery dragon
Which he, returning, wi
Of these fair lands, whic
They to their homes the

A tale so plausible, no
To credit; yet the deep, c
In this fable, of the antien
Discovers a knight of unda
Who here, perhaps, some ro
Like Robin Hood with his s
Or some tyrannic baron, who
His neighbours, to mankind a

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Lines to Northumberland.

"Dear, even to the savage, is the land of his fathers."

ALLISON.

HAIL to the land where my forefathers nourished
The blossoms of Freedom, immortal in worth;
And hail to the land where sweet Liberty flourished
Wide o'er the rude mountains that border the north.
Northumbria! the deeds of thy chieftains, in story,
Will shine undiminished while virtue remains;
And Mem'ry's soft smile, consecrated by glory,
Shall hallow the goblet that foams to their names.

Illustrious land! where the Percies inherit
The splendour and worth that distinguish their line,
United with Hotspur's magnanimous spirit,
Who ne'er bent a knee at servility's shrine.
In the archives of Britain, see, Truth is pourtraying
Their patriot merits to eagle-eyed Fame:
Thy sons, with delight the bright pages surveying,
Rear high the bright goblet that foams to their name!

Hail to the land! where the bright eye of beauty
Reflects the mild lustre of sympathy's tear!
And hail to the land where firm Honour and Duty
Restrain the wild ardour of valour's career!
Brave Collingwood! once his loved Island's defender,
Illumined thy shore with the halo of Fame:
We breathe a warm sigh to his mem'ry, and tender
A tear to the goblet that foams to his name.

Ye Heroes! whose day-star of glory is clouded,
And wrapt in the darkness that shadows the tomb!
Still, still it shall beam, though in night it is shrouded,
And spread like a meteor its rays through the gloom.
The laurels ye've won e'en the grave must relinquish,
They're due to your children; and gratitude claims
Each gay trophied garland of fame, to distinguish
The goblet affection still rears to your names.

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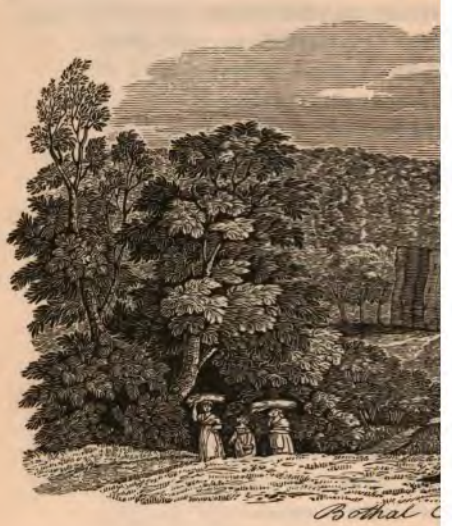
Thou PRIDE OF THE N
Shall roll its white surge
The hearts of thy children,
Shall bound at each thou
Sweet spot of my birth, I
And cherish each wish th
May the Amaranth and Oli
And twine round the gob

Temple, near Warrenford



Bothal

It is recited by tradition, and not
a Scotch gentleman named David
several nations, bearing a fox tail i
man to fight with him; and *lastly*,
towards his owne countrey, was foug
and by him slain with a pole *axe*, wh
till lately, in the great hall of Bothal

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Wherefore, good Baldwin, will the piers take heede,
Of slaunder, malice, and conspiracye,
Of couetise, whence all the rest proceede;
For couetise joynt with contumacye,
Doth cause all mischiefe in mens hartes to breede:
And therefore this to Esperance my worde,
Who causeth bloudshed shall not escape the sword.

MEG OF MELDON,

A Northumbrian Tradition.

O, madam, madam,
Your gold will call down curses on your head!
We loved the youth, and could have wished him still
In his paternal halls; but he was driven
A wanderer amongst strangers, by your gold.
O, fie upon it! let its love not quench,
Within your heart, all generous sympathy
For human suffering. You have filled your barns
Up to the doors with grain, and when the poor,
For very hunger are compelled to buy,
The heavy charge is tendered with a curse!
Madam, beware of popular dislike:
It is a fiend that tears you when alive,
And, when you die, gibbets your memory,
To the derision of all future time. *Old Play.*

WE are not, in this country, like the early inhabitants of that classical land on the south-eastern point of Europe, whose fertile imaginations peopled the earth and air with divinities, by whom they produced a system of mythology, which has drawn forth the wonder and admiration of the most gifted men through all succeeding times. Our ideas are more circumscribed, and imagination with us would seem to be much more limited in its power: we are able to follow where a master-spirit has pioneered the way; but incapable of inventing or furnishing forth a creation of our own. Our *fathers*, we allow, admitted that ghosts, at murky midnight, walked

their lonely rounds
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history, they may have
age to age on the strean

"Meg of Meldon," sa
history of Northumberla
Selby, mother of sir Wil
himself as a royalist in t
was a daughter of William
her husband, sir William
fortune, which being mortg
manor passing into the po
decease of her husband, she
sented to have been a miserly
picture of her, which was at
in a round hat, with a large
stiff gown turned up nearly t
linen; the whole shoulders we
or frill. The investment of he
and the hard case of young He
the ancient seat and lands of hi
stances likely enough to cause
the ousted heir, and as strong a

In addition to her hoarding pr
was a witch, and being a person
she has, since her death contin
evening's ghost tale. She used to
ton hall by a subteraneous coach ro
into this underground way, was by
Hart called the battling stone upon w
the lie out of their webs in the bleac
for her covetous disposition, and prac

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was condemned to wander seven years, and rest seven years, alternately. During the season she had to *walk*, she was the terror of the country from Morpeth to Hartington Hall. She frequented those places where she had bestowed her hoarded treasure; but always abandoned them when the pelf was discovered and turned to useful purposes. Many nights of watching and penance are said to have been spent over a well, a little to the south-east of Meldon tower, where she had deposited a bull's hide full of gold. The most frequent scene of her midnight vagaries was about Meldon bridge, along the battlements of which she was often seen running in the form of a little dog. Another of her haunts was in an ancient stone coffin on the site of Newminster abbey, where those who had the gift of seeing ghosts, have seen her sitting in a doleful posture for many nights together. This coffin was called by the country people *the trough of the maid of Meldon*, and water found in it was a specific in removing warts, and curing many inveterate complaints. One of her most favourite forms was that of a beautiful woman. But she was Proteus-like, and appeared in a thousand forms, lights and colours, flickering over the Wansbeck, or under a fine row of beech trees, by the river side, in the lane between the bridge and Meldon park. The people of Meldon however became so familiarized with her appearance as to say when she passed them, 'there goes Meg of Meldon.'—Such were the fables with which the calumny of an ignorant and superstitious age aspersed the character and memory of a person who was probably

REMAINS OF NEWMINSTER ABBEY.

much more enlig
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Within the las
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near Meldon towe
school-house once
This occurred whi
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It is related by
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which had been depos
requested, but whethe
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ticular night, exactly a
like himself, who would
reminded that to be su
be observed. Being a
at the time, and found
personage, awaiting his ar
chain and a set of grapplin
which at that period woul
for the purpose of drawing
fectly acquainted with the
dered him all the assistance
formed towards the middle
one leg therein, while the o
possible care. To his surpris
water, and, fastening his gra
once more in ascending to th
of the *Jack*, he and his fell
the treasure was speedily raised
gave it a swing toward him, that
Unfortunately however, when he
part of his task, excitement had w
store of wealth was about to be p
"we have her now," escaped from
dissolving spell on what was done, t
object of his anxiety eluded his grasp
well, out of which it is never more
Even the personage who had assisted t

* Hist. of Northd. Part 2.

from the masculine to the feminine gender, and appeared to be no other than MEG herself, who, strange to relate, had endeavoured to bestow on the poor man what, had his own folly not marred the design, would have made him "a gentleman for life." By what cause he was thus favoured, report sayeth not; but such generosity, was more than could have been expected from the lady, were her character equally as bad as it has been represented. We are commanded to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and MEG's intention in this instance was surely more rational, redeeming and praiseworthy than that of those testators, who bequeath their property to such favourites of fortune, as are previously in possession of more wealth than they can fully enjoy.

No fabulous obscurity, however, hangs over the circumstance of the ceiling of the school house at Meldon giving way with the weight of a quantity of coin which was concealed there; and of which MEG, according to report, had been the proprietor. The transcriber of this notice numbers amongst his friends a worthy individual now advanced in years, who, when a boy, was present on the occasion, and who succeeded in securing at the time two or three of the pieces. But, as in all popular squabbles, when *might* usurps the place of *right*, the weaker boys shared least in the spoil: some of the stronger ones had the good fortune to carry away a considerable number.

An opinion is generally entertained by the sagacious people in the neighbourhood, that MEG was possessed of a large amount of money besides that which she invested on the manor of Meldon; and being ever desirous of turning it to account, she frequently laid out heavy sums on such commodities as could be disposed of again to advantage. Amongst these, she is said to have dealt largely in corn; and being enabled, when prices were low to make extensive purchases, she would, when a rise in the market took place, realize thereby a proportional profit. Such dealings, though perfectly legal, and, in a business point of view, unblameable, have always to the present hour called forth the maledictions of the poorer part of the people, and amongst other causes would operate very powerfully against her ladyship's popularity

On an examination of such fabulous accounts as have descended to us respecting this remarkable woman, nothing in either her conduct or actions can be found to prove that the peasantry in the vicinity of Meldon or Hartington Hall, could be justified, even on such slender grounds as were adopted formerly, in ascribing to her the crime of witchcraft. Had she performed any single exploit which might be put in comparison with the least of those attributed to the celebrated wizard Michael Scott, that, heightened, as it had

been by the mar
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Such are the reports
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placed in a similar static
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wealth, we ought rather to
and be kind and hospitable
than ourselves. Where it
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moral rectitude, and perform
treated by the wealthier class
peasantry are the "thews and
though the bodily labour they
to a certain extent the cultivat
are not deficient of wisdom, nor
benevolent actions. The unfort
Dilston an open table for the po
the hands of the executioner, no
deplored; even the fame of his
memory is yet devoutly cherishe
northern counties of England. M
ception of the fabulous trait alread
lights of this description; her avar
withered the genial influences of her
tering, christian like, to the distresses
she probably omitted no opportunity
as she employed, down to the lowest f
reaped her reward: the wealth she acq
her family into other hands, while the

her sympathy was not extended, have unsparingly shorn her name of its just proportion, and "gibbetted her memory to the derision of all future time."—*R. White's MSS.*

Fair 'Mabel' of Wallington.

WHEN we were silly sisters seven, sisters [we] were so fair,
Five of us were brave knights wives, and died in child-bed fair,
Up then spake fair 'Mabel,' marry wou'd she nane,
If ever she came in man's bed the same gate wad she gang.
Make no vows fair 'Mabel,' for fear they broken be,
Here's been the knight of Wallington asking good will of thee.
Here's been the knight [of Wallington], mother, asking good-will of me;
Within three-quarters of a year you may come bury me.

When she came to Wallington, and into Wallington-hall,
There she spy'd her mother dear walking about the wall.
You're welcome, daughter dear, to thy castle and thy bower.
I thank you kindly, mother, I hope they'll soon be your's.
She had *not* been in Wallington three-quarters and a day,
Till upon the ground she could not walk, she was a weary prey;
She had *not* been in Wallington three-quarters and a night,
Till on the ground she cou'd not walk, she was a weary 'wight.'

Is there ne'er a boy in this town who'll win hose and shun,
That will run to fair Pudlington, and bid my mother come?
Up then spake a little boy, near unto [her] a-kin,
Full oft I have your errands gone, but now I will it run.
Then she call'd her waiting-maid to bring up bread and wine:
Eat and drink, my bonnie boy, thou'll ne'er eat more of mine:
Give my respects to mother, as [she] 'sits' in her chair of stone,
And ask her how she likes the news of seven to have but one.

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Give my love to r
And to my sister
And bid her keep
For if e'er she com
Away this little boy
When he came wher
When he saw the h
What news, my pret

Your daughter 'Mabe
To ask you how you l
Your daughter gives co
And bid you come to h
She gives command to
To her sister Betty fair,
She bids her keep her n
For if e'er she come in r

She kickt the table with
The silver plate into the
Then she call'd her waiting
So did she on her stable-gr
Go saddle to me the black,
Go saddle to me the swiftes
When she came to Wallingt
There she espy'd her son Fe

God save you, dear son, Lord
Where is my daughter fair, th
He turn'd his head round abou
"Tis a month, he said, since sh
She went on, and there were in
Four and twenty ladies letting t
Her daughter had a scope into h
All to keep her life till her dear

Come take the rings off my finge
And give them to my mother dea
Come take the rings off my finger
Give them to sir William Fenwick,
She took out a razor, that was both
And out of her left side has taken t
There is a race in Wallington, and t
Tho' the cradle it be full spread up,

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THE DEATH OF CLAVERING.

IN Stanton township in the parish of Long-Horseley, Northumberland, the remains of a stone cross are yet to be seen, of which the Rev. John Hodgson, in his history of the county, thus briefly makes mention:—

"On the Lime kiln flats about a quarter of a mile north of the village a stone cross still stands in a field on the east side of the way, which the tradition of the neighbourhood says was set up in memory of a gentleman of the name of Clavering being slain on the spot in an encounter with a party of Scots." In the ensuing verses this unfortunate person is presumed to have been a member of the house of Callally, a matter which the pedigree of that family might perhaps throw some light on. The best apology perhaps that can be offered for them, is that they have in some respects followed the model of a very beautiful ballad, however slight may be their resemblance. The ballad alluded to may be found in "Percy's Reliques." described as 'The Braes of Yarrow.'

MOURN! Mourn! Callālly for the gentle Clavering,
Whose life at Stanton stone cross the foul Scots have riven;
Pla-ce-bo's at Brinckburn the holy monck's shall sing
Cut off in all his sins,—unhouseled and unshriven.

Woe's the day Callālly! that thus the youth should die,
And cursed be the hand that did his life unsever;
Lamenting o'er his fate, how fills the tearful eye,
A bonnier youth than he, there never was, no never.

Most cheerful was the morn, ay, bright, bright, was the morn,
When he left his home and prom'sed at eve returning;
His sisters did his doublet with flowers sweet adorn,
But oh! at vesper-time, at Callālly all was mourning.

Stark were then his wounds, and his long, his dark brown hair
Was all steep'd in gore, and his broadsword it was broken:

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Gash'd was the face that had bee
Ah! the gold around his neck, it

His true love—pereless maid, how
And how did her sobs and sighs
For ever from her eyes was banis
These the words she would repeat

And will his kinsmen bold, will t
Yes! on the traitrous Scots—thou
Their war-cry then shall be, "Re
And the rose that there was cropt

Temple, London.

ANECDOTI

A person of the name of Collins, wl
Wooler, in Northumberland, had a ta
which followed him whereever he wen
fish in the river, and when satiated it n
One day, in the absence of Collins, the
by his son, instead of returning as usual,
tomed call, and was lost. The father tr
to recover the animal; and, after severa
place where his son had lost it, and cal
pressible joy it came creeping to his feet,
affection and attachment.—*Bewick.*

Some years since, at a bull baiting in
the barbarous practice of bull baiting wa
confident of the spirit of his bull dog, la
seperate times, cut off all the animal's fee
to attack the bull after each amputation.
and the brutal wretch won his wager.—*I*

A Jay (*Garrulus glandarius*) kept b
England, had learned at the approach of
them, by whistling and calling him by his
a severe frost the dog was by this means
was big with calf, when the poor animal fe
hurt. The Jay was complained of as a n
obliged to destroy it.—*Ibid.*

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OUR LADY'S WELLS.

Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defiled those sacred waues, it rightly hot
The well of life: ne yet his vertues had forgot.

SPENSER.

NEAR Longwitton-hall, Northumberland, there is an agreeable walk for nearly a mile, by a woody dingle, called the Deneburn, a lovely and romantic spot, sheltered on all sides by the steep and well wooded banks of the Hart. In an adjacent wood, are three wells, called by the people of the neighbourhood *Our Lady's Wells*, and *The Holy-wells*. They are all chalebyate, contain sulphur and alumine, and were formerly in high reputation through the neighbourhood for their "very virtuous" qualities. That farthest to the east is called the *Eye well*, on account of its beneficial effects in cases of inflammation of the eyes, and flux of the lachrymal humour. It has a very antient inscription, in four lines, in the rock immediately above it; but many of the letters have been purposely defaced, and to me it seemed illegible. Great concourses of people from all parts, also used to assemble here in the memory of old people on "Midsummer Sunday and the Sunday following" and amuse themselves with leaping, eating gingerbread brought for sale to the spot, and drinking the waters of the wells. A tremendous dragon too, that could make itself invisible, formerly guarded these fountains, till the famous knight, Guy earl of Warwick, wandering in quest of chivalrous employment, came this way and waged battle with the monster. With words that could not be disobeyed, the winged serpent was commanded from his den, and to keep his natural and visible form; but as often as the knight wounded him, and his strength from loss of blood began to fail, he glided back, dipt his tail into the well,

and returned healed, and with n
earl, perceiving the cause of his lor
the wells, and in one furious on
Hodgson's Northd.

In the "Legend of Sir Guy"
champion observes ;—

"A dragon in Northun
I alsoe did in fight
Which did bothe man
And all the country

And in an ancient metrical roma
Wylliam Copland," occurs the follo

".....A messenger
Syr king, he sayd, lys
For bad tydinges I bri
In Northumberlande th
But that they be slayn
For there dare no man
By twenty myle rounde
For doubt of a fowle dr
That sleath men and be
He is blacke as any col
Rugged as a rough fole
His bodye from the navi
No man may it pierce it
His neck is great as any
He renneth as swifte as
Pawes he hath as a lyon
All that he toucheth he s
Great winges he hath to
That is no man that bare
There may no man fight
But that he sleath him ce
For a fowler beaste then i
Ywis of none never heard

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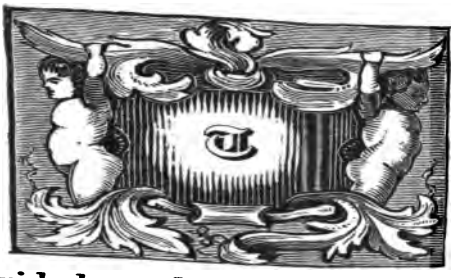
Ballad.



THE following curious ballad; copied from the Harleian MS. No. 7578, will form a portion of the second edition of "The Bishopric Garland," and is used on the present occasion by the kind permission of the editor of that collection. The original is so badly and incorrectly written as to be, in many passages, perfectly obscure; it is difficult to say how the lines are to be divided, and although it is set to music, yet not being reduced to the modern scale, the notes afford no assistance towards a division. The manuscript collection from which it is taken, (as appears by a memorandum written at the commencement by Ritson,) was given in 1718 to Wanley by James Mickleton, esq. of Gray's Iun, and of Durham, and contains the treble part of a collection of old songs, &c. set to music, and used within and about the bishopric of Durham in the time of queen Elizabeth. The names of the composers are sometimes given, as Heath and Johnson. It was from this MS. that Ritson printed in his "Ancient Songs" the ballad of "Ty the mare tom boy" and two others. With these exceptions the MS. consists of hymns and religious songs.

ALONE walking, and oft musing, all be a reiver syde,
Of wens byen [1] they, I pray yow saye,
What craftes-men trust yow they be?
Name them, now let[s] se.
There came y^t tyme and many mo, with marchandes also,
Both freshe and gaye,
For the morow was the marked day.
From everey villag ther be-syde,
Y^t markyd tyde.
Bullockkes, fat swyne and shepe,
Otes, bygg, boochery [2] and whete,
Pigges, gese and copons fat,

[1] Whence be.
[2] Butchery, butchers meat.

Butter, chese, nuttes, scr
With lekes, both grene a
And chesys frome *Dentor*
Y^{t} cumeth among, and h
Spades, shewlys [3] and ga
Non to presume for se ll
Whylles [5] they had rong
Tynkell tong, tynkell to

To ax a mare, and othe
O yet, O yet, O yet, C
To a gret bay mare
She is slyt in the ryght
And by moathe, she ca
Rake towardes the feld
Tell us, let se for glad
I am here, say what y
Yff yt so be, I holde,

There came Peres of
Sade Olyver abide, ab
Unto y^{t} place, thus dy
Fast dyde they thryng
Alas, my lege, ware,
Softelye, fy for shame
Make roume, go back
They shouted all, the
Both Sandy, Joke, D
Ther browes fast bled

There was Hogge of
And at the table son
On highe, to call, he
Gyfe me y^{t} dyshe, w
For our Tybe and G
For the and me.

In Sylwer strete as
By coles, by by col
By by coles, by by
By by coles, by.

[3] Quære—crab apples.
[4] Long. [5] Un

From *Brandon* [1] *more* and *Ranton* also
From *Fery* furth and eke *Braside*
And thes are of *Fendon* a lytill her besyde
Pene fardyne,[2] mastres, ye pay no less, ye pay no less,
The are raweris [3]

[A new hand begins here, but there is no apparent hiatus.]

Rych and of great plenty, nott fare from the Cete [4]
Woodes, medowes, great and fayre, and holsom of ayre,
In all *this realme* non such truly; a strong palis [5]
A goodly moot
But one place to enter, save only with a boott [6]
Upon a craggi rock it standeth pleasantly.
Now will we go [to] the bayley to yer [7] of
sum thing now for to syng.
In lusty May, the north bayley,
At *Elvet hede* did mett
There was *dysg*[illegible]syng, piping and dansyng,
And as we can[illegible] nere, which thus begane,
Robyne, *Robyn*[illegible]e, Robyne,
And many [a] [illegible]man haith a fayre wyffe,
Y[t] doth him l[illegible]y thil good
Robyn, Robyn[illegible] Robyn
And joly *Rob*[illegible] Robyn
Through eve[illegible]yn, lend you me the bowe
And every [illegible]y strett thus can they go
[illegible]an his horne dyd blowe,
Tro, tro, tro[illegible] tro, ro, ro, ro, ro, ro, ro,
tro, ro, tro, tro, tro, ro, ro, tro, tro, tro, tro,
ro, ro, ro, ro, tro, tro, ro, ro, ro, ro, ro, ro,
tro, ro, [illegible]ow.

The mayd[illegible]ens came, when I was in
My mother's bower, I hade alle y[t] I wolde,
The bayley berithe the belle away.
The lylle, the rose, the rose, I lay
The sy[illegible]ver is white, rede is the golde,
The rob[illegible]es they lay in fold,
The ba[illegible]yley berithe the belle away.
The ly[illegible]ly, the rose, the rose I lay,

[1] This enumeration shews where the coals came from which supplied the city of Durham.
[2] Penny-farthing. [3] A term of praise, which it is difficult to explain. [4] City.
[5] Palace. [6] Boat.—This description of Durham is very curious. [7] Hear.

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And through the glasse wyndo
How shuld I love and I so you
The bayley berithe the belle a
The lylly, the rose, the rose I
The bayley berithe the belle a

For to report, it were n ow tec
therefore now syng no more
Ryght myghty and famus Eliza
Pryncis prepotent and eke vict
victorius, victorius, vertuus a

Let us pray alle to Cryst, ete
Which is the heavenly K
After ys lyffe grant them a p
Eternally to syng.
A. Amen.

A REMARKABLE I

Edwin, king of Northumberla
the Saxon Heptarchy, and di
influence over the other kingd
justice in his own dominions.
licentious life to which they had be
saying, that during his reign a w
every where a purse of gold, without
There is a remarkable instance tr
borne him by his servants.
enemy; but finding hims
gallant and powerful a p
him, and employed one
having obtained admitta
Cwichelm, drew his dag
officer of the army, see
means of defence, interpo
Eumer's dagger, which
piercing Lilla, it even w
renew his blow he was
versal Mag.

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SOME REMARKS

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

Dr. John Leyden,

FROM MR. ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

—Leyden came from Border land
With dauntless heart and ardour high,
And wild impatience in his eye.
Though false his tones at times might be,
Though wild notes marred the symphony
Between, the glowing measure stole
That spoke the bard's inspired soul.—
Leyden! a shepherd wails thy fate,
And Scotland knows her loss too late. HOGG.

A VENERABLE authority has said that "He who would write a heroic poem ought to make his whole life a heroic poem," and certainly, if such means could produce the qualifications necessary for that undertaking, few men have existed, who were more capable of performing it than Dr. John Leyden. Born in a humble sphere of life, he wrought his way onward, exploring at one time the fabulous history of his country, at another gathering together its traditions and wreathing them into verse; now laying up stores of general information, and again applying himself to the acquisition of some new tongue, until as a linguist, especially in regard to the oriental languages, he had no equal whatever. Bearing that within him which warred everlastingly with "rude inglorious ease," he was ever progressing; and though at last, in a distant land, he was cut off, so early as his thirty-sixth year, he left behind him more than one memorial by which he might be held in remembrance. In his own country the metrical compositions which bear his name, "posterity will not willingly let die;"—and in the east, his labours in arranging, and bringing to a state of written perfection several languages, have, amongst the inhabitants by whom they are spoken, invested his memory with imperishable renown.

John Leyden was born at Denholm on the 8th September, 1775; and was descended from a family of small farmers, who, for several

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generations had been settled on
Teviot, a few miles below Hawi
he had an opportunity of attendi
of his progress was interrupted
with the conductors of the scho
which it was altogether closed
the career of Leyden: the press
of learning having induced his p
tion suitable to a clergyman, he
1790, and commenced his profe
several of his small pieces found
In 1801 he furnished a
zine.
and in 1803 two odes and thr
of the Scottish Border.

Previous to this period he h
the clerical profession and his
of the oriental languages, the
interest, being the source fro
and romantic fictions were deri
a situation in the service of th
fluential friends represented to
had a seat at the board of co
Leyden; but it happened, unfo
which then awaited the dispo
assistant; and this office could
a surgical degree, and who cou
medical board. Leyden, howeve
it, under the conditions by which
himself with his usual assiduity t
he, in little more than six month
Madras establishment. On accept
it was understood that such a
compass of Mr. Dundas'
ed chiefly in literary r
of the eastern tribes.
piece, the Scenes of In
was about to quit for ev

The remaining years
although he suffered mu
and protracted kind, be
of ten hours each day.
dent; and he wrote t
may die in the attempt

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Jones a hundred-fold in oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer." He fell at last a martyr to his desire of knowledge; for on the capture of Batavia by the British troops, he entered a library in which, it was said, several Indian manuscripts of great value were deposited; and being seized on leaving the place, with a fit of shivering, he took to his bed, and in three day's illness, died on the 28th Aug. 1811, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

In 1819, the whole of the poetical remains of Dr. Leyden, together with a sketch of his life by the Rev. Jas. Morton, were published at London, by Longman, and Co., in one octavo volume. Amongst these the Scenes of Infancy occupies a considerable place, and though somewhat irregular in its plan and execution, yet, on account of the freedom with which a great part of it appears to have been written, and its spirited and touching allusions to places and objects, which were dear to the author's feelings, it will remain probably the most popular of all his productions. We well remember when in our boyhood, we first, gloated over its energetic and beautiful passages; and since that time Leyden has ever been to us an especial favourite. His traditionary ballads are not unworthy of being placed in rivalry with those of the editor of the Border Minstrelsy—the Mermaid in particular exhibiting an ideal beauty and mellow flow of numbers which even the great romancist never surpassed. Of the sonnets, that to Camoens from the Portuguese of De Matos is a gem of the kind, and instead of a translation, seems to have all the ease and force of originality. Camoens, of whose noble epic the hero would frequently be in Leyden's eye on his voyage to India, undoubtedly stood high in his estimation; and sympathizing with the talents and misfortunes of that great poet, the lines had, as it were, flowed directly from his own thoughts, which may account for the felicity with which they were penned. Some of his odes contain appeals which "rouse us as with the sound of a trumpet," proving that he was gifted with that glowing enthusiasm, which, beyond all art or effort, distinguish the genuine poet. Strains likewise of eloquent pathos occur, whenever he allows the impulses of his own heart, or the feeling of national attachment to enter into his subject. Nothing can be finer than the train of reflection under which the stanzas to an Indian gold coin would seem to have been struck off; and on a perusal of the ode on visiting Flodden, it would be difficult to say whether, in the writer's mind, vindictive energy against the enemies of Scotland, or compassionate tenderness for the loss she sustained on that fatal field, predominated. Four of the plaintive lines are chased into the title page of "MARMION."

We think that nearly all the leading traits in Leyden's character

may be gleaned from
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and similes would app
turally out of his subje
of his mental emotions
posed, the variety of h
with material, that he
exact setting of his di
his hand. Yet with t
taste, his pages are n
In many instances it m
poet's eye, and that he
him corresponding feeli
ever was chaste and be
manded and obtained
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with her unwearied lov
his pen has more than
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unshaken fidelity woul
friendships; and the t
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almost to a passion, an
productions. And ye
felt at all times to pro
of human kindness in
those stern and fearless
for high and importan
mounting blood of a bo
tesify, to that savage a
heat of battle only ca
the soul are, in compa

his countrymen been in danger, and it had been his fortune to arm himself in repelling the aggression of a foreign foe, none would have surpassed him in the spirit of honest patriotism—no knight that ever put lance in rest would have offered up his life more freely in defending the liberties of his own beloved land.

We close these remarks with a specimen of Dr. John Leyden's poetry, suitable to the limits of this work. It appeared first in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and was afterwards included in his "Poetical Remains."

Ode

ON VISITING FLODDEN.

GREEN Flodden! on thy blood-stain'd head
Descend no rain nor vernal dew;
But still, thou charnel of the dead,
May whitening bones thy surface strew!
Wild Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,
The rancy feels the clasping mail;
Glo cour of a thousand years
s in my breast; again I burn
And To e the banner'd pomp of war return,
k, beneath the moon, the silver light of spears.

bursting from their common tomb,
The spirits of the ancient dead
Dimly streak the parted gloom
With awful faces, ghastly red;
As once, around their martial king,
They closed the death-devoted ring,
With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield;
In slow procession round the pile
Of heaving corses, moves each shadowy file,
And chants, in solemn strain, the dirge of Flodden field.

What youth, of graceful form and mien,
Foremost leads the spectred brave,
While o'er his mantle's folds of green
His amber locks redundant wave?
When slow returns the fated day,
That view'd their chieftain's long array,

Wild to the harp's deep plain
The virgins raise the funera
From Ord's black mountain
And mourn the emerald hue

Alas! that Scottish maid s
The combat where her lo
That Scottish bard should w
The triumph of our foes t
Yet Teviot's sons, with hig
Have kindled at the thrillin
That mourn'd their martial fat
And at the sacred font, the
Through ages left the mast
To urge, with keener aim, th

Red Flodden! when thy pl
In early youth rose soft
My life-blood, through each
With wild tumultous pas
And oft, in fancied might,
The spear-strewn path to F
Encircled with a sanguine floo
And thought I heard the m
When, croaking hoarse, the
Afar, on rustling wing, to feas

[1] Under the vigourous administration of
red the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture,
preceding the battle of Flodden, accompani
presented himself before the king, and subm
was so agreeable to that warlike prince, tha
his followers. The parchment on which th
preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caiss
having been cut out of the drum-head, as we
The earl and his gallant band perished to a
period, it has been reckoned unlucky in
Monday, the day of the week in which the

[2] In the Border counties of Scotland, it
enmity subsisted between two clans, to l
ened, that it might deal the m re deadly, a
blows to their enemies. By his superst
feud, or enmity. The same practice sub
passage in CHAMPION'S *Hist* of Irelan
land, they used a damnable erstition,
christened, (as they termed i to the e
blow."—P. 15.

Rude Border Chiefs, of mighty name,
And iron soul, who sternly tore
The blossoms from the tree of fame,
And purpled deep their tints with gore,
Rush from brown ruins, scarr'd with age,
That frown o'er haunted Hermitage;
Where, long by spells mysterious bound,
They pace their round, with lifeless smile,
And shake, with restless foot, the guilty pile,
Till sink the mouldering towers beneath tho burden'd ground.[1]

Shades of the dead! on Alfer's plain
Who scorn'd with backward step to move,
But struggling 'mid the hills of slain,
Against the Sacred Standard strove;[2]
Amid the lanes of war I trace
Each broad claymore and ponderous mace:
Where'er the surge of arms is tost,
Your glittering spears, in close array,
Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away
The flower of Norman pride, and England's victor host.

But distant fleets each warrior ghost,
With sullen sounds that murmur far;
Such sounds were heard when Syria's host
Roll'd from the walls of proud Samàr.

[1] Popular superstition in Scotland still retains so formidable an idea of the *guilt of blood*, that those ancient edifices, or castles, where enormous crimes have been committed, are supposed to sink gradually into the ground. With regard to the castle of Hermitage, in particular, the common people believe, that thirty feet of the walls sunk, thirty feet fell, and thirty feet remain standing.

[2] The fatal battle of the Standard was fought on Cowton-Moor, near Northallerton, (A.S. Ealhertun,) in Yorkshire, 1138. David I. commanded the Scottish army. He was opposed by Thurston, Archbishop of York, who, to animate his followers, had recourse to the impressions of religious enthusiasm. The mast of a ship was fitted into the perch of a four-wheeled carriage; on its top was placed a little casket, containing a consecrated host. It also contained the banner of St. Cuthbert, round which were displayed those of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon. This was the English standard, and was stationed in the centre of the army. Prince Henry son of David, at the head of the men-of-arms, chiefly from Cumberland and Teviotdale, charged, broke, and completely dispersed the centre; but unfortunately was not supported by the other divisions of the Scottish army. The expression of Alfred, (p. 156,) describing this encounter, is more spirited than the general tenor of monkish historians;—"*Ipsa globi australis parte instar cassis araneæ dissipata*"—that division of the phalanx was dispersed like a cobweb.

Around my solitary head
Gleam the blue lightnings of
While murmur low the shadowy
"Lament no more the warrio
Blood, blood alone, should de
Who falls, 'mid circling spears,

Ruins of Tyne

CCORDING
which was a ce
was a place of
monks of that
the time
lban's in t
214, there
ore the hal
ls, or Jud
religious m
orrupted t
to assist
house; a
atched as

Lucifer among the ang
wicked hypocrite among
William Pigun, being
himself busily, as it we
search the writings of t
seal was not so strictly

among these writings, he artfully found an opportunity, while the others were busy, to put the seal to a conterfeit deed prepared for that purpose, and delivered the same to the aforesaid Robert our adversary; who having got it into his hands, began to boast that he had not yet produced that which would confound all his opposers. This being told to the abbot, he soon concluded that there must needs have been some treachery in his own house, and, sifting into the matter, the fraud was detected, and the manager of the same convicted; whereupon he was sent away to the cell of Thinemue, there to do perpetual penance for his crime. Being implacable, he often bitterly cursed the abbot, who had sent him to Thinemue; but all his curses fell upon his own head; for, falling asleep in the necessary-house, when he had over-eaten and drank, he never waked again; and the monks who were in the cloister distinctly heard a voice crying in the privy, "Take him, Satan—take him, Satan."—*Brand.*

FEATS OF FOX HOUNDS.

THE late proprietor of Spittle-hill house, (William Bullock, esq.) which is situate at the east end of Mitford, was a keen and skilful sportman, and always kept a small but choice and valuable pack of hounds. So excellently were they trained, that, like the *slough dogs* of the Borderers, they could trace out a thief through all his turnings and windings. One morning for amusement Mr. B. pursued a young man, who, according to the custom of the country, had spent the night in sweet dalliance with his mistress, and discovered him in a wood at some distance. The *girl* however, was greatly offended, and all the fair maids of the *neighbourhood* espoused her cause, and refused to hire to the waggish sportsman, but on the express condition, that their sweethearts should be permitted, agreeably to ancient usage, to visit them unmolested.

Whenever a hen-roost was robbed, geese killed, or any other depredation committed by reynard in the neighbouring country, Mr. B. was always applied to, and seldom failed to exterminate the nocturnal robber. At one time, a most extraordinary instance occurred of the quality of two of his fox hounds. He threw off his pack on a covert

near this place, when, on beati
on the flank of the rear hounds
usual eagerness, and after a spi
leading hounds were missing,
of the huntsman nor the sound
Rothbury forest, where it was
it appears, he was headed off,
hold on Simonside hill, from
northward, and crossed the Co
to find an asylum. Being a
Thornton crag, where he was e
across the country towards C
on the skirts of that mountai
distance, and shortly after sa
pace, and two hounds a few y
alternately chaunting in a fee
and stood stationary, till they
bled down, and fell upon, but
then sprung to the spot, took
forward in order to dispatch
of expiring. As soon as the
them some pieces of bread, an
entertained them with the
He had them called at Wooler
but no person claiming them,
roof, until Mr. B. accidentally
he instantly recovered his tw
their kind host. The zig-zag
computed at upwards of seventy
fox seemed perfectly well acquai
passage. This skilful sportsman
kept untainted by his heir.
his death they have bee
except a few aged fav
old haunts.—*Mackenzi*

Brand informs us, th
of king John, he foun
de Nevill, who gave t
the said Hugh, at tha

THE BITER BIT;

A Poem.

FOUNDED ON FACTS,

BY M. WILSON, HEXHAM.

"While 'tother one, who did no hurt,
"Was clapt up close in prison for't;
"Thus justice while she winks at crimes
"Stumbles on innocence sometimes."

BUTLER.

A STROLLING Beggar, on a day,
To Netherwitton came,
Where lived a worthy Magistrate,
Sir Walter was his name.

When near this pleasant place he drew,
Some shirts did strike his eye,
Which our Sir Walter's maids had laid
Upon a hedge to dry.

"A fair exchange," the Beggar cried,
"No robbery can be;
"And if I one of these should take,
"Who will find fault with me?

"I'll leave my old one in its stead,
"And that is surely fair;
"And put this new one on my back,
"'Twill fit me to a hair."

Sir Walter heard, while thus he spoke,
And saw him all the time;
Yet silence kept, when he might there
Have check'd him for his crime.

But, tho' Sir Walter saw the man,
He did not see the Knight;

And, as no one obj
Concluded all wa

The shirt was take
And soon his ba
And his old ragg'd
Was laid upon t

When thus equipp'd
In quest of bread
Money or ale, what
Could get to drin

Sir Walter now res
This Beggar by
For he, good gentl
The other Knigh

He took a circuit
And near the B
Who little thought
His base behavio

He boldly asked hi
And told a piteou
"Come," said the
"I'll give you me

The Beggar follow'd
Sir Walter led the
But had the Beggar
He had not been so

He eat and drank, and
That fortune
Not so the
Was run

A letter he
And to it
For who ca
Like othe

Then, thus
"Sir, do
"Yes," sai
"For me

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"Ye's have a shilling for your pains,
"If ye'll this letter take,
"And give it to that worthy man,
"I mean good Mr. Bl-ke.

"He keeps a house, as you must know,
"Bad people to correct;
"Here's your reward—and now, my friend,
"I trust you'll not neglect."

With joy the shilling he receives,
And towards Morpeth hies;
Ah! little thinks the hapless wight,
How near his ruin lies.

But now a thought came in his mind,
And to himself he said,
"'Twill take me far out of my way,
"I really am afraid.

"I mean to steer another course,
"And if a man I see
"Upon the road, I'll try if he
"Will take this charge from me."

So on he trudg'd till he o'ertook
A Chimney Sweeper Boy,
And deeming him a likely lad,
It filled his breast with joy.

"My Boy," he cried, "where art thou bound?"
"To Morpeth, Sir," said he.
"And wil't thou take this letter, then,
"Unto that place for me?

"I'll give thee sixpence for thy pains;"
The lad was overjoy'd,
And thought himself in fortune's books.
To be so well employ'd.

They parted friends; the Beggar straight
Another road did roam;
The sun was setting in the west,
When Sweep arriv'd at home.

And to the house of Mr. Bl-ke,
He walk'd without delay,

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And to the Keeper
And was desir'd

The Keeper read t
Wherein was wri
"Detain the bearer
"Until I come t

"This is your warr
They seiz'd the t
And in the prison s
Designing him to

"What have I done
"That you should
"No matter," Mr.
"I will not let y

And there they kep
Till Walter came
And to the house o
He took his journ

"Bring out the priso
"I sent the other
"The rascal trick'd
"And dearly he sh

The Keeper brought t
Sir Walter look'd ag
He thought that the O
Was come for him a

But when he saw he wa
He ask'd what *brought*
The lad quite [illegible]
"I know not—I decla

"I saw a [illegible]eggar on th
"Who m[illegible] a letter g
"And sixpe[illegible]ce—Sir, it
"As I've [illegible] a soul *to s*

"I brought [illegible]he letter
"As he [illegible]rected me
"And mor[illegible] than *this*
"What [illegible]s my crim

Sir *Walter* smok'd the whole affair,
And gave him his release;
Besides a little money too,
And bid him go in peace.

Soon as the Beggar knew the snare,
From which he'd saved been,
He sung and danc'd, a merrier man
Was seldom ever seen.

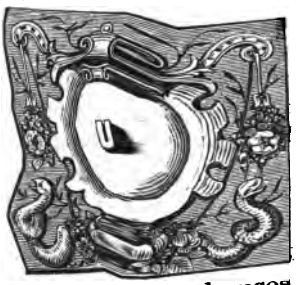
And oft he doth recite the tale,
And often he doth sing;
Now let us drink Sir Walter's health,
And say, God save the King.

Diverting Tricks

OF THE

NORTH COUNTRY FARMERS.

Man, *what changes come o'er us!* I mind when master and servant sat a' at ae table; and, if ye'll believe me, I've seen mair wit played off at a dinner time, than ye'll gather now in half a year.—*Scots Comedy.*



PWARDS of thirty years ago, when preparations for war with France had raised the prices of agricultural produce beyond all reasonable expectation, the jovial farmers of Coquetdale were particularly distinguished for their love of fun, humour, and drollery. The fertile soil in their possession made them large returns, and being good farmers and liberal minded men, they fed their servants well, and exercised such hospitality in their houses, that no stranger was allowed to depart without partaking freely of their cheer. Such prosperity and abundance were singularly at variance with discontent and moping melancholy; and it followed, of course, that these men, being full of heart, were apt, in all matters of either a local or general nature, to look especially at the laughing side of the question. When opportunity served,

ment, and no sooner did Jack's footsteps announce his approach to the stile than Donkin advanced, and in a strange voice which he could admirably assume, commanded him to stand. Self-preservation was to the weaver the *first law*, and he took no time to deliberate; but instantly dropped the basket of meat on the road—flung himself over the *stile* with all expedition—and committed himself to flight, down the field, as speedily as ever his legs could carry him. Before approaching the house at the Gallowhill he was at some pains, however, to make his exterior correspond with what he would say of his adventure:—accordingly, when he entered the kitchen, his clothes were torn and soiled, and like the humourous knight of our immortal dramatist, he magnified the danger he had passed by relating that seventeen Irishmen had set upon him—assaulted him—and robbed him of the meat! On the arrival of his master, who quietly conveyed the basket and its contents into the shepherd's house, Jack appeared before him in his rent habiliment, and related *his story,—to* which with seeming gravity he gave great attention, and *appearing* to sympathise with the weaver in the pretended misfortune which had overtaken him, he observed that he cared nothing about the loss of the meat, and was very glad the rogues had spared his life. So well was the affair managed that Swan, through the harvest, never even suspected the trick. Many were the times he was desired to recapitulate the tale, and the joke, to those in the secret, was a source of never-failing merriment.

On another occasion towards the end of harvest, Cuddy Wintrip, a joiner, and Clem Hall, a kilnman, both of Tosson, went to Morpeth for the purpose of buying one of the fat cattle whereby they might, between them, be supplied with beef through the winter. They could not however suit themselves, as to a likely animal, and, *wetting* their mouths freely at several of the public houses, they were *driven as* night approached to take up their lodgings in the town. Next morning they felt no great inclination to move,—quart of ale after quart was drunk,—and day after day passed on, until the whole amount of their money was expended. On the following market day, they were very glad to see their old friends, the farmers; and, meeting with John Donkin, already mentioned, and William Wilson of Hepple, they communicated to them the emptiness of their purses, and solicited assistance to enable them to return home. The farmers, entering with great good-will into the views of the moneyless men, took *them to* a public house, which at that time was kept by one Michael Swan who himself had lived in Coquetdale, *dined* and *glassed* them, and made arrangements to provide a post chaise, in which they might, apparently, be sent safely back to Tosson. So far all went well: the

THE NEWCASTLE RIDER;

OR,

Ducks and Pease.

A TALE, BY JOHN LUND.

MEN'S minds, and likewise their opinions,
Are various as the size of onions;
Compar'd they suit just to a tittle,
For some are great, and some are little;
Some oblong are, and some are round,
With diff'rent fancies men abound.
Some men i'th' morning, when they rise,
Will tell you, it will rain by th' skies;
Because they're red, or black, or blue,
They guess their changes by their hue;
Yet, e'er an hour passeth over,
They other sentiments discover;
And for a certainty declare,
The day is likely to prove fair,
Or calm, or windy, frost, or snow;
And yet they never truly know,
But only for the sake of talk,
They others' expectations baulk.
Some others, menial slaves in trade,
By masters or superiors paid,
Will (when they can) transform their shape,
And gentlemen of fashion ape;
An instance, and a true one too,
In my succeeding Tale I'll show.
There is a wealthy thriving town,
To tradesmen and to merchants known;
'Tis seated in *Northumberland*,
And doth upon the borders stand;
Newcastle-upon-Tyne's the name,
Which long hath stood enroll'd in fame.
As all things are ordain'd by fate,
There lived within this town of late,

Then fiercely clapp'd it on his head,
And look'd a deal worse taught than fed.
Now let days, weeks, and months pass over,
That better scenes we may discover,
And to the very crisis come,
By bringing *Joseph* nearer home:
From *Leeds*, about noon time of day,
To *Knaresbro'*, *Joseph* bent his way;
But trav'lling slowly, it was late,
When he arriv'd at *Harrogate;*
So thought he would stay there that night,
And at the *Queen's-Head* did alight;
Order'd his horse both corn and hay,
And to the kitchen bent his way,
And took upon himself some state,
"Whilst landlord did his orders wait.
"A room above—here, quickly show;
"I hate those dampy rooms below;
"And let me have my supper soon,
"Be sure that it be neatly done.
"What can I have?"—Sir, what you please.
"Then hark ye——get me *Ducks and Pease.*
"A couple? yes, and fat ones too,
"Or else by G—d they will not do:
"And let a peck of pease be boil'd,
"Or otherwise my supper's spoil'd;
"Set them directly to the fire,"
Sir,—all shall be as you desire.
When *Joseph* in the room advanc'd,
He capriol'd about and danc'd,
And *tol de roll* did roaring sing,
As made the very house to ring.
A chariot to the door did come,
Which made the landlord leave the room
To ope' the door; from whence there came,
A gentleman and lovely dame.
The gentleman within the house,
Directly handed then his spouse;
Along the passage as they went,
Her nose received a grateful scent,
More grateful than the best perfume;
So when they came into the room,

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And humbly hope you'll be so kind,
To let their company be join'd
To yours, good Sir; and if you please,
They'll sup upon your *Ducks and Pease.*
How! join with me, Sir, do you say,
No, no such thing;—so go your way:
I am not such a simple elf,
I order'd supper for my self;
And what I call for, I shall pay for,
So get you gone, what do you stay for.
This he concluded with a frown;
Away the Landlord trundled down,
And *Joseph's* answer did declare,
Which made them at each other stare
With equal wonder, who the devil,
Could send an answer so uncivil,
To their request, so complaisant,
He must both sense and manners want;
A gentleman he could not be,
So void of all civility.

The gentleman was vex'd, and swore,
He ne'er was served so before;
As to himself he did not mind,
But to his wife it was unkind;
He thought he might a little spare,
And yet enough fall to his share.
I think my Lady's much abus'd,
As Ladies seldom are refus'd;
I value not his *Ducks aud Pease,*
For I can sup on bread and cheese;
So, pray ye, Landlord, go again,
(Although to send you gives me pain)
And tell him I shall sup below,
But beg some favour he will shew,
Accept the company of my bride,
The Ladies should not be deny'd.

Accordingly, the Landlord went,
Told him the message that was sent,
And hop'd his answer would be mild,
Perhaps the Lady was with child,
And had a longing in her crupper,
For what he'd order'd for his supper.

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I'm not displeas'd at what you've done,
It's such a noble piece of fun.
I own, indeed, you did me vex,
To hear you treat the other sex,
With such ill manners, and refuse,
That company, which all wou'd chuse.
Apologies yon need not make,
I hope we now shall both partake
Of this good supper you've bespoke,
And that alone will crown the joke.
What say you?——Ye--s, Sir, if you please,
You may have all the *Ducks and Pease*.
No, *Joseph*, no, I do declare,
You shall sit down and have your share,
Since you the supper did provide,
'Tis proper you should stuff your hide.
Go tell your *mistress* to come up,
And we three will together sup.
Joseph obey'd, and up she came,
The Landlord thought it pleasant game;
So down he went, and told the story,
Not over much to *Joseph*'s glory.
The waiters laugh'd to find it so,
For *toll de roll*, was now plain JOE.

"Thus for to grace dramatic story,
"Stage-hero struts in borrow'd glory;
"Proud and august, as ever man saw,
"Then ends his empire in a stanza."

A poor boy, who had passed some time at a sunday-school in Durham, had made so great a proficiency, that his father, who had never learnt to read, determined to go to the same school. He went for two sunday when it was observed, that his child, who had been remarkable for his regular attendance, had missed school, two sundays following. The boy was sought for, and questioned about his neglecting to attend school as usual. He said, "he could not bear to be at the same school with his father."

Pennington's Moral Annals, 1793.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND,

At Byrness, Redesdale.

BY MR. ROBERT ROXBY.

(FROM R. WHITE'S MSS.)

THESE verses are from the pen which, about thirty years ago, produced "THE LAY OF THE REEDWATER MINSTREL."* On perusal they will bring to the memory of those acquainted with Redesdale, the whole district as it appears under the mild and genial influence of Spring. We confess our partiality for lines like these,—

"The snaw wreaths are gane frae the *gray Girdlestane*,
And the whaups are at *Chattlehope spout*."

Though simple in themselves, they convey to us the impression of the writer so happily and so very forcibly, that they hang on the recollection like our "familiar household words." Hereby is shewn the poet's triumph of nature over art: as he is actuated by genuine impulse and feeling, so, in proportion, every syllable he jots down tells to his purpose, and comes home to our bosoms with irresistable power. If we are thus led captive, we have proof sufficient of his "high calling;" and although he may be misunderstood by some, and even *disregard*ed by others, he has, nevertheless, within him that "light *from heaven*" which constitutes *poetic genius*,—a gift depending almost essentially upon superior mental endowment, and which no education or external circumstances can ever possibly bestow. The piece may be considered as a notice to the author's friend,

* First Published in Quarto, at Newcastle in 1809. A second edition, uniform with the Publications of the Typographical Society of Newcastle, appeared in 1832; and the whole impression was almost immediately sold. A copy of the Quarto edition occupies a place in the Abbotsford Library, Press P. Shelf 1., and at the latter end of the volume is placed in MS. the old ballad of "Parcy Reed," which was taken down from the recitation of an aged female in Redesdale, and presented to the late Sir Walter Scott, by my respected friend, Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, Liddesdale, author of "Barbara Gray." R. W.

Remarkable Instances

OF

HEROISM IN SUNDERLAND SAILORS.

DURING the last long-protracted war, the Sunderland colliers often defied and beat off the enemy's privateers. The following instance of heroism, related in the Percy Anecdotes, is scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of British daring:—The Isabella, of Sunderland, captain Hornsby, while steering for the Hague, fell in with the Marquis of Brancas, a French privateer, with a crew of 75 men, ten guns, and eight swivels, besides 300 small arms. The Isabella's crew consisted of five men and two boys: she carried four guns and two swivels. Upon observing the privateer, captain Hornsby asked his men to stand by him; they promised to stand by him to the last. He then hoisted the British colours; returned the fire of the enemy's chase with his two swivels. The Frenchman called upon him to strike. He coolly returned an answer of defiance.

Upon this the privateer poured such showers of bullets into the Isabella, that her crew retreated to close quarters. Twice the enemy attempted to board on the larboard quarter; Hornsby by a turn of the helm, frustrated their attempts. The Frenchman still kept firing upon him. The action had now lasted an hour, when the privateer running furiously upon his larboard bow, entangled his *bowsprit* among the shrouds. The captain of the privateer bawled out, "Strike you English dog." Hornsby challenged him to come on board and strike his colours if he durst. The Frenchman then threw twenty men on board; but a general discharge of blunderbusses from the Isabella's crew soon caused them to retreat. The ships now got disentangled, and the privateer tried to board on the starboard side; when Hornsby and his mate shot each his man as they were lashing the ships together. The Frenchmen again commanded him to strike; upon his refusal, twenty fresh men were ordered to attack the crew in their quarters with hatchets and pole axes; but Hornsby and his crew, from their close quarters, kept up a constant fire, and a second time the Frenchmen retreated, hauling their dead after them with hooks. The ships being still lashed together, the enemy kept up a

The Fairies of Fawdon Hill.

FROM

"METRICAL LEGENDS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,"

BY JAMES SERVICE.

"*Oh!* well I knew the enchanting mein
Of my lov'd muse, my Fairy Queen!
Her rokley of green with its sparry hue,
Its warp of the moon-beam, and weft of the dew;
Her smile, where a thousand witcheries play,
And her eye that steals the soul away." HOGG.

POPULAR tradition has evinced her faithfulness in transmitting from age to age the superstitious belief that Fawdon Hill is the royal residence of the "Queen Mab" of Northumberland and all her elfin courtiers, and that the picturesque grounds adjacent are the scenes of their moonlight gambols and midnight revelries. Legends still existing among the peasantry represent the mystical attendants of 'fairy's midwife' as being very diminutive in stature, with features delicate, complexion fair, expressive of infantine innocence and beauty, and always decked in pea green costume. Others again partake of a portraiture altogether dissimilar; being deemed cunning, deceitful, selfish, and cruel; while the disposition of the first exhibits much activity, intelligence, and kindness. They are divided into tribes or castes, each exhibiting a distinct character, manifested by the single-hearted acts of benevolence in some, and in the uncouth oddity and mischievous pranks of others. Their abodes are supposed to be in the bowels of mountains, hollow rocks and caves, shades, and solitudes, far removed from the busy haunts of man.

All the theories that have been started to explain the origin of these preternatural beings have terminated in this common hypothesis, that they form an intermediate link between man and the spirits of air. If the tales of the credulous "can be in aught believed," they were introduced into Britain from Palestine by the Crusaders. Yet we read that our Saxon ancestors believed in their existence long

Or lure young wanton knights to join their band,
And live the pleasant life of elfin land,
Till seven swift years elapsed (so legends tell),
Their souls discharge king Oberon's debt to hell.*
But others gentle, sweeter tasks pursue,
These quaff in acorn cups the nectarine's dew,
Which those by fire-flies borne through ether soar,
Or secret ocean's coral groves explore,
Or plunder the wild bee, or gild their plumes
With gleam of moonshine; or condense perfumes
Of power in spells, from flowery banks, or play
(Close hid in heather bells) a thousand frolics gay,
And bid the wings of love waft their blithe hours away."

Oberon's Henchman.

Corbet supposes these little creatures to have fled from this country during the progress of the Elizabethan march of intellect, and to have taken refuge in some other kingdom "more friendly to supernatural spirits, and more grateful for supernatural assistance." Chaucer thus accounts for their disappearance:—

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
The elf-quene with hire joly compagnie,
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago:
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures † and other holy freres,
That serchen every land and every streme,
As thikke as motes iu the sonne beme,
Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles high, and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that there ben no faeries."

The following erudite extract from the Quarterly Review displays a classical illustration of the close affinity these local tales of supernatural agency bear to those of the mythic or poetic age, when popular mythology diffused itself over all nations from "Indus to the Pole."

* See the Ballad of The Young Tamlane in the Border Minstrelsy.

† Begging Friars.

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One shower of blossoms, robed as fine
As the star-spangled jessamine.
Rolling o'er grassy fields were seen
Alternate waves of grey and green,
As the breeze swept, with graceful motion,
The bosom of the mimic ocean.
The last pale primrose from the nook
Dropp'd into the diminish'd brook;
The sheep had lost their winter's coat,
And hoarser grew the cuckoo's note,
And scarce one patch of winter's snow
On Cheviot's side appear'd to glow.
But mossy hills and silent glens,
Where solitary shepherd's stray,
And far-receding vales and dens,
Where Breamish bursts his foaming way,
Invite the poet to explore
The rocks which Linhope leaps in pride,
The craggy brow of huge Dunmore,
And high cairn-crested Hedgley's side.

The sunbeam burst on Brandon Hall,
And burnish'd the windows and silver'd the wall;
And the crimson light of morning fell
On Fawdon Hills, where the Fairies dwell.
Soft as the ray of the crescent moon,
That hallow's the Fairies' festive noon,—
The noon of night, when the clear blue sky
And numberless stars inverted lie
On the breast of the scarcely-stirring stream,
When waked by the elfin-star's dawning beam,
The little green hunter winds his horn,
And dew-drops start from the snow-spangled thorn;
For within each cup of its blossom lay,
Nestled from day-light, a minikin fay.
Some start, as the notes on the distance swell,
Like drops of gold from the cowslip bell;
At the blast of the horn they spring to the ground,
And gather the little green hunters round.
The hunters' horn again is sounded,
And every fay to its toil hath bounded;
Blue, green, and pink, and brown and grey,
Hors'd on their butterflies, gallop away.

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And the mirth and the music grow louder still,
As these elves their sportive pranks pursue.

Winning the queen's approving smile
By quips and cranks, or some whimsical wile;
And raising the laughter loud and high,
Till pale grew each twinkling torch of the sky.
And the little green hunter sounds his horn,
To warn the queen of approaching morn;
Then the porphyry bower is closed again,
On the Fairy Queen and her elfin train.

Doubtest thou, maiden, the truth of my theme?—
These eyes have witnessed the scene—in a dream—
On Fawdon Hill I stood by the thorn,
When the little green hunter sounded his horn;
I saw the spirits encircle the hill,
And their laugh rings in my fancy still.
I sigh'd to shuffle this mortal coil,
And share in their revels, and lighten their toil.
A gentle pressure dissolv'd the charm—
The vision had vanish'd—she hung on my arm.
One sparkling glance from a mortal eye
Banish'd my spiritual ecstacy.

Ah! happier far with that mortal alone
In the flow'ry vale when the breeze was still,
Than to form a link of the glittering zone
That circled the bosom of Fawdon Hill.

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In a cottage at Blakehope, in the vale of Breamish, a rivulet which flows from the north east side of Cheviot, lived a shepherd, George Armstrong by name, and two able bodied young men, who assisted him in what is called "the herding." They received weekly the "Kelso Mail," a local newspaper, which furnished them with a variety of general intelligence; and all accounts of Bonaparte and his achievements, were, to the whole household, a subject of the most intense interest. The sheet was, again and again, read over the fire, duly as evening came; it was carried to the hill alternately by each; and George and his men never lay down to sleep at night, without expecting to be aroused ere the morning with tidings that the French had landed. In the meantime the question was frequently discussed how, when this took place, they should best acquit themselves as brave men; and amongst other projects of offensive warfare, that of ascending Cheviot and hurling down huge stones and fragments of rock upon the foe, met always with a decided approval. Never doubting for a moment but fortune would bring together such an arrangement of circumstances as might render their design effective to the fullest extent, these three obscure individuals were almost certain they could, by their own efforts in this way, annihilate a considerable part, if not the whole of the French army!

It fell out on a morning after the dawn of day that a knock was heard at the door of the house. One of the men arose and was about to answer it, but perceiving, through the openings of the old warped and shrivelled door, something that aroused his worst fears, he withdrew and concealed himself below his own bed. The knock was repeated, and the other shepherd then advanced: he proved however to be possessed of no greater courage than his fellow, for he shrunk back, and endeavoured to hide himself amongst a quantity of hay, which had been brought in for the use of the cows—two of these useful animals occupying a portion of the house adjoining the entrance. Still another appeal for admittance resounded through the cottage and Armstrong himself arose; but no sooner did he perceive the personage without, than he retreated speedily, threw himself into his close-bed, drew the doors together, covered himself with the clothes, and lay in a state of great trepidation and anxiety. The lofty brow of Cheviot, and the other mountain tops around, now basked in the flood of light which streamed from the east, while the smoke from dwelling houses, widely separated, rose in graceful wreaths on the pure morning air. At last the servant girl had the hardihood to answer the solicitations of the intruder, who proved to be a soldier belonging to one of our own regiments. Leave of absence, for a time, had been granted him, that he might visit his relations, and having

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White's MSS.

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LORD EWRIE,

FROM "THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER."

SIR RALPH EVRE, or Ewrie, or Evers, commemorated in the following lines, was one of the bravest men of a military race. He was son of the first, and father of the second Lord Ewrie; and was himself created a Lord of Parliament during his father's lifetime, in the 35th year of Henry VIII. The ballad is apparently a strain of gratulation upon that event. The poet, or more probably the reciter, has made some confusion in the lineage, by declaring that his hero was "married upon a Willoughbè." His mother, however, was of that family, and he was "kin to the Nevill and to the Percy." He was was ennobled by Henry, on account of the vigour with which he prosecuted the border warfare. But after "harrying the Mers and Tiviotdale, and knocking at Edinburgh gate," Lord Ewrie was slain in the battle of Ancram Moor, fought between him and the Earl of Angus, in 1546.

This song was written down by the late Robert Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth, from the recitation of Rose Smith, of Bishop Middleham, a women aged upwards of ninety-one, whose husband's father and two brothers were killed in the affair of 1715.

LORD EWRIE.

LORD EWRIE was as brave a man
As ever stood in his degree;
The King has sent him a broad letter,
All for his courage and loyalty.[1]
Lord Ewrie is of gentill blode,
A knighte's son sooth to say;
He is kin to the Nevill and to the Percy,
And is married upon a Willowbè.

[1] Patent letters of nobility.

[1] Sir William Bul
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Peer of the realm, wa
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Battle, v. 105, &c. In t

[2] *Habs*—i. e. halbe

[3] The Earl of Hert
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HISTORY OF GEORDIE BOURNE.

FROM "SIR ROBERT CAREY'S MEMOIRS."

N the following passage extracted from the Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, then deputy of his father Lord Hunsdon, Warden of the East Marches, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, a singular picture is given of the conduct towards each other of the opposite Wardens. They were soldiers by profession, of hostile countries, jealous at once of their own honour and that of their nation, surrounded by warlike partizans and dependants, who animated every disagreement into a quarrel, and must therefore, on the whole, have preferred taking satisfaction for any insult at their own hand, and by their own force, than seeking it in a more peaceful manner from each other.

"I began to thinke of the charge I had taken upon mee, which was the government of the East March in my father's absence. I wrote to Sir Robert Kerr,* who was my opposite warden, a brave active young man, and desired him that hee would appoint a day, when hee and myselfe might privately meet in some part of the Border, to take some good order for the quieting the Borders, till my retourne from London, which journey I was shortly of necessity to take. Hee stayed my man all night, and wrote to mee back, that hee was glad to have the happinesse to be acquainted with mee, and did not doubt but the country would be better governed by our good agreements. I wrote to him on the Monday, and the Thursday after hee appointed the place and hour of meeting.

"After hee had filled my man with drinke, and put him to bed, hee, and some half a score with him, got to horse, and came into England to a little village. There he broke up a house, and tooke out a poor fellow, who (hee pretended) had done him some wrong, and before the doore cruelly murthered him, and so came quietly home, and went to bed. The next morning hee delivered my man a letter in answer to mine, and retourned him to mee. It pleased me well at the reading of his kinde letter; but when I heard what a brave hee had put upon me, I quickly resolved what to do, which was, never to have to do with him till I was righted for the greate wrong hee had done mee. Upon this resolution, the day I should have mett

* Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches, and ancestor of the house of Roxburghe.

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humbly entreating mee, that I would spare his life till the next day, and if Sir Robert Kerr came not himselfe to mee, and made me not such proffers, as I could not but accept, that then I should do with him what I pleased. And further, they told me plainly, that if I should execute him before I had heard from Sir Robert Kerr, they must be forced to quit their houses, and fly the country; for his fury would be such, against mee and the March I commanded, as hee would use all his power and strength to the utter destruction of the East March. They were so earnest with mee, that I gave them my word hee should not dye that day. There was post upon post sent to Sir Robert Kerr, and some of them rode to him themselves, to advertise him in what danger Geordie Bourne was; how hee was condemned, and should have been executed that afternoone, but by their humble suit, I gave them my word, that hee should not dye that day; and therefore besought him that he would send to mee, with all the speede hee could, to let mee know that hee would be the next day with mee to offer mee good conditions for the safety of his life.

"When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I tooke one of my men's liveryes, and put it about mee, and tooke two other of my servants with mee in their liveryes, and we three, as the warden's men, came to the provost marshall's, where Bourne was, and were lett into his chamber. Wee sate down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard hee was stout and valiant, and true to his friend; and that wee were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himselfe said, that hee had lived long enough to do so many villainies as hee had done; and withal told us, that he had layne with about forty men's wives, what in England, and what in Scotland; and that hee had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murthering them; that hee had spent his whole life in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a minister for the comforte of his soule. Wee promised him to lett our master know his desire, who, wee knew would presently grant it. Wee took our leaves of him, and presently I tooke order, that Mr. Selby, a very worthy honest preacher, should go to him, and not stirre from him till his execution the next morning; for, after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no conditions should save his life: and so tooke order, that at the gates opening the next morning; hee should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed. The next morning I had one from Sir Robert Kerr for a parley, who was within two miles staying for me, I sent him word, 'I would meet him where hee pleased, but I would first know upon what terms and conditions.'

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God so blessed mee and the government I held, as, for all his fury, hee never drew drop of blood in all my March, neither durst his theeves trouble it much with stealing, for fear of hanging if they were taken. Thus wee continued a yeare, and then God sent a meanes to bring things to better quiet by this occasion.

"There had been commissioners in Barwicke, chosen by the Queene and King of Scottes, for the better quieting of our Borders. By their industry they found a great number of malefactors guilty, both in England and Scotland; and they tooke order, that the officers of Scotland should deliver such offenders, as were found guilty in their jurisdictions, to the opposite officers in England, to be detained prisoners, till they had made satisfaction for the goods they had taken out of England. The like order was taken with the Wardens of England, and days prefixed for the delivery of them all. And in case any of the officers, on either side, should omit their duties, in not delivering the prisoners at the dayes and places appointed, that then there should a course be taken by the soveraignes, that what chiefe officer soever should offend herein, hee himself should be delivered and detained, till hee had made good what the commissioners had agreed upon.

"The English officers did punctually, at the day and place, deliver their prisoners, and so did most of the officers of Scotland; only the Lord of Bocleuch and Sir Robert Kerr were faultie. They were complained of, and new dayes appointed for the delivery of their prisoners. Bocleuch was the first that should deliver; and hee failing, entered himself prisoner into Barwicke, there to remaine till those officers under his charge were delivered to free him. Hee chose for his guardian Sir William Selby, master of the ordnance at Barwicke. When Sir Robert Kerr's day of delivery came, hee failed too, and my Lord Hume, by the king's command, was to deliver him prisoner into Barwicke upon the like terms, which was performed. Sir Robert Kerr (contrary to all men's expectation) chose mee for his guardian, and home I brought him to my own house, after hee was delivered to mee. I lodged him as well as I could, and tooke order for his diet, and men to attend on him, and sent him word that (although by his harsh carriage towards mee, ever since I had that charge, he could not expect any favour, yet) hearing so much goodness of him, that hee never broke his worde, if hee would give mee his hand and credit to be a true prisoner, hee would have no guard sett upon him, but have free liberty for his friends in Scotland to have ingress and regress to him as oft as hee pleased. Hee tooke this very kindly at my handes, accepted my offer, and sent mee thankes.

"Some four dayes passed; all of which time his friends came into him, and hee kept his chamber. Then hee sent to mee, and desired

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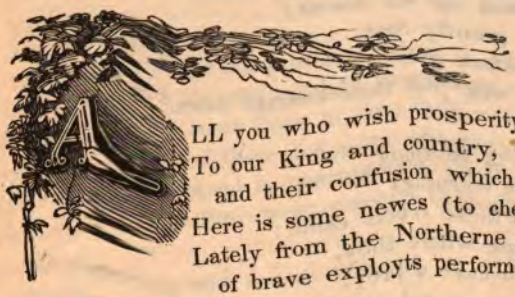
GOODS NEWES FROM THE NORTH.

*TRULY RELA*TING HOW ABOUT A HUNDRED OF THE *SCOTTISH* REBELS, INTENDING TO PLUN*DER* T HE HOUSE OF M. PUDSIE (AT STAPLETON IN THE BISHOPRICK OF DUR-HAM.) WE RE SET UPON BY A TROUPE OF OUR HORSEMEN, UNDER THE CONDUCT OF THAT T RULY VALOROUS GENTLEMAN LIEUTENANT *SMITH*, LIEUTENANT TO THE NOBLE SR. JOHN DIGBY; THIRTY NINE OF THEM (WHEROF SOME WERE MEN OF QUALITY) ARE TAKEN PRISONERS, THE REST ALL SLAINE EXCEPT FOURE OR FIVE WHICH FL ED, WHEROF TWO ARE DROWNED. THE NAMES OF THEM IS INSERTED IN A LIST BY IT SELFE. THIS WAS UPON FRIDAY ABOUT FORE OF THE CLOCK IN THE MORN ING, THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF THIS INSTANT SEPTEMBER, 1640.*

THE TUNE IS, KING HENRY GOING TO BULLOINE.



ALL you who wish prosperity,
To our King and country,
and their confusion which falce hearted be,
Here is some newes (to cheare your hearte,)
Lately from the Northerne parts,
of brave exployts performed with corage free.

The Scots (there in possession.
Almost beyond expression,)
afflict the people in outragious wise;
Besides their lowance (which is much)
The cruelty of them is such,
that all they find they take as lawfull prise.

Sheepe, Oxen, Kine, and Horses,
Their quotidiall course is,
to drive away where ever them they finde;
Money, plate, and such good geere,
From the houses far and neere,
they beare away, even what doth please their mind.

But theres an ancient adage,
Oft used in this mad age,
the Pitcher goes so often to the Well;
That it comes broken home at last,
So they for all their knavery past,
shall rue ere long, though yet with pride they swell.

* From the original Broadside, preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

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PART II.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

In briefe the brave lieutenant,
With his men valient,
so plaid their parts against the daring foes,
That quickly they had cause to say,
Sweet meat must have some sauce alway,
for so indeed they found to all their woes.

Thirty nine are prisoners taine,
And all the rest outright are slaine,
except some foure or five that run away,
And two of those (as some alledge),
Were drowned in passing o're Crofts bridge,
so neer they were pursu'd they durst not stay.

Of them who are in durance
(Under good assurance)
some officers and men of quality,
Among them one is manifest,
To them who will peruse the List,
wherein their names are set down orderly.

Thus worthy Smith his valour,
Hath showne unto the doing,
of these proud Rebels, which with suttle wiles,
Came as in zeale and nothing else,
But now dear bought experience tels,
those were but faire pretences to beguil.

But the end of their intention
Is if (with circumvention)
they make us believe what they pretend,
They'll hold us on with fained words,
And make us loath to draw our swords,
to work our ruine, that's their chiefest end.

But God I trust will quickly,
Heale our Kingdome sickly,
too long indeed sick of credulity;

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A FUNERAL ANECDOTE.*

N the higher parts of Northumberland, the inhabitants have ever been remarkable for performing all journeys on horseback which exceed the space of a very few miles. The neighbouring fairs, dissenting chapels and parish churches form generally the centre to and from which all movements of this kind are made. On a public occurrence such, for instance, as a wedding, if the chief parties are not themselves in possession of horses, they are readily supplied by the liberality of the farmers in the neighbourhood, and the cavalcade presents rather a grotesque appearance on account of some of the animals carrying *double*, that is to say, a male and female are both mounted on one horse, the bride being seated behind her father, or whoever gives her away, on going to church, and when the bridal knot is fastened, she returns behind her own husband. Funerals are always attended on horseback; and in former times, before carriage roads rendered the wilder valleys accessible to a hearse, the remains of the deceased were, by this mode of conveyance, borne to their long rest. Tradition says that the horses thus employed, though naturally of a shy and starting disposition, become during the solemn procession, exceedingly quiet and tractable. A couple of an equal height were selected and drawn up side by side; the coffin was laid across their shoulders before the saddles, and retained in its position by the riders all the way until the party reached the place of interment. On an occassion of this kind, the following sally of wild wit was elicited.

At Shittleheugh mill in Redesdale, lived once a personage whose real name cannot now be recovered, but he was well known in the vicinity by the ludicrous one of "Cuffs." He spent the main part of his life at the above place, and being considerably advanced in years, he had attended almost all the funerals around for nearly half a cen-

* Communicated by my old and worthy friend, Mr. James Thompson of Monkridge Hall, near Elsdon; a man whose acquirements in Science and Natural Philosophy, considering his limited means and the scantiness of his resources, are truly surprising. To his honour be it spoken, he is one of the few individuals who love knowledge solely for its own sake, regardless alike of the smiles of Fortune, or the pleasures she can bestow. I have to confess my obligations to him for the material with which he supplied me, while I was forming, many years ago, a collection of traditionary matter relative to Redesdale and the Borders. R. W.

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Dilston Hall,

The following lines are inscribed beneath a view of Dilston Hall, engraved by Spilsbury of London, from a Drawing by Thomas Oliver of Bedlam, and published by him A. D. 1766.

LOW mournful feeble Nature's tone,
When Dilston Hall appears,
Where none's to wait the Orphan's moan,
Nor dry the Widow's tears!

The helpless aged poor survey
This building as it stands,
In moving anguish heard to say,
(And weeping wring their hands)

The bounteous Earl, he is no more,
Who once adorn'd this plain,
Reliev'd the needy at his door,
And freely did sustain:

Here flowing plenty once did reign,
Which gladden'd every face;
But now, alas! reversed Scene,
For Owl's a dwelling-place.

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He sighs, he weeps,
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The dampish Walls thei
As if their Master's wou
Ye pensive Mutes, 'tentiv
And mourn, eternal Ratcli

Dilston-Hall stands on a bold situation on
water. Here, in the time of Henry the Third,
ilstone, whose family had resided in it from the
place was successively possessed by the Tinda
which last family had it in 1457. The Hall was
and, after falling into ruin, completely removed, b
adjoining to the old tower of the Devilstones, whic

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INSTANCE OF

Monumental Indecorum.

THE church of Knaresdale, Northumberland, is delightfully situate upon a fine dry knoll, not far distant from the ruined old Hall, and the prospect from its large church-yard is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The wretched edifice which, but recently, occupied this site, was of the commonest masonry, and covered with thick sandstone slate. At the east end there were two old tombstones, each with a cross on it; and one, having on one side of the cross, a sword, and on the other an arrow; and over the door-way of the porch, as a lintel, another gravestone, with a sword and crosier, neatly designed, but sadly mutilated. This fabric, however, under the proper authorities, in 1833, disappeared, and an entirely new one sprang up in its room, as an inscription over its door, bearing the names of Thomas Bewsher, rector, and William Parker and Joseph Richardson, churchwardens, is left to testify.* Near this door stands a tombstone bearing the the following disgraceful doggerel.—

"In memory of Robert Baxter, of Farhouse,
who died Oct. 4, 1796, aged 56.
All you that please these lines to read,
It will cause a tender heart to bleed;
I murdered was upon the fell
And by the man I knew full well,
By bread and butter which he'd laid,
I, being harmless, was betray'd,
I hope he will rewarded be,
That laid the poison there for me."

"The melancholy story hinted at by this unlettered muse," says a writer in the Newcastle Magazine for 1818, is soon and easily told. Robert Baxter, on his road to the Fell one morning, to visit his flock, found a piece of white bread and butter wrapped up in a clean paper. Having incautiously ate it, he felt exceedingly ill very soon afterwards, and died in a few hours, with all the symptoms of having been taken off by violent poison. His own dying belief

* Hodgson's Northumberland.

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SWORD DANCERS.

FROM "SHARP'S BISHOPRICK GARLAND."

IT is still the practice, though less in repute than formerly, during the Christmas holidays, for companies of pitmen and other workmen from the neighbouring collieries to visit Sunderland, Durham, Newcastle, &c., to perform a sort of Play or Dance, accompanied by song and music.

Their appearance is hailed by the children with great satisfaction, and they receive liberal contributions from the spectators.

The dancers are girded with swords, and clad in white shirts or tunics, decorated with a profusion of ribbands, of various colours, gathered from the wardrobes of their mistresses and well-wishers. The captain generally wears a kind of faded uniform, with a large cocked hat and feather, for pre-eminent distinction; and the buffoon, or "Bessy," who acts as treasurer, and collects the cash in a tobacco-box, wears a hairy cap, with a fox's brush* dependent.

The music is simple, and not devoid of harmony: its peculiar beauty depends, perhaps greatly, on the force of early associations.

The party assemble promiscuously, and the captain forms a circle with his sword, round which he walks, and sings; each actor following as he is called upon.

SIX actors I have brought,
Who were never on stage before;
But they will do their best,
And the best can do no more.

The first that I call in,
He is a squire's son;
He's like to lose his love,
Because he is too young.

But though he be too young,
He has money for to rove;

* Quære—If this was not formerly meant to represent the Lion's skin of the ancient heroes; and this is not the only classical allusion used by the sword Dancers, for a "Bessy" on the borders of Yorkshire, was heard to sing:

"I've liv'd among music these forty long years,
And drunk of the *elegant* spring."

There can be little doubt that *Helicon* was the original reading.

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* Puoy, Puy, or Pouie
keels in shallow water...
Set on the Wear.

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And if you'd know my name,
My name it is True Blue.†

The Dance then begins in slow, and measured cadence; which soon increases in spirit, and at length bears the appearance of a serious affray. The Rector, alarmed, rushes forward to prevent bloodshed; and, in his endeavours to separate the combatants, he receives a mortal blow, and falls to the ground.

Then follows the lamentation—the general accusation—and denial.

Alas! our rector's dead,
And on the ground is laid;
Some of us must suffer for't,
Young men, I'm sore afraid.

I'm sure 'twas none of I—
I'm clear of the crime;
'Twas him that follows me
That drew his sword so fine.

I'm sure 'twas none of I—
I'm clear of the fact;
'Twas him that follows me
That did this bloody act.

I'm sure 'twas none of I,
Ye bloody villains all!
For both my eyes were shut
When this good man did fall.

Then cheer up, my bonny bonny lads,
And be of courage bold;
For we'll take him to the church,
And we'll bury him in the mould.

Captain.—Oh! for a doctor, a right good doctor,
A ten-pound doctor, oh!

Doctor.—Here am I.

Captain.—Doctor, what's your fee?

Doctor.—Ten pounds is my fee; but nine pounds, nineteen shillings, and eleven pence three farthings, will I take from thee.

† At this part, the "Bessy" sometimes considers it necessary to give some account of his own genealogy, viz:

My father he was hang'd,
My mother was drown'd in a well;
And now I 'se left alone,
All by my awn sel.

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THE MILLER OF THE CLOCK MILL.

A Northumbrian Tradition.

Nay, if thou art desirous to retain the character of an honest man, never be a miller: he is always supposed to help himself, and shouldst thou even follow the profession with a clear conscience, nineteen out of twenty will consider thee no better than thy fellows.

Old Comedy.

ALL aged men bear testimony that in the early part of their time, the labouring portion of the community were more comfortably situated, and obtained the necessaries of life more easily than at present. It is not our part to point out the causes of such a change: legislators and those who have made political economy their study may solve this to the satisfaction of enquirers; but certainly our ancestors, notwithstanding all we have heard of the progress of knowledge, and the adaptation of art and science to the purposes and comforts of existence, possessed the means of happiness more permanently than we even now enjoy in these "giddy and high paced times," and were a jovial and good hearted class of men. The mower and the ploughman did not enter on their work with the understanding that they were to perform each an acre every day: a *rest on the nibs*, after sharping, was occasionally allowed to the one; and a *hop step and loup* on the headland was often taken by the other without incurring the displeasure of either master or master's man. The board of the labourer, and of the artisan shewed no lack of solid substantial fare, while milk and home brewed beer rendered all fashionable delicacies unnecessary. The farmer wrought himself, and ate at the same table with his servants; saw that all about him were soundly fed and comfortably clad; had no rear rents dragging down his spirit, but retained *something* in his own pocket, after settling with his landlord; and if he put on a good coat, or mounted a well fed horse, he was generally under no apprehension of being requested to pay half yearly a larger amount of money for his farm. The landlord was loved and respected as a good country gentleman wherever he was known; he allowed politics and legislation to take their course without either irritating himself or others thereby; he cherished no ambition to possess a town's residence, or become a member of parliament; but loved his sovereign, and stood ready, if the

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The landlord now began to wonder at the welldoing of his tenant, and took an early opportunity of paying him a visit. He found him, arrayed in his dusty garb, with a kind of nightcap drawn nearly over his eyes, at work in the mill: he was filling a poke from the trough; the machinery was in motion; and the place had an air of neatness and order about it, betokening the occupier to be in easy circumstances. After some preliminary observations respecting the weather and markets, the landlord remarked he was very glad to see his tenant so cheerful, and hoped he was doing well.

"Thanks t'ye, Sir—mony thanks to ye're Honour;" said the miller. "We have ay meat for the takin'—meal an' bacon, an' milk tey, except it be efter the new year, when we hae ney farra cow. We get claes to sair us; and for mysel', when Aw gan frev hame, or tiv the hunt, Aw have ay Bonny the meer to lay leg ower."

"And a finer animal of the kind," observed the landlord, "is not to be found in the north of England!"

"Thanks ty'e again, Sir, for the compliment," said the other. "Mony yen says she's ower gud for me; but she taks ney mair to keep her than a bad un; an' sin ever Aw was yard-hie, Aw aylways like't a nice beast. Indeed, Aw may say, please ye're Honour, that rather than want her, Aw wad gan to bed supperless the hail year round."

"I perceive," continued His Honour, "she is a great favourite. To be plain with you, though, I sometimes think it not over good mannered in you, to put her forward in the way you do, and beat the whole of us at our own sport. You should bridle in her speed, and give your superiors the precedence."

"True, true," replied the miller; "but please ye, Sir, how if Aw cannit? When the hunds are yellin' alang, she's never right unless she has her nose amang them; an' than, when you and other thurty gentlemen are a' comin' splatterin' up, Aw might as suin try to stop the wind as haud her. Aw's nit fond iv intrudin' mysel' where I shudna be; but Aw knaw ye're Honour's ay glad to see yen; an' Aw just mak free to come amang the company."

"You are welcome at all times;" said the lord of the manor with great kindness. "I should be sorry to deter any tenant of mine from the enjoyment of such sport. Come as you have always done; I wish you to do so."

"Weel, Aw's under grete obligations t'ye, Sir, for your gudness," said the other, perceiving at once the kind tone of feeling, and gentlemanly manner, which peculiarly distinguished his landlord.

"It is my especial desire, my good sir," continued the latter, "to have all my tenants comfortable, as far as a proper regard to my own rights will allow of such a desideratum. You pay me now a

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uprightly, and can pay
have been very great!"
"If ye're Honour wad
ing to his own method
the hail affair. We hae
down again as clean as
irregular stair, and was
platform, or floor, whe
together. Beside the h
ing a quantity of wheat,
seven inches in diamete
up the small utensil i
Sir, this is what we
there, ye see: we measu
was twenty pound, out
tuik this dish yence full.
Aw tuik't twice full: a
thrice full, for moutar, o
ye, Sir, this is just the p
'Honesty's the best iv p
knaw, winnut dey *me an*
They descended the s
ant with no small degree
unwarrantable freedom
mill, in order to meet the
than the candou
hension, self, was worthy
to himself

dame appeared, supporting in her hand a vessel about the size of a quart, nearly full of home-brewed ale, and he himself observed:—"When a beggar comes to the door, be't man or woman, they mun eyther hae bite or sup; an' when ye're Honour visits us, sartenly ye're entitled, an' hartily welcome tiv the best iv the hoose." The female produced the liquor, and poured out a mantling horn to the landlord, who drank it off, and complimented her on its quality; then wishing the couple "good day," he respectfully took his leave.

This interview, plain and homely as the matters involved therein were discussed, especially by the miller, terminated much more happily than he was led to expect. The landlord was in the fullest sense of the word a good man; and had he not felt *sore* at being outstripped time after time, by the miller's mare, the rent of the Clock Mill and the adjoining enclosures, had remained unaltered. It was neither his wish nor will to rack or grind his tenantry; but to know and see them prosperous, called forth in his bosom sensations of the most gratifying description, for his was a heart open to all the kindlier influences of our nature. His steward was like himself, a straightforward, well meaning man, who misrepresented nothing; but performed his duty honestly between all parties, and never employed his authority as a means of either insulting a humble individual, or of partially accommodating one in affluent circumstances. The miller, therefore, stood a fair chance of receiving liberal treatment at their hands; and, accordingly, he was neither turned away, nor deemed a dishonest man, nor, in the way of trade, were the customary favours of either withdrawn; but his rent was immediately lowered to twenty pounds; he hunted upon Bonny his gallant mare, as often and as eagerly as he pleased; and he was satisfied with taking only one dishful from every kenning of grain that came to be put through the Clock Mill.

It is pleasing to look back and contemplate an extensive rural district with its farms and fields, when the connection between proprietors and occupiers, as occasion served, was calmly investigated, and arranged, generally, to the satisfaction of either party. Such a system tended, in an especial degree, to the benefit of all, not merely in a pecuniary point of view, but by fostering all our powerful associations; and it afforded unlimited scope for the operation of those amiable and benevolent qualities which have ever constituted a most distinguishing feature of the English character. Far more rests in the hands of our land owners, by way of conciliating turbulent impressions and establishing peace throughout the kingdom, than our far-sighted lawgivers are willing to understand. In former times, when our tenantry were universally treated with kindness, and their labourers had employment and food in abundance, the sound of politics,

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In Tunstall grow
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But the bonny Ro
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A unior branch of the fam
at Tunstall; and Anthony S
had several daughters. Isa
married Henry Bowes, of N
la-vale, of Little Eden, Es
of Dalton-le-Dale, gentle
Mary, (the rose of the
Bowes at the time the
afterwards. The other a
in obscurity.—*Sharp's*

Finchale Priory,

FROM "POEMS BY MARY HERON."

WHERE blooming Cocken rears her bounteous head,
Embower'd in verdant shades of deep repose,
And, gently murmuring o'er its rocky bed,
The winding Wear in wild meanders flows;
The ruins of an ancient Abbey stand,*
Destroy'd by time's inexorable hand.

Here, may the proud, licentious young and gay
A most instructive, useful lesson find;
They tell, thus all things hasten to decay,
Thus leave the relics of their pomp behind:
Far more than words, the solemn fragments shew
The empty vanity of all below.

Where once the venerable fabric rose,
Its mould'ring columns lie in broken heaps;
O'er the once marbled floor the bramble grows,
And round the pillars twining ivy creeps:
The dusky isles, forsaken and forlorn;
O'ergrown with moss, and shagg'd with horrid thorn.

* The ruins of Finchale Priory are situated in a secluded spot, in the parish of St. Oswald, on the western side of the river Wear, at the distance of nearly three miles from Durham. This place appears to have been of some note in the time of the Saxons; a synod having been held here so early as 792, and another as Leland states, in 810.

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Here, by the midnight taper's glimmering light,
Th' enthusiastic pale recluses pray'd;
Or when bright Cynthia gilded gloomy night,
Romantic, stroll'd along the moon-light glade:
Here, whilst the thoughtless world regardless slept,
Their orisons, and solemn vigils kept.

On yonder spot the sacred altar stood,
Whence fragrant columns af ascending smoke,
From incense burning to the hallow'd rood,
Mingled with vivid flames, incessant broke:
Here, tutelary saints in painting shone,
And worshipp'd martyrs stood engrav'd in stone.

But now, O pleasing thought! how chang'd the scene,
Since Reformation, with her cheering smile,
Diffus'd around her principles benign,
And banish'd superstition from our isle;
Dispersd the mists that veil'd our mental sight,
And plac'd religion in her native light.

As when the sun, refulgent lamp of day,
Ushers his oriental light abroad,
Phantoms and shadows fly before his ray,
And seek in darkness a secure abode;
So Reformation, by her influence bright,
Dispels the gloom of *intellectual* night.

Epitaph.

The following lines are well worthy of preservation. They were written by Cunningham on the wife of Mr. James Graham, for many years the only bookseller in Sunderland.

From fate there's no defence;
Death call'd her hence
In youth's full pride.
Could Virtue save
From an untimely grave,
She had not died.

Sir C. Sharp's Collections.

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world for retirement and meditation. It is precisely such a spot as Milton longed for:—

"And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy grown, and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and nightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

Near the south-west angle of the church stands a house, which some suppose to have been built out of the ruins of the offices belonging to the monastery; but others, with great probability, say, that this building is the remains of a range of houses, which were erected on the brink of the river about the time that the monastery was founded; they observe that there is a subterraneous communication between these abodes and the priory, for the conveniency of the canons; and that the whole cluster of buildings must have suffered in one common conflagration; after which, this house seems to have been rebuilt from the ruin of the others. It was again falling rapidly into ruin, when Mr. Hetherington began a complete repair, which was finished by Major Hodgson Cadogan. The priory was founded in the reign of Henry I., by a baron of Mitford.*

Hidden as it now is, tradition reports that it was formerly, even more so, and that an ancient forest surrounded it, which, in summer, obscured the rays of the sun at noon-tide, so that not a turret could be seen by the passer-by. On a sultry summer day, when a universal drought prevailed, a party of Scottish borderers, loaded with the spoils of a successful foray, and perspiring with the heat of the sun, entered the skirts of this forest. Their intention was to add the spoils of the priory to those already gotten; but finding they were unable to discover the wood-embosomed pile, they withdrew, and proceeded on their way homeward. In the meantime, the monks, overjoyed at the retreat of their enemies, caused the great bell of the priory to be rung, and the brethren assembled to offer up thanks for their deliverance. Unfortunately, the Scots had proceeded only a short distance from the spot, when the sound of the bell struck their ears; they marked the direction from whence it proceeded, and the leader of the band

* From a variety of circumstances it seems to possess claims to a very high antiquity; and Brinburn grove was probably devoted to the worship of Jupiter, ere the Christian priests, in this secluded retreat, begun the holy vespers to the Blessed Virgin. The whole vicinity has been covered with Roman works, and it is probable that the priory was built from the ruins of these still more ancient remains.

The Northern Mothers Blessing.

CONTRIBUTED BY F. R. SURTEES, ESQ.

HIS poem is taken from a book in the Library of the British Museum, (Reg. Cat.) which was printed in 1597, and is entitled "Certaine worthye Manvscript poems of great antiquitie, preserved long in the studie of a Northfolke Gentleman." The book contains but three poems of about the same length, without any introduction to either of them, or information concerning their authors; but in the title e to the one here given, it is stated to have been written nine s before the death of Chaucer the poet. That event took place 40. The dialect in which the stanzas are composed seems to t the supposition of their having been written, if not in the ountré, at least by a north country man. For instance in the verse the word 'Kirke' occurs, and again we find 'Mickle' re than once. Assuming this much, the excellent advice seems to warrant their insertion in the "Table Book."

The Northern Mothers Blessing.

OD wold that euery wife that wonneth in this land,
Wold teach her doghter so ye shall vnderstand,
As a good wife did of the north countré,
ier doghter shold lere a good wife to be:
k of the moders teaching
Makes the doghter of euill liuing,
My leeue deere childe.

II.

gif thou be a wife, wisely thou werke,
hou loue God and the holy kirke,
when thou may, and let for no rayne,
all thou fare the bet, when thou God hast sayn:
may they thriue
n God in their liue,
e deere childe.

Ne fare not as a giglot what euer the betyde,
Laugh not too loud, ne gape not too wide:
Maydens shold laugh softlye,
That men here not they be:
My leeue deere childe.

IX.

When thou goes by the gate go not too fast,
Ne Bridle not with thy head ne thy shoulders cast;
Be not of mony words ne sweare not to gret;
All euil vices my doghter thou forget;
For gif thou haue an euill name,
It will turn the to grame:
My leeue deere childe.

X.

Go not oft to the Towne as it were a gaze,
Fro one house to oder for to seeke the maze;
Ne go not to market thy barrel to fill,
Ne vse not the Tavern thy worship to spill;
For who the Tavern vsis
His thrift he refusis:
My leeue deere childe.

XI.

Gif thou be in place where good drinke is on loft,
Whether that thou serue or thou sit softe,
Mesurely take thou and get the no blame,
Gif thou be drunken it turns the to shame:
Whoso loues mesure and skill,
He shall often haue his will:
My leeue deere childe.

XII.

Go not to the Wrastling ne shoting the cock,
As it were a strumpet or a giglot;
Be at home doghter and thy things tend,
For thine owne profit at the latter ende;
Mery is owne thing to see,
My dere doghter I tell it thee:
My leeue deere childe.

XIII.

Acquaint the not with euery man goes by the strete,
When folks the bespeaken curtesly hem grete,
Let them not by the way nor by hem do not stand,
That they with velony make not thine hert rend;

XIX.

Mickle shame doghter shall that wife tyde,
That maken poore their husbond with their grete pride;
Therefore doghter be huswife good,
For of the swoll'n vainis men may let blood;
And their thrift waxes thin,
That spend more than they win:
My leeue deere childe.

XX.

Wisely looke thy household thy meynie,
To bitter ne to boner with hem ne bee;
And looke what neede is best to be done,
And thereto set thy meynie sone:
Before done deed,
Another may speed:
My leeue deere childe.

XXI.

Look to thy meynie and let them not be ydell,
Thy husbond out, looke who does much or lytell,
And he that does well, quite him his meede,
And gif he doe amisse, amende thou him bidde,
And gif the work be great and the time straight,
Set to thy hand and make a huswifes trayd;
For they will do better gif thou by them stond,
The work is sooner done there is as mony hond:
My leeue deere childe.

XXII.

And look what thy men done and about hem wend,
At euery deed done be at the tone end,
And gif thou find any fault soone it amende,
Oft will they doe the better & thou be nere hand;
Mickle him behoues to do,
A good house that will look to:
My leeue deere childe.

XXIII.

Look all things be well when they worke leauen,
And take the keyes to the when it is euen;
Look all things be well and let for no shame,
And gif thou soe doe thou gets the lesse blame.
Trust no man bett' than thyselfe,
Whilst thou art in helth:
My leeue deere childe.

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Be not too stately doughter noder yong ne old,
For some folk are now pore that sometime ware gold;
Many folk for pride,
After weren a naked side:
My leeue deere childe.

XXX.

Gif thou be a rich wife be not ouer hard,
Welcome thy neighbur come the toward,
Gif him meat and drink the more is thy meed,
Each body to his state shold giue the poor at need;
For thing that may the betide,
Loue well thy neighbur the beside:
My leeue deere childe.

XXXI.

Take heede to thy children which thou hast borne,
And wait wel to thy doghters that they be not forlorne;
And put hem betime to their mariage,
And giue them of thy good when they be of age;
For maydens bene louely,
But they bene untrusty:
My leeue deere childe.

XXXII.

Gif thou loue thy children hold thou em low,
And gif any of em misdoe banne em not ne blow,
But take a good smarte rod and beat em anowe,
Till they cry mercy and their guiltes bee knowe;
For gif thou loue thy children wele,
Spare the yarde neur a dele:
My leeue deere childe.

XXXIII.

Now looke thou do doghter as I have taught the,
And thou shalt have my blessing the better may thou be,
And euery mayden that goode wife wold be,
Do as I have taught the for saint Charity;
And all that soe will doe God giue hem his blessing,
And send em all heauen at her lastending:
Amen.—Explicit.

mamma very well as I passed through York. My journey produced a great deal of pleasure till I reached Darlington, when I quitted the coach and began to fly, but my wings soon failed me, for the post horses which I hired at Durham were not able to move an inch farther than the 9th mile stone. After an age of expectation a return chaise from Newcastle approached, but alas! it was pre-engaged by some poor travellers, and the post boy was unwilling to comply with my request: I seized the horses, bribed the passengers to quit the chaise, and at last prevailed upon the boy to back to Newcastle. He was so pleased with the premium proposed that he drove at the rate of 12 miles an hour for I went 6 miles in about 34 minutes. About 3 miles to the south of Newcastle, I met with such a shower of hail and such a hurricane, that I expected to be blown over, if not carried into the sea every moment. The weather continued very tempestuous all the afternoon, however by the assistance of two determined postillions, and four good horses which I procured at Newcastle, I proceeded in my journey though the storm was full in our faces, and arrived at this place about seven o'clock last night. I was scarcely able to go through the duty to day, having got a very bad sore throat, but I hope it is now more easy than it was. I am obliged to be my own surgeon, apothecary and physician, for there is not a creature of that profession within 16 miles of this place: 'tis impossible to describe the oddity of my situation at present, which however is not void of some pleasant circumstances. A clog maker combs out my wig upon my curate's head by way of a block, and his wife powders it with a dredging box. The vestibule of the castle is a low stable, above it is the kitchen in which are two little beds, joining to each other, the curate and his wife lay in one and Margery the maid in the other. I lay in the parlour between two beds to keep me from being frozen to death, for as we keep open house the winds enter from every quarter and are apt to creep into bed to one. I will write very soon to my lord or lady: pray present my respects, duties and compliments to Messrs. Reveleys. I remain &c.

DODGSON."

"Elsdon, March 30th.

"My Lord,

I wrote to Mr. Percy a few days ago, and gave him a short account of the most material things which happened upon the road and immediately after my arrival at this place. If your lordship can spare a few moments, the continuation of my narrative will perhaps afford as much entertainment as a common newspaper, tho' it will be greatly inferior to an extraordinary gazette.—Elsdon was

intermarry with each other, but frequently do penance together in a white sheet, with a white wand, barefoot, in one of the coldest churches in England, and at the coldest season of the year: I dare not finish the description for fear of bringing on a fit of the ague. Indeed my lord, the ideas of sensation are sufficient to starve a man to death, without having recourse to those of reflection. If I was not assured by the best authority upon earth that the world was to be destroyed by fire, I should conclude that the day of destruction is at hand, but brought on by means of an agent very opposite to that of heat. There is not a single tree or hedge now within twelve miles to break the force of the wind, it sweeps down like a deluge from hills capped with everlasting snow and blasts almost the whole country into one continued barren desert. The whole country is doing penance in a white sheet for it began to snow on Sunday night, and the storm has continued ever since. Its impossible to make a sally out of the castle and to make my quarters good in a warmer habitation. I have lost the use of every thing but my reason, tho' my head is entrenched in three night caps, and my throat which is very bad, is fortified with a pair of stockings twisted in the form of a cravat. My capital* is of a new construction, I wish I could send your lordship a drawing of it. Irregular and unarchitectural as it might appear to your lordship's judicious eye, 'tis certainly of the composite order, and extremely becoming a block head of which numerous society I have the honour of being a member. As washing is very cheap I wear two shirts at a time, and for want of a wardrobe hang my great coat upon my own back, and generally keep on my boots in imitation of my namesake† of Sweden. Indeed since the snow became two feet deep (as I wanted a chappin of yale from the public house) I made an offer of them to Margery the maid, but her legs are too thick to make use of the offer, and I am told that the greater part of my parishoners are not less substantial, and notwithstanding this they are very remarkable for their agility. There is to be a hopping on Thursday se'nnight. A hopping, my lord, is a ball, the constant conclusion of a pedlar's fair. Upon these celebreties there is a great concourse of braw lads and lasses, who throw of their wooden shoes shod with plates of iron, and put on Scotch nickerers, which are made of horse leather, the upper part of which is sewed to the sole without being welted. We expect a great deal of company from fifty-eight and more different places in the neighbourhood. Your lordship will excuse my want of memory when 'tis considered how short time I have been in the parish, and I'll endeavour to complete my catalogue as soon as pos-

* Head, or covering for it. † Charles XII.

Stanzas

TO MISS J*** H*******,

BY MR. ROBERT ROXBY.

(FROM R. WHITE'S MSS.)

THE young lady, to whom this little production was addressed, resided in Redesdale, and had some relatives in Newcastle who, on several occasions, kindly entreated her to pay them a visit; but which, for a considerable period, she always respectfully declined. At last she promised to comply with their wishes, if a friend, the MINSTREL whose lays had already echoed throughout Redesdale, would transmit her an invitation in verse; and to this conditional appeal, the stanzas owe their existence. Towards the close, some portion of the spirit of gallantry breaks forth; but this must be considered as proceeding only from a license, of which all poets, who are gently and yet irresistibly constrained to pay homage *at the footstool* of female loveliness, avail themselves; and we are certain *it would*, on the part of the lady, from her good sense and amiable disposition, be most readily forgiven. The places introduced by name, with exception of the last, are in the parish of Elsdon, which includes the whole of the upper part of Redesdale. At Spital *Terrace*, in Newcastle, the Bard resided during the time when the *lines were written*.

To the searcher, merely, of what is beautiful or picturesque, the wild, irregular valley though which the Reed flows, presents little which may be considered deserving of notice. It has, however, attractions of a more deep and stirring kind. Nature can do much, but man can do more; and the spots, where his irrepressible energy aroused him in an honourable cause to struggle, bleed and die, or over *which* his genius has shed a flood of glory, have an exciting charm *about them*, though they are barren as the top of Cheviot, which we *would not* forego for the fairest landscape that ever glowed beneath *an Italian* sky. Redesdale can furnish scenes of this kind, which are celebrated in both ancient and modern song. The skirmish of the Reedswire, and the stricken field of Otterburne, have, by the harp,

The merle and mavis silent are,
And dowie on the leafless tree:
The lively lark is heard nae mair
Lilting "in the lift sae hie."

The fragrant flowerets of the vale
That bloomed sae sweetly at *Todlaw*,
The cowslip wan, and primrose pale,
Lie buried in the wreath's o' snaw.

Snell blaws the blast owre *Saughenside*,
And *Deadwood dells* are cauld and eerie;
Wi' speed approach the CHEVY COACH,
And come an' be auld Robin's dearie.

Frae howling storm, thy gracefu' form
He'll carefu' shield, and kindly cherish;
In satins fine, he'll make thee shine,
The peerless Queen of *Spital Terrace*.

December, 1837.

ANECDOTE.

A veteran officer who served during the American war with the late Duke of Northumberland, (then earl Percy) being much reduced, was obliged to sell his half pay. Without one penny in his pocket, or the means of obtaining food for the day, necessity urged him to call at Northumberland house; finding his grace at home he requested the porter to give him a slip of paper, and wrote as follows—"The writer of this is now a beggar at your grace's gate, ——— late captain of the ——— regiment." The note was taken, and the officer ushered into the presence of that great and good man, who with that princely munificence which ever marked his character, presented to the veteran a £100 note, at the same time requesting his address; a similar note was sent on every Christmas Eve until the demise of the duke, which took place on the 10th of July, 1817, when alas, it was discontinued although the officer was nearly 80 years of age.—*Mirror*.

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large stones twelve feet asunder, as mentioned in Charleton's History of Whitby; but another author tells us that

"This Ardulphe, king of Northumberlande,
Slew Walde his duke, that again him was rebel,
Beside Mulgreve, where, as men understande,
His grave is yet, men saye, upon the fell,
For his falshed and treason, as bookes tell,
Between Gysburgh and Whitby, sothe to saye,
Where for treason he was laid in the high way."

Walde's Gap was the name of a farm within this manor in 1568.

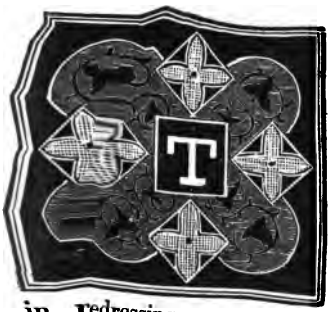
Thirlwall castle stands on a rocky precipice, above the Tipalt. There is no mention of it before 1369, in which year John de Thirlwall is called lord of it and the manor of Thirlwall.* No royal license for building it seems to be on record. About the year 1429, it was the residence of Rowland Blenkinsop. In 1542 it is called a *tower*, and was then "in measurable good reparations." Sad complaints in 1550, was made to government of the condition of the estates of the gentlemen, who had "their inheritance and dwelling places" on South Tyne: "and surely the inhabitants thereof be much prone and inclined to theft, especially a lordship next to the west border at Powltrosse, called Thirlwall." Scottish forces having garrisoned this and other northern castles, the English parliament, 13th October, 1645, resolved that satisfaction should be given to this kingdom for doing so without the consent of both houses of parliament; upon which the parliament of Scotland, on February 3, 1646, sent instructions to their commissioners in London, among other things, to say, "that these garrisons are so absolutely necessary for magazines of victual, arms, and amunition, and to be places of retreat to the Scottish army, as they cannot be secured and enabled for promoting the service, and advancing south without them." After the rebellion of that period it is probable that the proprietors of this fortress never occupied it as a residence. "The walls now remaining" says Wallis, "are, in some parts, three yards thick, in others two and three-quarters. The west end, for the sake of the stones, is entirely demolished. It has been large and vaulted underneath, as most old castles are." In 1831, its south walls fell into the Tipalt; so that now, the whole, in Shakspere's phrase, is sore "bated and chop'd with tann'd antiquity."—*Hodgson's Northd., &c.*

* The descendants of Philip Thirlwall, of whom mention occurs in 1369, took the name of Philipson, and were situated for several generations at Calgarth, on the lake of Windermere. Nicholas John Philipson of Newcastle, who, in 1820, published "The Heraldic Visitation of the County Palatine of Durham in the year 1572," was a lineal descendant of this family.

THE

Raid of the Reidswire,

FROM THE "BORDER MINSTRELSY."



THE skirmish of the Reidswire happened upon the 7th of July, 1575, at one of the meetings held by the Wardens of the Marches, for arrangements necessary upon the border. Sir John Carmichael, ancestor of the present Earl of Hyndford,* was the Scottish Warden, and Sir John Forster held that office on the English Middle March. In the course of the day, which was employed as usual in redressing wrongs, a bill, or indictment, at the instance of a Scottish complainer, was fouled (*i. e.* found a true bill) against one Farnstein, a notorious English freebooter. Forster alleged that he had fled from justice: Carmichael, considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him "play fair!" to which the haughty English warden retorted, by some injurious expressions respecting Carmichael's family, and gave other open signs of resentment. His retinue, chiefly men of Redesdale and Tynedale, the most ferocious of the English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, discharged a flight of arrows amongst the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which Carmichael being beat down and made prisoner, success seemed at first to incline to the English side, till the Tynedale men, throwing themselves too greedily upon the plunder, fell into disorder; and a body of Jedburgh citizens arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Scots, who took prisoners, the English warden, James Ogle, Cuthbert Collingwood, Francis Russell, son to the Earl of Bedford, and son-in-law to Forster, some of the Fenwicks, and several other Border chiefs. They were sent to the Earl of Morton, then Regent, who detained them at Dalkeith for some days, till the heat of their resentment was abated; which prudent precaution prevented a war betwixt the two kingdoms. He then dismissed them with great expressions of regard; and, to satisfy Queen Elizabeth,† sent Car-

* The title of Hyndford is now extinct.

† Her ambassador at Edinburgh refused to lie in a bed of state, which had been provided for him, till this "*oudious fact*" had been enquired into—MURDIN'S *State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 282.

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Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need,[1]
Baith Rewle water, and Hawick town.
Beanjeddart bauldly made him boun,
Wi' a' the Trumbills, stronge and stout:
The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,
Convoy'd the town of Jedbrugh out.[2]

Of other clans I cannot tell,
Because our warning was not wide—
Be this our folks hae ta'en the fell,
And planted down palliones,[3] there to bide,
We looked down the other side,
And saw come breasting ower the brae,
Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde,[4]
Full fifteen hundred men and mae.

It grieved him sair that day, I trow,
Wi' Sir George Hearoune of Schipsydehouse;[5]
Because we were not men enow,
They counted us not worth a louse.
Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse,
But *he* was hail and het as fire;
And yet, for all his cracking crouse,[6]
He rewd the raid o' the Reidswire.

To deal with proud men is but pain;
For either must ye fight or flee,

[1] Cranstoun of that ilk, ancestor to Lord Cranstoun; and Gladstain of Gladstains.

[2] These were ancient and powerful clans, residing chiefly upon the river Jed. Hence, they naturally convoyed the town of Jedburgh out.

[3] *Palliones*—Tents.

[4] Sir John Forster, Warden of the Middle Marches in 1561, was deputy-governor of Berwick, and governor of Balmborough Castle. He made a great figure on the Borders, and is said, on his monument at Balmborough church, to have possessed the office of Warden of the Middle Marches for thirty-seven years. His family ended in the unfortunate Thomas Forster, one of the generals of the Northumbrian insurgents in 1715; and the estate, being forfeited, was purchased by his uncle, Lord Crewe, and devised for the support of his magnificent charity.

[5] George Heron, Miles, of Chipchase Castle, probably the same who was slain at the Reidswire, was sheriff of Northumberland, 13th Elizabeth.

[6] *Cracking crouse*—Talking big.

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Then Tindaill heard them reasun rude,
And they loot off a flight of arrows.

Then was there nought but bow and speir,
And every man pull'd out a brand;
"A Schafton and a Fenwick" thare:
Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—
What should they cry? the King's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

Up rose the laird to red the cumber,[1]
Which would not be for all his boast;—
What could we doe with sic a number—
Fyve thousand men into a host?
Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,[2]
And very narrowlie had mischief'd him,
And there we had our warden lost,
Wert not the grit God he relieved him.

Another throw the breiks him bair,
Whill flatlies to the ground he fell:
Than thought I weel we had lost him there,
Into my stomack it struck a knell!
Yet up he raise, the treuth to tell ye,
And laid about him dints full dour;
His horsemen they raid sturdily,
And stude about him in the stoure.

Then raise the slogan with ane shout—
"Fy, Tindaill, to it! Jedburgh's here!" a
I trow he was not half sae stout,
But anis his stomach was asteir.[4]
With gun and genzie,[5] bow and speir,
Men might see mony a cracked crown!

[1] *Red the cumber*—Quell the tumult. [2] *Cost*—Signifies loss or risk.

[3] The gathering word peculiar to a certain name, or set of people, was termed *slogan* or *slughorn*, and was always repeated at an onset.

[4] *But, &c.*—Till once his anger was set up.

[5] *Genzie*—Engine of war.

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Was nane sae wordie to put in verse,
As Collingwood,[1] that courteous knight.

Young Henry Schafton,[2] he is hurt;
A souldier shot him wi' a bow;
Scotland has cause to mak great sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of Mow.[3]
The Laird's Wat did weel indeed;
His friends stood stoutlie by himsell,
With little Gladstain, gude in need,
For Gretein[4] kend na gude be ill.

The sheriffe wanted not gude will,
Howbeit he might not fight so fast;
Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill,[5]
Three, on they laid weel at the last.
Except the horsemen of the guard,
If I could put men to availe,
None stoutlier stood out for their laird,
Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

But little harness had we there;
But auld Badreule[6] had on a jack,
And did right weel, I you declare,
With all his Trumbills at his back.

[1] Sir Cuthbert Collingwood of Eslington, Sheriff of Northumberland, the 10th and 20th of Elizabeth. [The late gallant Admiral Lord Collingwood was of this family.] Besides these gentlemen, James Ogle, and many other Northumbrians of note, were made prisoners. Sir George Heron, of Chipchase and Ford, was slain, to the great regret of both parties, being a man highly esteemed by the Scots as well as the English. When the prisoners were brought to Morton, at Dalkeith, and among other presents, received from him some Scottish falcons, one of his train observed, that the English were nobly treated, since they got live *hawks* for dead *herons*.—GODSCROFT.

[2] The Shaftoes are an ancient family settled at Bavington, in Northumberland, since the time of Edward I.

[3] An ancient family on the Borders.

[4] Graden, a family of Kers.

[5] Douglas of Beanjeddart, an ancient branch of the house of Cavers, possessing property near the junction of the Jed and Teviot. *Hundlie.*—Rutherford of Hundlie, or Hundalee, situated on the Jed above Jedburgh. *Hunthill.*—The old tower of Hunthill was situated about a mile above Jedburgh. It was the patrimony of an ancient family of Rutherfords.

[6] Sir Andrew Turnbull of Bedrule, upon Rule Water.

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WILL FAA:

HOW HE MET WITH HIS MATCH.

A Border Anecdote.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength.

SHAKSPEARE.

WE scarcely know of any town or village on the Borders, which we would more readily recommend to the notice of the curious traveller than that which bears the name of Kirk Yetholm. It is situated on the north of Cheviot, where the hills adjoining that majestic mountain slope down to the vale of Beaumont, and its appearance is not altogether devoid of rural beauty. Westward, on a slight eminence, stands the Kirk with its yard, where the dead repose, extending near to an old mill that rises on broad, level haugh which divides Town Yetholm from place. On one side, the lofty splintered crags of Stairrough grimly over the town; while on the other the clear current of water sweeps along eastward in graceful windings, till it is amongst hedges, trees and rising banks, rich with fertility. The houses unite with each other irregularly, and seem to have been erected without any adherence to uniformity of design; yet their low, dark thatched roofs, and chimneys formed of light wooden spars, straw ropes and clay, when contrasted in summer with the foliage of the gardens, where bushes and fruit trees intermingle, meet the eye not unpleasantly. And perhaps, that portion of the place which is meanest in appearance will be found, by the philosophical observer, to be most attractive, from the interest it has acquired on the score of gipsy-celebrity. Here the Faas, the Youngs and Gordons formed to themselves a kind of colony, where they married and were given in marriage, and existed for several generations as a people entirely distinct from all classes of the community. And here lived those stalworth heroines, Jean and Madge Gordon, from whose history and appearance the great novelist fashioned Meg Merrilies, throwing over her the light of his own magic, and giving her a place in the splendid gallery of likenesses he bequeathed to posterity—representations

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he was of invincible courage, and when fully aroused not
a hundred could stand in his way.

It accordingly happened, on a forenoon, that Turnbull arrived at
he Coal Hill; and some three or four men being before him, he was
ietly awaiting till their carts were loaded. The Banksman
pressed to those around him his earnest wish that Will Faa
uld only come, in order that the "strong man" might have a
ance of teaching him better manners; for the conduct of the
ner, even to himself, was not of the most agreeable kind. Scarcely
e the words out of his mouth, when Will made himself visible as
rounded the corner of a plantation with his cars, and was followed
y two others of his tribe. The utmost excitement now prevailed
ith the Banksman and his party who expected, to see rare sport,
d were only afraid that the Tinkler would forego his usual practice,
en he beheld Turnbull there. In this, they were agreeably disap-
nte d, for when he drew up, he had either not noticed, or not known
o her: he therefore advanced to the bank, and unblushingly
n d the next chance to be served. Turnbull, however, stood at
l ow when this demand was made, and, as had been anticipated,
ed him in the most effectual manner. They then caught hold
ch other, to prove who should be the successful man; and the
moment Turnbull raised the Tinkler from his feet as he had
boy, and, holding him over the yawning mouth of the shaft,
him deliberately "must I let you go?" Terrified lest the
g man should really quit his hold, Will supplicated for mercy,
he other very generously placed him once more with his feet on
bank. He withdrew, much chop-fallen, to his companions and
ired if they knew his opponent, observing, at the same time, that
as the most powerful man he ever grappled with in his life.

Robert Turnbull, scarcely any other feat has come to our know-
in which his extraordinary strength was so strikingly exemplifi-
He was once returning from Berwick where he had been deliver-
orn with a couple of carts; himself was on the first, and it fell
hat three sailors came up who without asking leave, insolently
possession of the latter vehicle. Drawing a *rung* out from the
f that on which he rode, he dismounted and, giving battle to the
lers, speedily made it appear that "Jack upon land" is not the
true, courageous, unflinching being he is represented to be upon
Of Will Faa it may be related that, in one of his smuggling
eys, he encountered between Boomer and Bewick bridge, a party
cisemen, and offering resistance, he received in the scuffle, a cut
wrist from a sword, which ever afterwards disabled him from
ning a leading part as a pugilist. He kept a Public House at

BARNARDCASTLE TRAGEDY.

FROM RITSON'S "BISHOPRIC GARLAND."

John Atkinson, of Murton near Appleby, servant
›wson, miller, at Barnardcastle Bridge-end, courted
on's sister; and after he had gained her entire affec-
eedling solicitations, left her disconsolate, and made
nother, whom he married by the treacherous advice
s Skelton, who to save the priest's fees, &c. performed
himself; and upon her hearing the news, broke her
›d to death on the spot. This being both true and
ıop'd 'twill be a warning to all lovers.

Tune of "*Constant Anthony.*"

›UNG men and maidens all, I pray you now attend,
Iark well this tragedy which you find here penn'd,
ıt Barnardcastle Bridge-end, an honest man lives there,
Iis calling grinding corn, for which few can compare.

a sister dear, in whom he took delight,
:kinson, his man, woo'd her both day and night;
ro' process of time he chain'd fast her heart,
Prov'd her overthrow, by Death's surprising dart.

rted Atkinson, with his deluding tongue,
fair promises, he's this poor maid undone;
ı he found he'd caught her fast in Cupid's snare,
·de he all alike, Betty's no more his dear.

was his delight, his senses to doze,
lewd company, when he should repose;
ey being spent, and they would tick no score,
·th a face of brass, he ask'd poor Betty more.

:ngth met with one, a serving-maid in town,
· good ale and beer often would pawn her gown,
all-fours she'd play, as many people know,
· gamester no man could ever show.

ɛelton, ostler at the King's-arms does dwell,
ıis false Atkinson did all his secrets tell;

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He l
And

Then
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Then wi
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Quoth Sk
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Went two

Then whe
He had so
My busines
So took a g

Now, when
His master's
Betty, he sa
Then she sm

Then within
And to the si
The people o
Stept out imm

Now this surp
Life as if she
Then her dear
And she spake

Then with all s
Whilst at her n
Some stood half
But in a momen
False hearte
For it may

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KING JAMES.

HE KING'S MAJESTY COMING TO THE CITY OF DURHAM, ANNO LLOWS:—

UPON Good Friday, being the 18th of April 1617, Mr. Heabome, one of his Majesties gentlemen Ushers, spoke unto George Walton, Maior, that it was his Majesties pleasure, to come in State to the City, and that it were fitting that the Major and Aldermen should be ready upon the next day following, being Easter Eve, to give their attendance upon his e convenient place within the City; and the said is footcloth borne there ready to attend; which like- upon Elvett Bridge, near the Tower thereof, being ailes of wood then and there made for that purpose. his Majesty's said gentleman Usher, standing by the Aldermen, till his Majesty's coming, when there was ed by the said Maior to his Majesty, together with Staff, and as time fitting in the same speech, so made, gilt, with a Cover, was presented by the said Maior to hich speech appeareth as followeth:—

ous Soveraigne, what unspeakable joy is this your ise unto us your loving subjects, our tongue's not able ur means to shew your welcome. Your gracious Ma- ppy coming hither with much peace and plenty found d with divers liberties and privileges, all sovereignty itual and temporal being in yourself, gave unto us the nd afterwards of your gracious bounty confirmed them, at seal of England—We humbly beseech your Majesty favour towards this City, and in token of our Love and the acceptance of this Mite,* and we shall be ready, st expence of our dearest blood, to defend you and your here on Earth, with our prayers to God to bless you ll Eternity."

speech the Maior was called by his Majesty's gentle- take his Horse and to ride before his Majesty; imme- which commandment made by his Majesty's gentleman was at the same place, about forty yards distant, certain

* The Cup delivered.

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Verses s
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Would be i

† William James, who
vileges.—*Surtees, vol. i p.*

Stanzas,

ON HEARING A LARK SING AMIDST A STORM OF SNOW, IN HAINING, NEAR ELSDON, NORTHUMBERLAND, ON THE 2ND. OF MARCH, 1792.

AIL! cheerful bird, that midst the storm
Repeats thy sweet enchanting notes,
Whilst others drooping and forlorn,
Neglect to tune their silent throats.

Ardless of the piercing blast,
Thou boldly wingst thy airy flight;
While flaky snow's descending fast,
Thou fill'st the bosom with delight.

O! happy bird, whose grateful voice
Proclaims aloud thy maker's praise:
You dost in stormy clouds rejoice,
And warblest forth thy pleasing lays.

May I, from thee, hence learn to bear
The adverse woes of fortune's doom;
And when surrounding ills appear,
Contented smile amid the gloom.

Mayst thou sweet bird ne'er feel distress,
Nor latent snare thy life annoy;
May no fell hawk thy song suppress,
And long thy days glide on with joy.

Long mayst thou hail the rising morn—
Unwearied chaunt thy lively strain,
When genial suns the fields adorn,
And often cheer the shepherd swain.

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of the Exchequer.

"His lordship w
which are the great
ing exported at Sund
collieries had but one
stories, the other of tw
were drained into thes
places, that there may
there be a running strea
under the stone; and the
or foul air, kill insensibly
stagnate, is an infallible r
An infallible trial is by a
to be heavy sulphurous air
say that they would someti
bottom be clear. The flam
as the snuff; but they have

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is mighty violent; but men have been saved by lying
ies. Where they are by side of an hill, they drain
l a mile under ground, and cut through rock to the
00*l.* and where there is no rock it is supported with

the bishop entertained, who is a sort of sovereign, or
'ere, but much shrunk below the ancient authority
e cathedral church shews the most gothick antiquity
d; and the marks of old ruin are to be seen by the
of the supports: those, which are very large and
ircular arches, are the most antique. The bishop
ip to his ancient seat called Aukland, which is to
don to Lambeth; and the entertainment was in all
ordship staid in that palatinate, as I may term it
enerous. And thence the road lay to Newcastle
tful plain, having Lumley castle in view, on the left
of the way.

's entertainment at Newcastle, was very agreeable,
most upon the trades of the place, as coal mines,
the like, with the wonders that belonged to them;
ates were solicitous to give him all the diversion they
was the going down to Tinmouth castle in the town
uipment of the vessel was very stately; for, a-head,
or five drone bagpipe, the north country organ, and
tern; and so we rowed merrily along. The making

LUMLEY CASTLE.

salt I tho
was a sup
above the
but provisi
all circums
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us, view of
best provisi
the way mak
very agreeab
pleased.

"Some of
and one was l
drain the wate
'till he came t
timber, or wall
was by the we
this work he l
their wayleaves
colliery and the
and so dear tha
annum for this l
of timber, from t
parallel; and bu
rails; whereby th
four or five chald
merchants. Ano
shewed his lordsh
Any land owner
river, and sell leav
the town will not p
of coals is ballast
it seems that the s
incumbrance to the

"From Tinmouth
Delaval. Sir Ralp
not so much with eat
the bruit, and not to
shewing to us many
that place, The chie
gentleman, with great
made for securing sma
he had been encourag

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. surveyor of his own port, and no officer to inter-
; stands at the mouth of a rill (as it is called) of
ning from the hills, had excavated a great hollow,
ın. The ground, at the sea, is an hard impenetra-
l, for cover of the vessels, which, else in the rage,
› pieces, sir Ralph had built, or, rather, often re-
ıne that fended off the surge to the north-east, and,
ve entrance near a little promontory of the shoar,
north; and, at low water, the vessels lay dry upon
ıad been built of square stone, with, and without,
was heaved away with the surge; and, for a great
uld be found strong enough to hold against the lift-
f the water. At length, sir Ralph, at an immense
y joint of the stone, not only laterally, but, upright,
heart of oak let into the stone; and that held effect-
stones were lifted up, they fell in their places again.
ır was apt to silt up with the sea sand; for remedy-
used the back water of his rill, and that kept the
›en: and, for that end, he had an easy and sure
ras sluice-gates built cross the channel of the rill,
le of flood, were shut, and so the water gathered to
›ve, till low water; and then the sluices opened, let
ter come down all at once, which scoured away the
tide, lodged upon the rock, and washed it as clean
ɜ. All this we saw, with his salt pans at work about
magazines, of a marine trade, upon the wharf: and
fruits of his great cost and invention; and, if, in the
did not answer the account, the pleasure of design-
g, which is the most exquisit of any, did it.
›mit one passage, which shewed the steady constancy
an's mind; which was that, at the beginning of din-
rought him a letter, wherein was an account of a bag
was broke in his greatest colliery. Upon which,
›tter, said he, *My lord, here I have advice sent me of a
, which I cannot estimate at less than £7000. and now
alter my countenance or behaviour, from what you have
ly.* And so fell to discoursing of these bags of water,
s to clear them, as if the case had been another's, and
He said his only apprehension was that the water
›m the sea; and *then*, said he, *the whole colliery is
with charge, it will be recovered.* Whereupon he
of the water, and, finding it not saline, as from the
at isfied. Afterwards we enquired if the water was

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conquered.
For it seem
could not s
no more th
raised coal a
for they dre
of them, the
and the dee
ropes, with th
"The coun
with thieving
the union with
For as, in Italy
safe: so here th
ent jurisdiction,
all the considera
of course) were
an overhanging
every night. In
alarm came, they
from the battlem
age of the union w
Wark's estate, whi
since risen to 7 or
After the union, t
commissioners of o
English and Scotch
border; and, being
mission. And these
rate, than the assize
hanged eighteen for m
"This hath made a
officer they call a coun
and is bound to make g
restored. When his h
keeper, with £500. per
upon thieves; and a vio
When his lordship hel
Mungo Noble (supposed
his lordship, upon four s
much a south country jud
One was for stealing an ho
amounted to no more than

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el (which is a cottage made in open places of turf
could tell who was the owner of it. In short, the
ı to the regret of diverse gentlemen, who thought
hanged; and that was enough. While the judge,
ırsed of the evidence and its defects, a Scotch gen-
ench, who was a border commissioner, made a long
udge, and *My Laird*, said he, *send him to huzz, and*
ir. This country was then much troubled with Bed-
tried before his lordship, for killing another of his
e surprised asleep, and, with his great staff, knocked
then bragged that he had given him *a sark full of*
, a shirt full of sore bones. He would not plead to
cause there were Horsecopers amongst them, till
y; and then he pleaded, and was, at last, hanged.
ıt nuisance in the country, frighting the people in
taking what they listed: so that a small matter,
en, would do such a fellow's business.
stle, his lordship's rout lay to Carlisle. The North-
gave us all arms; that is, a dagger, knife, penknife,
her. And because the hideous road along by the
ıy and sharp turnings, and perpetual precipices, was
ustained by main force, impassable, his lordship was
rse, and to ride most part of the way to Hexham.
where coal mines burnt under ground; but could
f it, besides the deadness of all the plants there.
the Picts wall; but it appeared only as a range, or
l overgrown with grass, not unlike the bank of the
Newmarket, only without any hollow, and nothing
re his lordship saw the true image of a border coun-
ts of the several manors are bound to guard the
ıeir precinct; and out of it they would not go, no,
ıve the souls of them. They were a comical sort of
ɔon negs, as they call their small horses, with long
nd long broad swords, with basket hilts, hanging in
their legs and swords almost touched the ground;
his turn, with his short cloak, and other equipage,
y joul, and talked with my lord judge. His lordship
ased with their discourse; for they were great anti-
own bounds.
length, to Hexham, formerly a metropolis of a famous
ıe. From the entertainment and lodging, there, it
ɔn; but whether for a Scotch, or for a Welsh town,
ıint for the experienced to determine. The rest of

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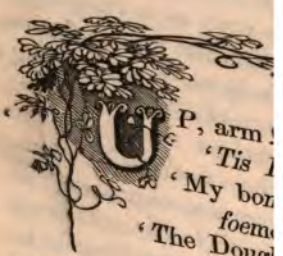
the country to Car
hunger and thirst,
fastened upon there,
passed over with co
red, but good ale an
from the prebends'
but, being asked w
south country mal
barley) is seldom ri
monly first covere
joined in a sort of c
by pretending a te
not unlike our cop
right, whatever the
going, resolved to
could not but wond
among the common

TH



UP, arm
'Tis
'My bor
foem
'The Dougl

'Alas why failed my h
'And where, where,
'Full many a Scot so g
'But that again trium

Thus spake the young lo
My Lord, but we will f
The bowstrings twanged fu
Where Tyne, towards th

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ıt on high, and far twinkling in the sky
star resplendent, that night to break the gloom;
ɔused deer, from his ferny bed in fear,
path came morion and lightly dancing plume.

so bold, ere the morrow grew as cold
he high rock that seems the sea to spurn:
of night, commenced that wavering fight,
ft have sung of as the fight of Otterburn.

sword and spear, 'twixt men who knew no fear,
ɔn, the clouds were flitting o'er the moon,
ɔ earth apace, many a fair and bleeding face,
earth's fresh verdure, should spring up very soon.

ı his prey, flew the arrows fast away,
ɔre there of fear, but of victory to be won.
was the cry, now 'a Percy' rent the sky;
ıdreds were the ranks ere morning light begun.

ı heath, mangled corpses him beneath,
ıis battle axe, the Douglas bleeding lay:
clansmen round, lying scattered o'er the ground,
ir lives and death, and now but tombless clay.

h thou fare,' said the bold sir John St. Clair,
up his kinsman as the blood gushed out amain.
the reply, 'thank my God since here I die,
thers have before, upon the battle plain.

test breath, for I feel the hand of death
my life blood stream is ebbing fast away;
r on the plain, shout my war cry once again,
s shall be victor, as the ancient legends say.'

sun appeared, o'er that field with gore besmeared,
v'red round, before the shatt'red bands had gone.
soft repose, the holy walls of fair Melrose,
was securely laid beneath his marble stone.

Fred. R. Surtees,

March, 1842.

A

in my communicating
in the grounds of Otte

"There was a lar
ton, which they had
removed, they discove
undressed, laid upon
with smaller stones w
there were any intersti
in the ground a cavity
four feet broad at th
very fine mould; next
sand was about two fee
being near four feet.
for small pieces of bu
There were also several

Those who are wishfu
our early ancestors shou
the large stone above me
It was conveyed to Otte
ed away; and at present
upwards of a century, the
the dwelling-house. It is
hard, and only a few inch
be, when we reflect that f
the mortal remains of one
and generation," and who,
led his followers on to bat
Rome," we earnestly hope
preservation.—R. White's M

eath-Song of Ragnar Lodbrach,

R LODBROG, KING OF DENMARK;

FROM THE LATIN OF OLAUS WORMIUS, BY HUGH DOWNMAN.

AGNAR LODBRACH flourished in the eight century, and by his naval expeditions rendered himself the terror of the northern parts of Europe. After having carried on his depredations with success for many years, he was at length taken prisoner by Ella, king of Northumberland, whose coasts he had invaded, and put to death by him, being (as was reported) cast into a dungeon full of ser-
ncholy fate stimulated his son Ivar to revenge it;
ion the famous standard of the Raven is said to have
d by his sisters, and consecrated with such magic
ictory to those before whom it was borne. Under
r made a descent on the territories of Ella, fought
, and put him to death in his turn. This poem is
us Wormius, in his treatise De Literaturâ Runicâ.
nt return of the same images and expressions shews
ance of the nicer rules of composition, he exhibits a
greatness, a fierce and wild kind of sublimity, and a
of danger and death.

TH our sword's resistless might,
We have thinn'd the ranks of fight.
In early life, his volum'd train
The crested serpent roll'd in vain.
a's charms, the matchless prize;
land saw my fame arise.
nging crowds the monster scan,
ts applausive hail me Man.
is fierceness prompt to try,
shaggy vestment cloth'd my thigh:
transpierced, in death he lay,
falchion smote for splendid pay.

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* From this exploi
For the king of Gothl
kill a vast serpent whic
sing himself in the skins
the cold to which he pur
zen armour. He met the
him to the ground with h
After the victory the king
gave him the name above
Olaus Magnus relates t
That the king had taken t
ter; but as they increased
Such is the fabulous be
Ragnar Lodbrach. Such a
St. George and the Dragon
naturally arise in the mind.
been mixed with the true
founded, and carry no marks
his death is as wonderful and
According to Olaus Worm

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Var and death terrific lower
Vhen th' Helsingians brave our power:
Ve urge them down the gloomy road,
'hey throng t'ward Odin's dark abode.
'he Vistula beheld our course,
'ur navy stem its rapid force,
'he biting sword descended steep,
'ne wound extensive glow'd the deep:
's shores the reeking current died,
ur falchions mock'd their armour's pride
'ith echoing voices roar'd amain,
nd cleft their stubborn shields in twain.

o warrior droop'd, no warrior fled,
'll on the deck Heraudus bled.
braver chief, to distant lands
e'er guided his victorious bands
e'er beheld a chief more brave
s ships of battle plough the wave.
s heart impell'd by conscious might.
ith eager transport fought the fight.

'eir shields aside each warrior threw;
.e spear on rapid pinion flew
roes its deadly speed confest,
quiver'd in the dauntless breast.
th hunger keen the trenchant sword
de the Scarfian rocks engor'd.
shield became of purple grain
r Rafno fell, the king of men.
m ever helm-encircled crown,
e blood warm sweat in streams ran down.

und th' Indirian isles that day
e crows were surfeited with prey.
're the wild beast inglutted stood,
plenteous was the feast of blood.
fought as one, no single name
m'd the distinguish'd mark of fame.
en first appear'd day's flaming star,
w the piercing darts of war,
barbed arrows took their flight
en first he streak'd the east with light.

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The rain of blood our falchions pour,
It smokes on Bardafyrdea's shore.
Doom'd to the hawks a pallid crowd,
The murmuring string was twang'd aloud.
Then where in Odin's deathful fight
The greedy sword, with eager bite,
Devour'd the cuirass, there the bow,
The casque, the morion, swiftly flow,
The bow with poison sharp to wound,
With sanguine sweat besprinkled round.

The sport of War intent to try,
We rear our magic shields on high.
In Hiadningia's echoing bay
First began th' heroic play.
The vengeful swords whirld o'er the main
Their strong-knit bucklers tear in twain;
With mingled clash our arms resound,
The helms of men to dust are ground.
Not with more transport by his side
The lover clasps his beauteous bride.

The thick-rais'd storm our shields defy;
In Northumbria's land they lie,
Their gory carcases bestrew
The soil, and taint the morning dew,
Routed they fled with wild dismay,
Their boasted warriors dar'd nor stay,
Where the sword with grim delight
Their helmets polish'd plains would bite.
The genial bed such rapture warms,
Blest with the youthful widow's charms.

Herthiofe escap'd our force,
And widely sped his prosperous course,
Where with rude rocks against the skies
The southern Orcades arise,
While he who gave us, to display,
And shine in victory's bright array,
Rogvald, our glory and our pride,
Compell'd by fate's stern mandate, died.
Plung'd in the storm of arms he fell;
Then mourn'd the hawks with shrieking yell.

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The fervid bath, in copious tide,
From the vine's nectareous hoard,
Floats around the social board.
E'er Orn expir'd, with frequent stroke,
I saw his blood-stain'd buckler broke;
By strong necessity control'd,
Inverted life forsakes the bold.

The game of slaughtering swords, we haste,
Where Lind frowns o'er the watery waste,
With three contending kings to try;
How few escape! rejoic'd to fly!
The wild beasts gnarring throng the strand,
The hawk and wolf commingled stand,
Tear them with goading hunger's fire,
Nor till with carnage cram'd, retire.
While fierce we smote, th' Hybernian's blood,
With copious torrents swell'd the flood.

The steel's sharp fang, and bite severe
The buckler prov'd; the whizzing spear,
Speeding to its direction true,
The breast-plate chased of golden hue.
On ugs will mark for many an age
The traces of that battle's rage.
There march'd the kings with eager feet
Intent the sport of swords to meet.
The crimson'd isle, on all its coast
Saw the red foaming billows tost.
Or from the desperate fight rebounds,
A flying dragon full of wounds.

The brave with ardour yield their breath,
Nor heed the sure approach of death;
The thought of death their bosom warms,
They meet it in the storm of arms,
He oft deplores this fickle state,
Who never dar'd the frowns of fate.
Lur'd by the cheek of pallid fear
The joyful eagle hovers near,
The coward, to himself a pest,
Forbids the shield to guard his breast.

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Fast to th' hereditary end,
To my allotted goal I tend.
Fix'd is the vipers mortal harm;
Within my heart, his mansion warm,
In the recesses of my breast
The writhing snake hath form'd his nest.
Yet Odin may in vengeance spread
The bloody scourge o'er Ella's head,
My son's fierce anger, at the tale,
Shall change to red, from deadly pale.
The fiery youths, at my decease,
Shall starting shun the seat of peace.

Full fifty times I trod the field,
My standard rear'd, and poised my shield,
War's willing guest; nor deem'd the force
Of human hand would check my course.
Panting to gain a matchless name,
And soar o'er every king in fame,
For well in earliest years I taught
My sword to drink the crimson draught,
The Sisters now my steps invite;
Unmov'd I quit the realms of light.

Warn'd from within——break off the lay!
Th' inviting Sisters chide my stay.
By Odin sent, I hear their call,
They bid me to his fatal hall.
With them high-throned, the circling bowl
Of foaming mead shall cheer my soul.
With joy I yield my vital breath,
And laugh in the last pangs of death.

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posing however that circumstances will turn out favourably, all the necessary articles are neatly done up, and carefully put away in a slight open basket. The other things are folded together and deposited in the corner of a drawer, whence, unless the case prove really serious, they may not readily be removed.

The next matter of consideration is and has been from time immemorial, to provide a large brown loaf and a cheese—the latter of goodly dimensions and very superior quality. Some bottles of spirits with one of wine are also procured; and to this, on the north side of the Border, a quantity of rich cake called *short bread* forms an indispensable accompaniment. Of the last material, when it comes to be used, pieces are wrapped neatly up in white paper and sent to those members of the family who reside at a distance, also to females with whom the mother may be on terms of intimate friendship.

Until within the remembrance of those who are yet in the prime of life, and throughout the whole tract of country included within and adjoining the Borders, our mothers, like the Hebrews and Egyptians of old, habitually preferred the skill of the midwife, in their hour of need, to the ability of the doctor; and it is even surprising how very successful many of these professional females* were through a long course of practice. It therefore followed that when the assistance of this individual was required, an active rider mounted a strong horse, capable of carrying *double*, and hastened to her residence. During the five minutes that she put herself in order, the horseman fastened her seat close to his saddle, mounted again, got her on behind him, and then the main aim was to be at home as speedily as possible. By the time of their arrival, two or three female friends, selected from the nearest neighbours, had the house cleared of its junior inmates by the threatening to put red hot cinders either on or in the shoes of whoever remained; and then they kept full possession of the spot till "the Lady in the straw" was through her difficulty. When this period arrived, the little new-comer was carefully dressed and laid upon the knee of one of the matrons; the store of good mirth-inspiring cheer was produced; the cheese and loaf were assailed in gallant style, and the health of the mother and the child had to be drunk by all present. It may readily be supposed on such occasions that the chief female in office, who always took especial care to be on terms of the most cordial intimacy with her acquaintances, contributed much, by the affability and kindness she displayed, to make those around her both merry and comfortable. At a fitting time, tea

* In Liddesdale a midwife is still living who has officiated at upwards of seventeen hundred births—a number nearly equal to the whole population of the parish in which she resides.

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adhere *to the great principles* by which they were dreaded in war *and respected* in peace; *and* which, operating on their amiable and virtuous *dispositions, made them* good christians and trust worthy men.—*R. White's MSS.*

Derwent;

AN ODE,

BY JOHN CARR, L. L. D.*

——— quæ deserta et inhospita tesqua
Credis, amoena vocat, mecum sentit.

HOR.

OV'D stream, that meanders along,
Where the steps of my Infancy stray'd,
When first I attun'd the rude song,
That Nature all artless essay'd;

Though thy borders be stripp'd of each tree,
Where trees were indulg'd to decay,
There image still pictures to me
Thy villagers gamboling gay.

Nor by Fancy shall ought be unseen,
Where thy fountains flow murmuring by,
Where I mix'd in the sports on the green,
Where I wept with the woe-begone eye.

* Dr. Carr was born at Muggleswick, in the county of Durham, in the year 1732. His father was a farmer, and had a small estate of his own, which the Doctor possessed at his death. He received the first rudiments of his education at the village school, and afterwards private instructions from the rev. Daniel Watson, who was then curate of that place. . Carr was afterwards sent to St. Paul's school, where he continued longer than boys usually do, as his parents could not afford to send him to either of the Universities. While still young, he became usher or assistant to Dr. Hurst, master of the Grammar

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School at Hertford,
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of Lucian, two volum
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He was the author
translator of Lucian, w
died at Hertford on th

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How oft, by no pity controll'd,
An impaler of brandlings[1] I've been!
How oft return'd hungry and cold,
Unburthen'd with booty, I ween!

When thy Hyads impetuously pour'd
A deluge from ev'ry hill,
The dams by thy torrents devour'd
The miller aghast in his mill;

Thy rage did but temper the air;
Far distant the mildew of Health,
Where Guilt vainly decorates Care
Disdaining the gewgaws of wealth.

Fine houses, fine coaches, fine wives,
Genealogies bought by the yard!
Why forfeit the peace of your lives,
Ye wretches, for such a reward?

Far better to perish obscure,
With ignorance binding your eyes,
Than to riot on spoils of the poor,
Than be learned without being wise.

Simplicity heard in her cot
Long tales of hard winters and wars,
And still hop'd to better her lot
By the change of the moon and the stars.

What feats were perform'd in the snow,
When the track of the hare was descry'd!
What joys did old Jowler bestow,
What grief, when the veteran dy'd!

How Derwent for liberty fought,
Regardless of riches and ease!
Now liberty's not worth a groat,
And money corrupts all degrees!

Thus the sages of Derwent find out,
As the sages of Greece did before,

[1] The brandling is a small worm, which is cleansed in moss, and used as a bait in fishing for trouts.

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[1] A pool in the river nea

[2] Harry the Eighth havin
sioners are reported, after a
Blanchland; when they were

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But could the good fathers repine,
While he stoutly defended the faith?

Rude Muggleswick's[1] banquetting room,
Which offered a timely retreat,
Reformation thought fit to resume:
Reformers were willing to eat.

Thus the wheel of vicissitude flies,
Something, nothing, Penelope's web!
Let Envy, if Envy be wise,
Spare a Henry, an Arthur, an Eb[2].

In elder time Giants uprear'd
Their heads, and affronted the skies;
Cor, Ben, Con, terrifick appear'd,
With names of anomalous size.

A hammer in common they had,
And the use of it easy to all;
Each whistled, each brother was glad
To throw[3] it three leagues at his call.

When Con was approaching his end,
Deaf, blind, and beginning to rave,
With a ploughman he begg'd, as a friend,
To converse at the mouth of his cave.

This ploughman, as prudent men do,
Held his ploughshare, himself to escape;
Blind Con pinch'd his ploughshare in two,
And pronounc'd it the arm of an ape.

The footsteps of Fairy and Fay
In the grassplot are plain to be seen,

[1] At Muggleswick was a house of entertainment for the Monks, the vestiges of which still remain. "Fecit et magnum campanile, organa grandiora, parcas de Beaurepaire et Mukelingeswik, et apud Wardelau cameram, aulam et capellam, quæ Scoti postea destruxerunt, cameram etiam apud Mukelingeswick." Roberti de Greystanes Historia Dunelmensis, in Vita Roberti de Strichille, Anglia Sacra. p. 740.

[2] Eb, from whom Ebchester has its name, was a royal virgin of great repute.

[3] Corbridge, in Northumberland, Conset, and Benfieldside, in Durham, were the places where those brothers resided.

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The Wretched Miser:

OR,

GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST THE OPPRESSOR.

Remarqueable in a most Miraculous Punishment inflicted on the Person of a Notorious Usurer, in *Sunderland*, neer *New-Castle*. Who having unjustly taken away two kine from a poor Widdow, put them among twenty of his own, which were all struck by the hand of heaven, and found dead the next morning: the Widdows Kine only escaping: which sad judgement when the Miser had seen, he fell a Cursing, Blaspheming, and Deriding Gods justice in such words as are not fit to be named amongst Christians.

Thereupon he immediately Sunk into the Ground above the waste, and there continually Barketh and Howleth like a Dog Day and Night, still beckoning with his hand for assistance, to the great terrour and amazement of all that see or hear him.

Consume them in thy Wrath, consume them that they may not be. And at evening let them return, let them make a noise like a Dog, and go round about the City. Psalm, 59. 13. 14.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-ball in *West-smith's-field.*

THE cry of the oppressed is so loud that it pierceth Heaven, and reacheth even to the ears of the Almighty, who is graciously pleased to espouse their Quarrel, and to engage himself in their revenge. For the oppression of the poor for the sighing of the needy I will arise, saith the Lord, &c. Psalm 12. 5. But in the cause of the Fatherless children and the widdow, God is pleased to declare himself more particularly concerned, and therefore whosoever injureth or oppresseth them he provoketh the most high to wrath and indignation against him, of which we shall see a dreadful example in the ensuing Narrative.

In the Town of Sunderland not many miles from *New-castle*, there lately lived a person, (whom I forbear to name) of great wealth; though not much reputation in the Country where he lived, for the vast sums of money he had raked together were gotten by such unjust and indirect ways that he was envyed by the rich, despised by

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band. *But he very impudently* Denyed the Receipt of any such *money,* and Desired *that God* would inflict some heavy Judgement upon *him, if ever he saw a* penny of it, and so going away with horrible Curses, and *Oaths, in* his Mouth, threatning to sue the poor Widdow for his money, he *left her* to her tears and prayers, miserably lamenting her condition, *and comforting* her self only with the words of *David*: saying; *The Lord will be a Refuge for the oppressed, a Refuge in time of trouble*; Psalm 9. 9.

While the Woman was in the mid'st of her affliction, weeping over her poor Infants, and every hour expecting the fury of the oppressour: he concluded upon a Writ of Attachment as the speediest way to get his own (or rather the Widdows money) into his hands, which accordingly he obtained in a very few Days, and serving it upon her two Kine, he took them into his custody, and put them among twenty more which he had of his own. The poor Woman neither finding nor expecting mercy at the hands of a merciless man, desired earnestly of God that he would be pleas'd according to his gracious promise, to plead her cause, and to *deliver her from the violent man.* However she and her little ones went that night supperless to bed for want of milk, almost the only thing by which they subsisted. Little rest was taken among them that night, the mothers heart was too full of grief, and the childrens bellies too empty of victuals to sleep or be at quiet, and in this condition at the present we leave them.

The miser hardning himself in his wickedness, and having no remorse of conscience for what he had done, slept very securely that night, abundantly satisfied that he had made a small addition to his stock; little dreaming that he had gotten a canker to eat up his estate, or that the widdows lean Kine (like *Pharaohs*) came in for the destruction of the fat. But Walking in the Morning early to his Grounds he found it so to his cost, for by I know not what miracle all his own cattle were Killed in the strangest manner that ever eye beheld, not one remaining alive in the ground, save only the poor Widdows; some had their horns stuck fast in the ground till they had beaten themselves to Death, others were blasted with Lightning, many riven in sunder, and one prodigiously swell'd, with a kind of Corruption boiling out of her nose, which stunk so loathsomely that none could indure to come nigh her. The miser at first could not believe his eyes, till being fully convinced of the truth of the misfortune by his other sences, he fell to stamping, raving, cursing, swearing, and tearing his hair as if he had been Distracted, one while blaspheming against God, another while cursing and daming of the widdow and her Kine.

A Neighbour of his perceiving him in this outrage, was walking up towards him, to see what was the matter, and being come almost to

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REMAINS OF DILSTON TOWER.

Ballad

ON LORD DERWENTWATER.

FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1825.

Westmoreland,
May 12.

Mr. URBAN,

THE following is an old song on the death of RATCLIFFE, Earl of DERWENTWATER, who was beheaded as a Traitor, on Tower-hill, Feb 24, 1716. It was one of the most popular in its day, in the North of England, for a long period after the event which it records had taken place. I took it down from the dictation of an old person who had learned it from her father. In its oral descent from generation to generation, it had got a little corrupted. But a poetical friend of mine has assisted me in restoring it to something like poetical propriety. My dictator could go no further than the 17th verse, and supposed that it ended there; which seemed defective. The four last verses are now added to give a finish. There is a pathetic simplicity in the song at once affecting and interesting; and which renders it, I think, deserving of preservation in your columns. G. H.

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Again he call'd his stable groom,
Saying, "Bring me out my steed,
For I must up to London go,
With instant haste and speed."

He took the reins into his hand,
Which shook with fear and dread;
The rings from off his fingers drop't;
His nose gush'd out and bled.

He had but ridden miles two or three,
When stumbling fell his steed;
"Ill omens these," Derwentwater said,
"That I for James must bleed!"

As he rode up Westminster-street,
In sight of the White Hall;
The lords and ladies of London town,
A traitor they did him call.

"A traitor!" Lord Derwentwater said,
"A traitor! how can I be,
Unless for keeping five hundred men,
Fighting for King Jemmy?"

Then started forth a grave old man,
With a broad-mouth'd axe in hand,
"Thy head, thy head, Lord Derwentwater;
Thy head's at my command."

"My head, my head, thou grave old man,
My head I will give thee:
Here's a coat of velvet on my back,
Will surely pay thy fee,

But give me leave," Derwentwater said,
"To speak words two or three;
Ye lords and ladies of London town,
Be kind to my lady.

"Here's a purse of fifty sterling pounds;
Pray give it to the poor:
Here's one of forty-five beside,
You may dole from door to door."

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OLIVER CROMWELL

At Meldon Old Mill.

MELDON OLD WATER CORN MILL, says the venerable and talented historian of Northumberland, "stood at the foot of the Temple Bank, a little within the west wall of the park, and about one hundred yards below the dam or wear-head of the present mill." Here, according to the statement of Mr. Ralph Nixon, a respectable and intelligent man, whose ancestors for several generations resided in the vicinity of Meldon, Oliver Cromwell, tarried and fed his troops of horse, on his return from Scotland in 1651. If we suppose the tradition to be founded on truth, this occurrence must have taken place on the 11th of August, the day on which the lord general left the manor house of Netherwitton; for on the 12th he crossed the Tyne at Newburn, and proceeded forthwith to encamp his forces on the haughs below Ryton, himself withdrawing to Stella hall, where he resided previous to his departure southward for Worcester.—*R. White's MSS.*

RYTON, DURHAM.

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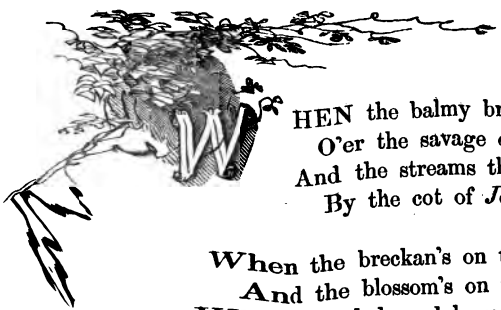
Chase Coach" which runs daily, by Otterburne in Redesdale, between Newcastle and Edinburgh.

Of the merit of these stanzas, considering the years of the writer, it is needless to dilate: they seem to have come from his pen fresh and gushing as the water from one of the fountains embosomed amongst his own native hills. After the pointed description of natural objects glowing in the gaiety of summer, the sober, contemplative melancholy which the concluding lines breathe, is to us, perhaps, most attractive of the whole. Emotion though of a painful kind, if the nobler portion of our being is therein concerned, exerts over us the most powerful influence; and its sway is not unfrequently accompanied with pleasure in proportion to its depth. When, therefore, we have been long acquainted with persons, places or things, and we intend to pay them a farewell visit, the strongest heart will shrink as if its chords were about to be broken, hence our corresponding sympathy with the mood of the poet makes us feel as if his sorrow was our own.—R. W.

TO MRS. H***** H******, WOODBURN.



WHEN the balmy breezes blow,
O'er the savage *craigs o' Wanny*,
And the streams they sweetly flow,
By the cot of *Jane* and *Annie*;

When the breckan's on the brae,
And the blossom's on the heather;
When the lads and lasses stray,
Whortle-berries wild to gather;

And the thrush frae hawthorn bush,
Sings her mellow sang sae cheerly;
And the lark at the *Low Park*,
Springs up wi' the morning early;

When the cowslip's on the mead,
And the violet's in the hollow,
And the angler hies to *Reed*,
His secluded sport to follow;

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AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT

OF A VISIT TO

The Haunted House at Willington.

WERE we to draw an inference from the number of cases of reported visitation from the invisible world that have been made public of late, we might be led to imagine that the days of supernatural agency were about to recommence, and that ghosts and hobgoblins were about to resume their sway over the fears of mankind: did we, however, indulge such an apprehension, a glance at the current tone of the literature and philosophy of the day, when treating of these subjects would shew a measure of unbelief regarding them as scornful and uncompromising, as the veriest atheist or materialist could desire. Notwithstanding the prevalence of this feeling amongst the educated classes, there is a curiosity and interest manifested in every occurrence of this nature, that indicates a lurking faith at bottom, which an affected scepticism fails entirely to conceal. We feel, therefore, that we need not apologize to our readers for introducing the following particulars of a *visit* to a house in this immediate neighbourhood, which had become notorious for some years previous, as being "haunted," and several of the reputed deeds or misdeeds of its supernatural visitant had been published far and wide by rumour's thousand tongues. We deem it as worthy to be chronicled as the doings of its contemporary *genii* at Windsor, Dublin, Liverpool, Carlisle, and Sunderland, and which have all likewise hitherto failed, after public investigation, to receive a solution consistent with a rejection of spiritual agency.

We have visited the house in question which is well known to many of our readers as being near a large steam corn-mill in full view of the Willington viaduct on the Newcastle and Shields railway; and it may not be irrelevant to mention that it is quite detached from the mill or any other premises, and has no cellaring under it. The proprietor of the house, who lives in it, declines to make public the particulars of the disturbance to which he has been sub

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(Copy—No. 2.)

JOSEPH PROCTER's respects to Edwd. Drury, whose note he received a few days ago, expressing a wish to pass a night in his house at Willington. As the family is going from home on the 23rd inst., and one of Unthank and Procter's men will sleep in the house, if E. D. incline to come, on, or after the 24th, to spend a night in it, he is at liberty so to do, with or without his faithful dog, which, by the bye, can be of no possible use, except as company. At the same time J. P. thinks it best to inform him that particular disturbances are far from frequent at present, being only occasional and quite uncertain, and therefore the satisfaction of E. D's. curiosity must be considered as problematical. The best chance would be afforded by his sitting up alone in the third story, till it be fairly daylight—say two or three A. M.

Willington, 6 Mo. 21st, 1840.

J. P. will leave word with T. Maun, foreman, to admit E. D.

[Mr. Procter left home with his family on the 23rd of June, and got an old servant, who was then out of place in consequence of ill health, to take charge of the house during their absence. Mr. P. returned alone, on account of business, on the 3rd of July, on the evening of which day, Mr. Drury and his companion also unexpectedly arrived. After the house had been locked up, every corner of it was minutely examined. The room out of which the apparition proceeded, as well as the adjoining rooms, was unfurnished, and the closet out of which it issued, is too shallow to contain any person. Mr. Drury and his friend had two lights by them, and are satisfied that there was no one in the house besides Mr. P., the servant, and themselves.]

(Copy—No. 3.)

Monday morning, July 6th, 1840.

To Mr. Proctor.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry I was not at home to receive you when you kindly called yesterday to enquire for me. I am happy to state that I am really surprised that I have been so little affected as I am, after that horrid and most awful affair, the only bad effect I feel is a heavy dullness in one of my ears, the right one; I call it heavy dullness because, I not only do not hear distinctly, but feel in it a constant noise; this I was never affected with heretofore, but I doubt not it will go off. I am persuaded that no one went to your house at any time more *disbelieving in respect to* seeing any thing peculiar,—now, no one can be more satisfied than myself. I will in

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house, in which I was led to pass the night, from various rumours circulated by most respectable parties, particularly from an account by my esteemed friend Mr. Davison, whose name I mentioned to you in a former letter. Having received your sanction to visit your mysterious dwelling, I went on the third of July, accompanied by a friend of mine named T. Hudson. This was not according to promise, nor in accordance with my first intent, as I wrote you I would come alone, but I felt gratified at your kindness in not alluding to the liberty I had taken, as it ultimately proved for the best. I must here mention that not expecting you at home I had in my pocket a brace of pistols, determining in my mind to let one of them drop, as if by accident, before the miller, for fear he should presume to play tricks upon me—but after my interview with you I felt there was no occasion for weapons, and did not load them, after you had allowed us to inspect as minutely as we pleased every portion of the house. I sat down on the third story landing, fully expecting to account for any noises I might hear, in a philosophical manner—this was about eleven o'clock P.M. About ten minutes to twelve we both heard a noise, as if a number of people was pattering with their bare feet upon the floor; and yet so singular was the noise that I could not minutely determine from whence it proceeded. A few minutes afterwards we heard a noise, as if some one was knocking with his knuckles among our feet, this was immediately followed by a hollow cough from the very room, from which the apparition proceeded. The only noise after this was, as if a person was rustling against the wall in coming up stairs. At a quarter to one, I told my friend that feeling a little cold, I would like to go to bed as we might hear the noises equally well there; he replied that he would not go to bed till daylight. I took up a note, which I had accidentally dropped, and began to read it—after which I took out my watch to ascertain the time, and found that it wanted ten minutes to one. In taking my eyes from the watch they became rivetted upon a closet door, which I distinctly saw open, and also saw the figure of a female attired in greyish garments, with the head inclined downwards, and one hand pressed upon the chest as if in pain, and the other, viz. the right hand, extended towards the floor, with the index finger pointing downwards. It advanced with an apparently cautious step across the floor towards me; immediately as it approached my friend who was slumbering, its right hand was extended toward him; I then rushed at it, giving at the time, as Mr. Procter states, a most awful yell, but instead of grasping it I fell upon my friend—and I recollected nothing distinctly for nearly three hours afterwards. I have since learnt that I was carried down stairs, in an agony of fear and terror.

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A Tribute of Respect to the Memory of the

REV. MATTHEW SHARP,

ROMAN CATHOLIC MINISTER OF HEXHAM.

FROM THE "SELECTOR."

PEACE to his shade! who peace diffused
On all around him here:
Malice itself has not accus'd,
Nor Calumny his name abus'd,
Nor will they touch his bier.

Ye people dear to his embrace,
Watch'd with paternal care;
No more his reverend form shall grace
The altar of that sacred place,
To offer up your prayer.

Oh! venerable spirit, hail!
Belov'd wherever known:
Not those alone within the pale
Of thine own church, for thee shall wail;
The loss we feel our own.

How much thy various merits claim,
No monument may tell;
But memory shall embalm thy name,
And hear each passenger exclaim,
"Beloved man, farewell!"

Avaunt fell Bigotry! the brand
With direst mischief fraught;
Brethren, extend the friendly hand,
Obey your Master's great command,
And love as Christians ought.

Let Catholics their censure spare—
Churchmen their boasting cease—
Shed o'er the grave of SHARP a tear,
And from his tomb this counsel hear,
"My Children dwell in peace!"

Hexham, Dec. 25*th* 1826.

J. R.

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cases of emergency. The stream runs furiously among huge rocks, which has occasioned a popular saying—

"Was ne'er a drown'd in Tarras, nor yet in doubt,
For ere the head can win down, the harns [brains] are out."

The morass itself is so deep, that, according to an old historian, two spears tied together would not reach the bottom. In this retreat, the Armstrongs, *anno* 1588, baffled the Earl of Angus, when lieutenant on the Border, although he reckoned himself so skilful in winding a thief, that he declared, "he had the same pleasure in it, as others in hunting a hare." On that occasion he was totally unsuccessful, and nearly lost his relation, Douglas of Ively, whom the freebooters made prisoner.* But the Armstrongs were less fortunate ten years afterwards, on the occasion referred to in the ballad: the death of Sim of the Cathill rankled in their minds, and so deep was the impression upon them that "many vows were made" according to Sir Robert Carey, "that before the end of next winter they would lay the whole border waste." At this period "the chiefe of all these outlaws, was *old Sim of Whitram*.† He had five or six sonnes, as able men as the Borders had. This old man and his sonnes had not so few as two hundred at their commands, that were ever ready to ride with them to all actions at their beck.

"The high parts of the marsh [march] towards Scotlande were put in a mighty fear, and the chiefe of them, for themselves and the rest, petitioned to mee, and did assure mee, that unless I did take some course with them by the end of that summer, there was none of the inhabitants durst, or would, stay in their dwellings the next winter, but they would fley the countrey, and leave their houses and lands to the fury of the outlawes. Upon this complaint, I called the gentlemen of the countrey together, and acquainted them with the misery that the highest parts of the marsh towards Scotland were likely to endure, if there were not timely prevention to avoid it, and desired them to give mee their best advice what course were fitt to be taken. They all showed themselves willing to give mee their best counsailes, and most of them were of opinion, that I was not well advised to refuse the hundred horse that my Lord Euers‡ had; and that now my best way was speedily to acquaint the Quene and counsaille with the necessity of having more soldiers, and that there should not be less than a hundred horse sent down for the defence of the countrey, besides the forty I had already in pay, and that there was nothing but force of soldiers could keep them in awe; and to let the counsaile

* Border Minstrelsy. † Whitram is a place in Liddesdale
‡ See the Ballad of Lord Ewrie, p. 191.

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England nor Scotland, so long as they were there. They sent me word, that I was like the first puffe of a haggasse,* hottest at the first, and bade me stay there as long as the weather would give me leave. They would stay in the Tarras Wood till I was weary of lying in the Waste: and when I had had my time, and they no whit the worse, they would play their parts, which should keep me waking the next winter. Those gentlemen of the country that came not with mee, were of the same minde; for they knew (or thought at least) that my force was not sufficient to withstand the furey of the outlawes. The time I staid at the fort I was not idle, but cast, by all means I could, how to take them in the great strength they were in. I found a meanes to send a hundred and fifty horsemen into Scotland (conveighed by a muffled man,† not known to one of the company,) thirty miles within Scotland, and the businesse was carried so, that none in the countrey tooke any alarm at this passage. They were quietly brought to the backside of the Tarras to Scotland-ward. There they divided themselves into three parts, and took up three passages which the outlawes made themselves secure of, if from England side they should at any time be put at. They had their scoutes on the tops of hills, on the English side, to give them warning if at any time any power of men should come to surprise them. The three ambushes were safely laid. without being discovered, and, about four o'clock in the morning, there were three hundred horse, and a thousand foot,‡ that came directly to the place where the scoutes lay. They gave the alarm; our men brake down as fast as they could into the wood. The outlawes thought themselves safe, assuring themselves at any time to escape; but they were so strongly set upon, on the English side, as they were forced to leave their goodes, and betake themselves to their passages towards Scotland. There was presently five taken of the principal of them. The rest, seeing themselves, as they thought, betrayed, retired into the thicke woodes and bogges,‖

* A haggis (according to Burns, "the chieftain of the pudding race") is an olio, composed of the liver, heart, &c. of a sheep, minced down with oatmeal, onions, and spices, and boiled in the stomach of the animal, by way of bag. When this bag is cut, the contents (if this savoury dish be well made) should spout out with the heated air. This will explain the allusion.

† A Muffled Man means a person in disguise; a very necessary precaution for the guide's safety; for, could the outlaws have learned who played them this trick, beyond all doubt it must have cost him dear.

‡ From this it would appear, that Carey, although his constant attendants, in his fort consisted only of 200 horse, had upon this occasion, by the assistance, probably, of the English and Scottish royal garrisons, collected a much greater force.

‖ There are now no trees in Liddesdale, except on the banks of the rivers, where they are protected from the sheep. But the stumps and fallen timber, which are every-

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I wad the deil had had their craigs,[1]
And a' things in a bleeze o' fire:
Eh! but it raised the wardens ire,
Sir Robert Carey was his name:
But and John Rydly thrust his speir
Reet thro' Sim o' the Cathill's wame;

For he cam riding o'er the brae,
As gin he ca'd na stele a cowe;
And when we'd got our gear awa'
Says—"Wha! this day's wark will avowe."
I wot he got reply enowe,
As ken the Armstrangs to their grief,
For to tine the gear and Simmy too,
The ane to the tither's nae relief.

Then cam Wat Armstrang to the toun,
Wi' some three hundred chiel or mair,
And sweir that they wad bren it down;
Clad in Jack, wi' bow and spear,
Harneist reet weel, I trow they were:
But we were aye prepared at need,
And dropt ere lang upon the rere
Maingst them, like an angry gleed.[2]

Then Alec Rydly he lette flee
A clothyard schaft,[3] ahint the wa';
It struk Wat Armstrang in the ee',
Went thro' his steel cap, heed and a':

[1] *Craigs.* In Maitland's Complaynt against the Thieves of Liddesdale (vide Pinkerton), the Mosstroopers are abused in a somewhat similar strain.—

"Thair is ane callit Clement's Hob,
"Fra ilk puir wyfe reifis the wob,
"And all the laive,
"Quhatever they haif,—*The devil recave*
"*Thairfoir his gob.*"

[2] *Angry Gleed.*—Not an uncommon simile perhaps in ancient times on the Border. Thus in the Fray of Suport,—Scott's Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii.

"But Peenye, my gude son, is out at the Hagbut-head,
"His een glittering for anger like a fiery gleed."

[3] *Clothyard Schaft.*

"An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
"To th' hard stele halyde he;
"A dynt, that was both sad and soar,
"He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry."
Ancient Ballad of Chevy Chase.

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[1] *The Ba'*. Footb
Maitland in his Poem

But he seems to have
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[2] *Sleuthdog*. The
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[3] *Craweragge watc*
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SOME MEMORIALS OF
ERT BEIGHET:
A Native of Redesdale.

)M MR. ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

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l ought to be remembered, not because he is or has been the
at Plenty has poured out the contents of her horn at his feet;
ogress through the world, whether his lot may have been that
inching poverty, he has amid temptation or trial, adulation
view the exalted end of his being, and remained true to his
, and his God. *MS.*

T may truly be said that the scythe of Time is in no instance employed more effectually than in clearing away all material which may be appropriated to the biography of a man whose years are spent amongst the middle and lower orders of society. On his decease he leaves behind him no record by which we may obtain information as to his habits, his disposition, or the most material incidents of his life. If he was in the habit of cor-
ıe or two intimate friends, it rarely happens that
served. Not considering them of any importance
ıt moment, those individuals to whom they were
ıy place them in some corner to which others
ell as themselves; and thus, in the course of
lly disappear. Such amongst them as may have
he spur of some stirring occasion, and which may
ıat is truly valuable, are, on that account, often
ıcket of the receiver, and read to his acquaintances
n to tatters and destroyed. Even when it occurs
:hese documents have, by one individual, been duly
reserved, the collection, after his death, almost al-
ı the hands of those who "care nothing about these
disperse it, never again to be gathered together.
in a common station of life rarely possess means for
f letters: their drawers and chests are frequently so
; apparel and other articles of a like nature that no
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h he continued to be distinguished through life. Besides, *bservation* was of the most choice description, for Redes- ıe days contained more originality of character than, ıld be found in any other equally sized district in England. e intercourse with each other, and almost none with ere more actively employed in other divisions of the rge number of its inhabitants occupied and farmed their of land, which enabled them to live in a state of rude : thus, they contracted habits and opinions very different those which prevailed in more stirring and fashionable

his period, and even of late years, customary for those th Otterburne Mill to attend at Bellingham every deliver and receive orders, and, in this department ery generally employed. Besides, to those who had any el to send to or from either place, he formed a medium tion; and, by his readiness to oblige, he sometimes had nore trouble with other people's matters than his own. en incurred blame if he was not so scrupulously exact in s commissions as the parties desired. We may mention, , that the wife of a farmer, who resided at Hatherwick, istance from Otterburne, once brought him a quantity t, wrapped up in an old, blue, rent apron. She told him Bellingham, to a person who distilled mint water; and ıe same time strict charge to bring back the envelope. of her orders he faithfully executed, but neglected the e days afterwards he had a visit from the dame for the ent belonging to her wardrobe. Knowing it was of no up an apology, he admitted at once that he had forgot ıt added that from its ragged appearance, he considered th carrying home. "Say'st tu sey, lad?" replied the dis tu think that ma apron's to be lost, thou durty r thy carelessness? Egad! but A'se neyther eat or t it!" With this resolution she departed,—crossed ontinued her way over Hareshaw moors to Bellingham, early six miles, and recovered the old apron. Tidings for such a trifle, reached home before she returned, and who felt desirous to stand a little more favourably in on, exclaimed "Gude gracious, sic a thing! She'll

enabled to perceive the opportunities that Robert l, during a period of the greatest importance to a r then his character receives the "form and pressure"

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dest perhaps from the profound respect he may
her, or one whose refinement of mind is much in
f her own, has the least chance of all to succeed in
In addition to this, we know that a young damsel
tes of the heart rather than the head; and, if her
eviously found a resting place on another object,
pt to re-win them, may find it a task of no small
however, was unable to engage the hopes and fears
heart yielded homage, and it has been said that
one of his own friends. Be that as it may, the
which he loved to sing, and accompany with
re either written by himself, or prized by him as
own feelings on this occasion.

Song.

v vexed am I now when I think on't!
n first I gaed out to the plain,
ted the shearers wi Peggy,
ded the bundles o' grain.
Oh, how vexed &c.

ld I call back the sweet moments,
n Peggy allowed me a smile!
l a' the troubles o' harvest,
softened the hardships o' toil.
Oh, could I &c.

ir, how I twisted an' braided,
folded in ringlets sae sweet!
her a posie o' gowans,
laid them in bobs at her feet.
Her hair, &c.

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I pu'd
For
And
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Oft ti
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Some few y
which Robert
borders of Yo
bourhood, made
kindly, and he
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vailing fashion,
mark of kindnes
had ceased, was
with pleasure to
While this subj
he formed another
in this he was happ
the cup and the
between them was
sick and died. To
thereupon, he regis
—continuing throu
When the major
to b under the
dene and Rober
the profession of
relat n, removed
the alk Mill a
mai d for some
ene ragement w

to the stream that laved the haunts of his early days, ployed for a considerable time at Woodburn. No part of his manner of life here, has reached us; but we ured that in the vicinity, and especially amongst those nemployed half-hour, had no dislike to a glass of ale, his ould be much sought after. His conciliating disposition, warmth gave his manners a polish which rendered him a herever he was known.

his latter days, he again drew back amongst strange spot of his birth, and earned the means of subsistence ame roof which sheltered the declining years of his parents. was dear to him from a long train of venerable associations. nent of this kind, in whatever light it may be regarded by men, exists strongest in noble natures, and will be found ccompanying such amiable and endearing qualities as are f the greatest praise in domestic life. He lodged in the Otterburne, and when the toil of the day was over, it be- omary with him to step into the house of Mr. James , a very remarkable man, in whose company and that of s Lunn, all popular topics were talked over. As long as he o move about, this was always to him a place of resort; night it be so:—Thompson's knowledge of the world, and nsive acquaintance with art, science, and politics—Lunn's recollection of what he witnessed abroad while he was serv- untry, united to the good taste he manifested on all subjects ry nature—and Beighet's fund of anecdote enlivened by his wd remarks on "men, their manners and their ways" formed r a species of attraction which the writer of this notice still rs with delight; and which, after a lapse of nearly twenty ems like a green spot amidst the sterile waste of life—a refresh- k from which the traveller reluctantly departs to pursue his er a sultry sun, amid scorching plains and burning sands.

t the beginning of the year 1826, under a complication of ail- the constitution of Beighet began to give way. At his d age slight hope could be entertained of his recovery: dies increased with the advance of spring, and he grew still s the flowers and the grass came forth fresh and luxuriantly. ung, susceptible heart, it is matter of great severity "to die g;" but those, who have had enough of the cares and buffet- f life, value it the less,—existence becoming to them, like the f an egg, tasteless, and scarcely repaying any exertion they dergo for its preservation. More than this, the mind becomes similar to the frame, before dissolution: it loses its keen

perceptive powe
ing it. Such w
of these desulte
on the 24th of
Robert Beigh
considered hanc
what inclined t
owing to a lame
generally appea
cheek he had a
manly, approa
the portraits
most part was
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lished it so migh
him for the hear
wit, to is *honour*
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speak and that
quic ing it won
rea in possessi
a whose fail
and hose redeem
to w ich Fortune

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Stanzas.

wing poem, founded on the peculiarity of the *Newcastle* lish d in December 1791, as from one of the rooks, which heir nest on the vane of the Exchange, and addressed to ple of BURCASTLE.—*Gents. Mag.*

ROUGH roll'd the roaring river's stream,
And rapid ran the rain,
When Robert Rutter dreamt a dream,
Which rack'd his heart with pain:

e dreamt there was a raging bear
Rush'd from the rugged rocks;
nd strutting round with horrid stare,
Breath'd terror to the Brocks.[1]

t Robert Rutter drew his sword,
And rushing forward right,
e horrid creature's thrapple gor'd,
And barr'd his rueful spite.

[1] Badgers.

EXCHANGE, NEWCASTLE. A. D. 1791.

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O

plainness, but un
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channel of a strea
they become unifo
as they are chipp
but exhibiting by
the peculiar strat
applied with som
we have spoken.

Those who, al
inhabitants of th
Tyne, will recolle
business for hims
Falstone, but qui
continued till hi
had attained the
man with shaggy
When on a Sund
ship either at
customers as wer
in plain terms fo
usually enforced
right eneugh, but
no can want it !
his voice, so as to
me tell ye, friend

On a time, h

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nd a horse which answered to the name of "Charley." animal was very different in disposition from his master; l, whenever he was hard pressed, the plan followed by ed of notable memory—he stood still; and if a whip or plied smartly to his sides, he would lie down and remain ased him again to assume an upright position. Once on of this kind, when Turnbull had nearly exhausted his devising means to make his horse "erect a perpendicular," em of no avail, he ordered a lad who was at hand to , an' bring twa faulds o' strae, an' a lichtit candle!" ere working in the dwelling house at the time; and the ing a light, having made them acquainted with what was l out of doors, they sallied forth in a body to witness the The loose straw was strewed amongst the legs of the indled; and as the flames seized upon him, he gave way nd sprang to his feet. At this instant the eye of Turn- around him, and perceiving his unwelcome visitors, he mediate chase, threatening if he caught "a single skin o' em a scowther," but fear added wings to the feet of the they speedily eluded all pursuit. The poor horse had of his body burned *red raw*, and his master, on putting harness, observed, "Ye're a shame to be seen; but, as d o' the pig that ran out o' the stye, an' gat its leg say o' you:—'It was a' your ain bringin' on!'"

e following incident may be adduced as an example of *ism*, or of the strange *sympathy* which is sometimes between beings of the same nature, the reader is at *le*. James and the lads always breakfasted on *crowdie* was set out, and each took from the *dresser* a strong, ware bason, and helped himself. Beside these utensils there were others placed of a fine quality and richly a morning a lad took up one of these, and was prepa- it when his master cautioned him to "mind an' no *bason*." Scarcely were the admonitory words uttered, iful thing slipped from the lad's fingers, and was in- o pieces. James started up, swore a heavy oath at elinquent, stamped about, and having his own bason, yet empty, in his hand, he likewise hurled it with its floor, shivering it into fragments, and exclaimed a' gang thegither!"—*R. White's MSS.*

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ST. GOD

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ission it is here

* The
whose pe

Hark the organ loudly swelling,
  Sacred, solemn, rites are said;
Soul hath left its earthly dwelling,
  Godrick slumbers with the dead!
Morning's glance no more shall greet him,
  Evenings kindred shadows meet him;
He hath rest where rest the weary,
  Silent is his *Miserere*,
    Miserere Domine!

Rothley Mill.

HE old mill of Rothley, in the parish of Hartburn, Northumberland, with its black water-wheel, and heathery roof, far from human habitations, and shut up in a glen narrow and thick with wood, was the haunt of a family of fairies. Old queen Mab, and her train, with the help of the miller's picks, formed out of the rocks, the numerous circular basins, which are still to be seen here in the bed of the Hart; and noonlight summer's evening seen, like so many water ng and bathing in them. The mill itself was their great and the eye of the kiln their kitchen, where, in boiling , they burnt the seeds or husks of oats the miller laid up e corn he had next to grind. The meal and firing thus they took as a customary claim for guarding and charm- and other useful services; but the miller thinking them ant, was determined to disturb them; and while they ng their supper one night, threw a sod down the chimney, y fled.—The falling mass dashed soot, fire, and boiling ngst them; and the trembling fugitive before he could igly verge of the glen, heard the cry—"burnt and scald- t and scalded!"—"the sell of the mill has done it:" and ier of the family set after him, and just as he got to the nto Rothley, touched him, and he doubled up, was bow ripple to his dying day!—*Hodgson's Northd.*

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The Earl of T

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THAIR AFTER WI

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assioun I abhor indeid,
:onversatioun is defylit;
eiche prevails themeselfes to speid;
:o thame trust are clein begylit.
ay richt simplie will declair,
om the just aucht to bewar.

:irer speche the falser hairtis:
tirest bands the sonest broken;
reater lords, the falser pairtis;
is worde may again be spokin,
rds and lairds ar nother just;
it the commouns to be trust.

set thay excell in kynd;
rdes thay maist of all exceid.
asoun none lyik do I find;
euth thay never observe thair creid.
ay and promeis quhat thay can,
wordes and deides will never pan.

udas pairt wes trassounabil,
'ylate's judgments countit bad,
sould I think them ressonabil?
nonest trust thay never had.
rience be thamselfes appeiris
neir greit tressoun in few yeiris.

now, of late, the gretest wrang
; ever nobilman possest—
banneist lord wes thame amang,
o fled for feir to be oppressed.
:humberland hecht this lord to name;
tyme of honour and greit fame.

o for releif in time of wo,
helples wander in thair land,
baneist wichts were wont to go
efter grace thay better fand.—
rray, Mortoun, and Ruthven's caice,
slauchter in thair princis plaice.

th thousands mo of lords and louns,
that ungracious natioun bred,

Quho f
As cus
Thoch
Yit ban

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1 The Earl

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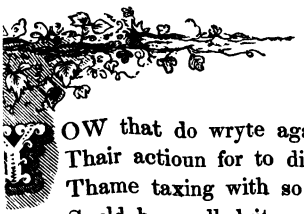
God may be gud, and yit your fact
Your childer's childrein may it ban.
God is gracious quhen we repent;
And our Quene merciful in judgment.

The Answer to the Englisch Ballad.



NOW that do wryte aganes the Scottis,
Thair actioun for to disprave;
Thame taxing with so schameful blottis,
Sould have alledgit resouns grave.
Yow advys call in your scroll;
Yow wait not quho will it controll.

Thoch sum have playit Jadas' pairt
In selling gud Northumberlande,
Quhy sould they thoill for thair desert
That fane wald have that fact withstand?
Or yit the countrey beir the blame?
Lat thame that sold him have the schame.

Mar, and the devilische Douglassis,
And namelie Mortoun, and Lochlevin;
Macgill, and Orkney, Scottish assis;
And Cleische, quhomto the gold wes gevin;
Dumfermling that the py prepaird:
And lowse Lindsay, quho was his gaird.

These onlie wer the Judassis:
These onlie gave theirto avyse:
And onlie these tua Douglassis[1]
Participatit of his pryce.
So let his bluid be on thair heidis,
On thair posteritie and seidis!

g to Robertson the sum of money paid as the purchase of this unfortunate
ded between Morton and Douglas of Lochleven, the former of whom, during
ngland, had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship.

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[1] Cardinal Beato
Dalkeith castle.
[2] Gangelon or Ge
[3] Henry the 6th l

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e knaw quhat hairme he has susteind
or that he trewlie thame manteind.

he Erle of Sussex can recoird,
uhen he desyrit thame of his hand,
he generous answer of that lord
hat he maid to his schairpe demand,
aid he wald rather give his heid
r he sould do so vyil a deid.

or deid wald lest for ane sesoun,
nd pas sone with celeritie;
'he vyile and filthie blot of tresoun
Vald schame his haill posteritie.
Ver it to doe he wald resave thame,
nd he, nor ane, sould never have shame.

o tressoun is no Scottische gyse:
o term it so ye have no ground,
en heir afflictit wichts alwyse
Ies ever ayd and favour found.
lthoch sum tratours be amang us,
n blaiming all forsuith ye wrang us.

e sould not all the land detract;
Nor impute falset to our kynd;
en monie with that filthie fact
r soir offendit in thair mynd;
And to avenge it wald be glaid,
Will ye concur, ye sall have ayd.

Your Quene abhors thame in hir hairt,
Mislyking for thair filthie natures;
And wald be glad to sie thame smart,
Lyking the tresoun not the traitours.
Scho knaws thay did it not for love;
It was hir gold that did thame move.

Wald ye doe for your countrie-man,
As for our honour's caus we wald,
We sall avenge it on that clan
Your freind that to the scambils sauld.
Go pruif: and deids sall testifie
Your kyndnes and our honestie.

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ANE SCHORT INV.
NORTHUMBERL.

A
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And taxit
So poynti
Saying, '

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Alas! quh
Honestie,
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That parag
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So courtés
Sould have
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That loving
Of vertews
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With mony
So nobil po
Sic hardines
Deservit rat
Than to ha

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lace that ever Scotland sould have bred
ic to [its] awin dishonour, schame and greif;
hat quhen ane nobilman was thairto fled,
t neid to seik some succour and releif,
ould have bene coulpit twyce! First be ane theif;
hen be Lochlevin, quho did thre yeir him keip;
uho gat greit gaine to save him from mischeif,
yne sould him to the skambils lyik ane scheip.

ur antecessours, and fathers honorabil,
ould not be movit be favour, force nor feir,
o doe ane deid so vyle and detestabil,—
nd mekil les for gredines of geir:
s be our storeis plainlie dois appeir.
ut oft incurrit monye doubtful daingers,
nd oft-times baid the hasard of the weir,
or the reset, and succouring of straingers.

reit lords and erles, nay dyvers duiks and kings
or quhome this realme hes sufferit mekil paine;
xyli from their countreis, and their rings,
cotlande saiflie lang tyme did remaine.
Richard, and Henrie the Sext maks plaine.
mony ma exempils may be gevin;
home thay micht have gottin gretar gaine;—
e luk was gud thay came not in Lochlevin.

thee, Mar! that ever thow consentit
n o bilman sa falselie to dissave!
how may weil leif, quhill thow at large repent it,
hat th ow trowit Macgill, that drunkin knaif;
r Dunfermling, that thé sic counsale gave;
r had to do with Mortouns fellowschip.—
owse Lindsay yet did better with the laif,
hat tuik their geir, and luit thameselfis slip.

als mischeant Mortoun, febil and unkind;
hy wretchit hairt could never schame eschew!
ow could so small ane sowme have mov't they mind
y this vyile act auld tressouns to renew?
how nevir wes upricht, traistie nor trew,
o freind, to fo; nor to na other man.
n sic vyile treason vengeance man ensew,
n thee, and all thy fals degenerat clan.

Lochlevin, t
To quhome
How could t
That schame
The air of E
To thy kepi
And, sen his
Hes rasit ane

'Thow left hi
And all his f
And work bu
Quhen that t
Baith hir and
And gave gu
Quhen scho e
Bot thair was

Yit, tratour!
Surpassis far
Quhair evir t
For all the p
'The tratour
Wissing his
From age to
And be ane

Judas that sa
Ane vyler dr
For Ganylon,
Nor Andro B
Nor yit the t
That says he
Your deid is
Ye can nothi

Yit sen the
And it behuf
I wait ye we
Not be ane c
That nane it
For, quha yo
Will think a
Behov't of fo

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metest merchand for ane maister steik,
th fals of kynd, and in the craft expert:
l thairby gars your kitchins daylie reik.
other man could have found in thair hairt
sell the saikles, as ane slauchter mairt.
l Christ himself bene in the Persey's rowme,
ait ye wald have playit Judas' pairt—
Cayphas had offert yow the sowme.

, for your mischeant and mischevous deid,
s country aucht not for to beir the blame;
onlie that fals and degenerat seid
Douglassis fals, wretchit, and infame:
l cheiflie Mortoun, and Lochlevin be name,
at of his bluide resavit the pygrall pryce.
with the silver sall ye have the schame,
l sic your friends as gave thairto advyse.

cruel, fals, dissaitful, bludie beistis!
faythful men how dar ye hauld up face?
w could sic tressoun breid into your breistis?
y leit ye not pitie rather have place?
ye yourselfs wes in the samen caice;—
l wait not quhen theirto ye sall returne.
bluide sall be on yow, and all your race!
l ye, and yours, sall for that murther murne!

l ye him gevin but price gratuitlie,
benefit yow thinkand thairto bound;
to declair your luif and amitie;
that no profeit sould to yow redound;
r crueltie had not bene so evil found:
ye resavit the pryce, and it procurit.
gottin gaine is ane ungracious ground
airon to found ane Welth and Weill assurit.

Jews wald not put in the common purs
pryce of Christ, quhilk Judas kaist againe:
pryce of bluid brings ay with it ane curs,
ilk on thy race for ever sall remaine.
day, be suir, (thoch thow sic dome disdaine,)
of his bluid the bargane will be bocht.
geance will wirk, and will nocht wirk in vaine,
thee, thy sons, and name, sall bring to nocht.

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Out of thy hand hi
Thow sall not chai
Nor thay, that in
Cheiflie the butche
Quha vant be bluid
And yit be bluid
Be bluide thay leif
And so for bluide

VICAR

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sity soon compelled it to dra
became familiarized to occas
At length one of the serv
back kitchen with a light, o
his cry of "pee wit" to o

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winter advanced, he ventured as far as the kitchen, caution, as that part of the house was generally oc- og and a cat, whose friendship, however, the Lapwing itirely, that it was his regular custom to resort to the as it grew dark, and spend the evening and night with es, sitting close by them, and partaking of the com- hearth. As soon as spring appeared, he discontinued house, and betook himself to the garden; but, on the inter again he had recourse to his old shelter and eived him very cordially.

productive of insolence; what was at first obtained was afterwards taken without reserve; he frequently by washing in the bowl which was set for the dog to and while he was thus employed, he shewed marks of dignation if either of his companions presumed to He died in the asylum he had chosen, being choaked he had picked up from the floor.

anecdote, from Bewick's History of British Birds, ex- nestic nature of the Lapwing, as well as the art with iate the regard of animals materially diffierent from nera lly considered as hostile to every species of the

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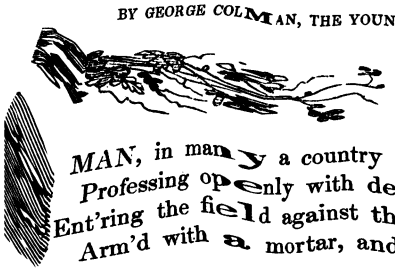
E NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY,

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.



MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle;
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar, and a pestle.

et, some affirm, no enemies they are;
t meet just like prize-fighters, in a Fair:
ho first shake hands before they box,
en give each other plaguy knocks,
ith all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suff'ring patient saith)
Though the Apothecary fights with death,
ill they are sworn friends to one another.

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A member
Liv'd at Ne
No man cou

Or mix a dr
Or draw a t
Or chatter s

Of occupation
Yet, still, he
And therefo
This balanc'd
A few score
He made a

His fame, full
In short, in
All the old wo
His name w

Benjamin Bolus
(Which often
Read works of
And cultivate

And why shoul
Can't men ha
Of poetry thoug
Apollo patroni

Bolus lov'd verse
That his prescrip

No opportunity h
Of writing the
In dapper coup
Or, rather, like t

Apothecary's vers
'Tis simply hon
When patients sw
It is but fair to

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He had a Patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
n pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical.
And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which, one would think, was clear enough,
And terse:—

"*When taken,*
"*To be well shaken.*"

ext morning, early, Bolus rose;
nd to the Patient's house he goes;—
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
was, indeed, a sorry hack;
But that's of course:
For what's expected from a horse,
With an Apothecary on his back?

olus arrived; and gave a doubtful tap;—
tween a single and a double rap.—

nocks of this kind
e given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By Fiddlers, and by Opera-singers:
e loud, and then a little one behind;
As if the knocker fell, by chance,
Out of their fingers.

e Servant lets him in, with dismal face,
ng as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
n's countenance as rueful looked, and grim,
If th' Apothecary had physick'd him,—
And not his master.

Well, how's the Patient? Bolus said:—
John shook his head.
deed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!"
e took the draught?" John gave a nod.

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"Well,—how
"Why then"
"Shook him!

"Zounds! sha
"No, Sir,—an
"Two shak
"'Twould m
"It did so, Si
"Well, and wh

POPULAR

may have been exercised
sister. Still, although in
and frequently does most h
ence that its impulses are l
of loneliness is inseparable
present in the sphere of i
entertained that time wou
intercourse with one, whose
life, would become identica
more frequently the case, ch
pair together, and the plea
leads them intuitively thro
duction. Hence love making

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r favourable influences, leads on to the union of ts." To a reflecting mind the change from a single affords ample scope for thought, not only in taking but in anticipating the future, and considerately cal- nay be fraught with consequences over which human no effectual controul. But at the same time, such ing are in a great measure overborne by the agree- at "come weal or woe," another traveller on this pil- g to accompany you—to take fortune as it may come, stay you in adversity, or shed a lustre over you in marriage, therefore, is "the nearest and most endear- foundation of all other relations," several customs have celebrating it throughout all ages and countries. Over s have prevailed, within the memory of man, amongst lower classes on the Borders we propose to take a cur- d that being chiefly a pastoral district where the main inhabitants resided at a distance from the parish nanners may be considered more genuine and of a less racter than those observed in more populous places.

ntercourse of courtship was about to assume that of laps the first consideration was to look around and pro- place of abode. New dresses were then to be obtain- were selected according to the taste of the parties— s being generally preferred.* Blue coats and neat light e been almost always worn by the bridegroom and his he bride and her maid were as frequently attired in owns, white stockings, and fine straw or satin bonnets immed with white ribbon of the same quality. The hue from light yellow to pure white; and these were rn by all who attended the ceremony. If the bridegroom ied brother, he was generally appointed as his man; e's eldest unmarried sister was in like manner chosen as Failing these, the selection was made from individuals, the principals were on terms of close and very intimate The ring was purchased, and the whole arrangement t head quarters in a quiet manner—so much so that even and dressmaker were, in some instances, bound to secrecy. nt measures, though very unlike the plan adopted by some lity on similar occasions, still reflect much credit on the ring and wisdom of our north country peasantry.

stomary amongst labouring people for the bridegroom to furnish his *intended* shoes; and she, in return, to provide him with a linen shirt. These of worn on the wedding day.

On the evening preced
groom were washed in a
lar friends. A similar
in a more private way.
operation, he contrived t
a silver coin, which nev
of being *drink money* to

Next morning the bri
and proceeded to the re
they arrived, and if the
mained in one to receive
ber then sat down to b
plentiful, and of a cho
cluded, preparation was
formed an object of co
tory of gloves and wh
the attendants in a w
neglecting the "roses"
attached to the bridles
She was then mounte
another horse, or beh
the same way by the
tions, male and femal
rear. All along the
or a few houses were
compliment, with voll
away their gunpowder
the couple whose unio
rally to be found a sm
church, and here the
same time, portions of
upon inmates and vis
enough not to refus
hilarity of the day.
the same order as the
the bridegroom's mar
and the bridegroom,-
entering the church,

* Bride's Cake has bee
and that of dinner. Port
tives and friends. Small
are also distributed amon
pillows at night, to posses

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/man who proceeded with the ceremony—the bride
ight hand while the bridegroom was stationed at his
immediately before him, and the former was *given*
ıer father or a very intimate friend. When the rite
the bride was saluted by one or more of the male
then she and her husband entered their names in the
iages, which document was also signed by at least
nd female as witnesses. On returning, the newly
took the lead, and here much amusement generally
her the bridegroom or his man were expected to
ɔer of coins amongst the boys whom the proces-
together; and when this was done, the scrambling
hewn by them to possess a share of the offering afford-
ıerriment. On again entering the public house, the
l was set on the table and filled under the guidance of
n: its contents then circulated around till hearts were
lazzling, when the reckoning was ascertained and forth-
ɔd by the male portion of the wedding attendants,—
l especially the bridegroom not being permitted to draw
ı this occasion.

ime the company were again upon horseback and in
bridegroom's residence, he himself and the bride leading
arriving near home, two or three of the most active
ɜre well mounted, dashed off at the gallop to win what is
Kail;"* and whoever arrived first, obtained two knots of
one of which he fastened to the bridle of his horse near
he other he attached to the breast of his own coat, and,
d, he set off again at a rapid pace to meet the ap-
npany. When the bride was lifted gently down before
ortion of cake, and with it sometimes the earthenware
h it was placed, were thrown for *luck* over her head. She
her nearest relatives, supported over the threshold of the
se, as a certain plea on the score of modesty that she enter-
lingly, but rather by the compulsion of her dearest friends.
ing dinner, whatever might be the condition of the newly
, was in almost every case a good one.† There was to

has remained in use, although the custom to which it related has long
vay. The prize awarded formerly, to whoever first reached the door, was,
w be deemed scarcely worth accepting, a portion of spiced broth, or "Kail."
he most extensive entertainment of this kind that ever took place in North-
s held at Tosson, near Rothbury about the middle of the last century. It
lebrating the nuptials of Mr. William Donkin, and Miss Eleanor Shotton,
lace. There were provided no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters

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be found an al
"wee drappie"
was in attendanc
ment and salutec
Such of the youn
themselves in th
who had arrived a
afternoon tea, in i
ing was spent joyc
were placed on the
the posset" and
brought a bowl co
hot milk instead o
the bride and bride
assailed by the lass
accounted to have t
was progressing, the
threw it over her left
whom it fell was als
for a wedded life. T
tivity of the day tern

In the celebration
perceived that some d
we have mentioned.
were used for conveya
ance of the ceremony,
home. Again when
were required; and i
the bridal knot was
lemnized without th
lines were, by the cle
distance from the ki
ses, a fiddler accomp
merriest tunes before
twanged off ran in fu

"She
She

of veal, 20 quarters of mu
of chickens, &c., which w
twelve dozens of cyder, a
into beer. The company
the music of twenty-five f
unanimity.—*Gent's. Mag*

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be proper to suppose that the foregoing account is
, to marriages which are celebrated in the present
lly they are conducted in rather a similar manner,
the usages pointed out, are not now observed. The
ot so formally practised; and "eating the posset,"
g flinging" have, perhaps with propriety, been alto-
ed.

till customary that the newly married pair with the
nd some others of the marriage company, appear at
worship on the succeeding Sunday. This they
, and on their return, dinner is served up; tea is
proper time; and the evening is spent in a kind,
but with much less extravagant mirth than that
n the day of the espousals.

le have, under the best wishes of their friends, com-
eir own account, one is almost led to believe that
thly happiness will long continue unalloyed. This,
instances is the case, and 'tis well: if sincere love
mpathy, based on the consciousness of each others
en them, the toils of life will be cheerfully borne.
unions take place; and, indeed, considering how
ents of good and evil are mixed in the human mind,
ncies are not always regulated by moral or religious
not to us be a matter of wonder if these were even
ccurrence. Inattention on the husband's part to-
what may be necessary, under prudent economy,
comfortable, whereby it may possess attraction to
is often a cause of dissention; and again, if with
is partner have neither the skill nor wish to regulate
rs in a way suitable to her station, nor endeavour to
d when struggling with the world, at times when
ssary—all these contribute to render the marriage
ndeed the most essential ingredient in the disposi-
HEART, according to the meaning generally attached
she lack this; or if her purity of mind has been
ed companionship, the man is fortunate who falls
But a woman whose affections are entire, whose
irtuous, and whose benevolent disposition is ever
ing her onward in the performance of kind offices to
and friends—such a being is in point of worth be-
would appear to be sent amongst us by way of
atitude to heaven for the enjoyment, through her,
oodness.—*R. White's MSS.*

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the 9th, 1513, in the fifth.
Thomas Howard Earl of
whose army, amounting
himself left dead upon t
Deloney, "and in remen
Commons of England ma

KING Jar
(Keep
That he will
Upon Sai

'Upon Sain
At fair L
And all the
They sha

Then bespo
(The tea
'Leave off
Keep yo

The wate
From b
My brothe
England

'Away,'
In pris
For she
And fo

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day made many a fatherless child,
d many a widow poor;
many a Scottish gay Lady
weeping in her bow'r.

this bespoke Lord Thomas Howard
e Queen's Chamberlain that day,
hat you put Queen Margaret to death,
otland shall rue it alway!'

, in a rage, King James he did say,
way with this foolish mome;
shall be hang'd, and the other burn'd,
soon as I come home.'

Flodden-field the Scots came in,
Which made our Englishmen fain;
Bramstone-green this battle was seen,
nd there was King James slain!

n presently the Scots did fly,
'heir cannon they left behind,
ir ensigns gay were all worn away;
ur soldiers did beat them blind.

tell you plain—twelve thousand were slain,
'hat to the fight did stand;
d many a prisoner, took that day,
'he best in all Scotland.

OINING THE CHURCH YARD AT BEDLINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND,
LLOWING SINGULAR TOMB-STONE, OF THE DATE A. D. 1601, ERECTED
THE REV. H. COATES, TO THE MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE HORSE
LEY:—

dy the path ordain'd by Nature's God,
free from human vices, Wheatley trod;
hop'd no future life—his all he liv'd.
turf he graz'd his parting breath receiv'd,
now protects his bones:—disturb them not,
let one faithful horse respected rot."

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MURDER O

FROM SURTE

not be solved by the supp
which do evidently require
the visible and ordinary
exceed the power of nat
atheistical minds*."

Secondly. The narrativ
ming part of the Prolegor
"*Sadducismus triumphatu*
ster (from whom, howeve
differeth *toto cœlo*), with
liam Lumley, of Great L
at the trial, and of *M*
"discreet and faithful int
adds the Doctor, "you
your additions, it being
tionably in every respec
sion, to undeceive the
supposed slaying of th
really dead), that th
than ever, sing in a lou
Devil is dead'."

About the year of o

* Webster's "Disp

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and the copy of the letters to Serjeant Hutton,
I do most perfectly remember the substance of the
Chester, in the Street, there lived one Walker, a
state, and a widower, who had a young woman to
at kept his house, who was, by the neighbours, sus-
child, and was, towards the dark of the evening
vay with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one
under ground, and one that had been born in Blake-
ancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time,
ittle, was made about it. In the winter-time after,
m or Grime, (for so in that country they call them)
d living about two miles from the place where Walk-
ight alone very late in the mill, grinding corn; and
ne o'clock at night, he came down the stairs from
ng corn in the hopper; the mill doors being shut,
an upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about
down, and all bloody, with five large wounds on her
much affrighted and amaz'd, began to bless himself;
her who she was, and what she wanted? To which
spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker,
child by him, he promised to send me to a private
uld be well look'd to, till I was brought to bed, and
hen I should come again and keep his house. And
he apparition, I was one night late sent away with
who, upon a moor, naming a place that the miller
vith a pick, such as men dig coals withal, and
e wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-
id the pick under a bank; and his shoes and stock-
he endeavoured to wash 'em; but seeing the blood
e hid them there. And the apparition further told
must be the man to reveal it, or else that she must
unt him. The miller returned home very sad and
ot one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as
to stay in the mill within night without company,
o escape the seeing again of that frightful appari-
standing, one night when it began to be dark, the
m again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and
at if he did not reveal the murder, she would con-
l haunt him; yet for all this, he still concealed it
Eve before Christmas; when being, soon after sun-
garden, she appeared again, and then so threaten-
hted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it
the morning, he went to a magistrate, and made

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the whole matter known wi
search being made, the body
in the head, and the pick an
circumstance as the apparitio
Walker and Mark Sharp w
nothing. At the assizes fol
were arraigned, found gu
could never hear they confe
ported the apparition did a
jury, who was alive in C
as I have been credibly inf
There are many persons y
murder and the discovery
much discoursed of in the
hath ever been heard of,
gotten. I relate this wit
in some of the circumstan
was sent to Sergeant Hut
shire, from the Judge befo
and by whom they were
the year 1658, when I h
from me; and this I co
being of undoubted veri
carrieth with it the mos
spirit to be satisfied, th
apparitions; thus far h

This story is so co
Scholia, on my Immor
cum, tom. 2. which I
intelligent person, Dr.
a thing of such conseq
for greater assurance
willingly embracing, h
from his friend Mr. S
inform myself of th
very few men that I
saving these two in t
both at the trial; an
and what he hath gi
casion. The other g
but I, being not the
twenty hands, that
but I thought these

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far Mr. Sheperdson, the Doctor's discreet and
; now for Mr. Lumley of Lumley, being an
nd at the trial of Walker and Sharp, upon the
ker, saith, that he doth very well remember that
rvant to Walker, and that she was supposed to
ould not disclose by whom; but being removed
ame town, called Dame Caire, told her aunt, that
child, would take care both for her and it, and
nerself. After some time she had been at her
ed, that Sharp came to Lumley one night, being
e said Walker's; and they two, that night, call-
er aunt's house, which night she was murder'd:
after the murder, there appeared to one Graime *
six miles from Lumley, the likeness of a woman,
her head, and the appearance of five wounds in
d Graime gave it in evidence; that that appear-
a justice of peace, and relate to him, how that
had murthered her in such a place as she was
fearing to disclose a thing of that nature, against
as Walker was, would not have done it; upon
me did go to a justice of peace, and related the
ereupon the justice of peace granted warrants
Sharp, and committed them to a prison; but
appear at the next assizes, at which they came to
on evidence of the circumstances, with that of
rance, they were both found guilty and executed.

WILLIAM LUMLEY.

mony is of Mr. James Smart, of the city of Dur-
that the trial of Sharp and Walker was in the
1631, before Judge Davenport. One Mr.
evidence upon oath, that he saw *the likeness of*
Valker's shoulders, during the time of the trial; at
dge was very much troubled, and gave sentence
l was, which was a thing never used in Durham,
Out of which two testimonies, several things may
plied in Mr. Webster's story, though it be evident
main, they agree; for that is but a small disa-
years, when Mr. Webster says about the year of
Mr. Smart, 1631. But *unless at Durham they have*
he year, I understand not so well how Sharp and
apprehended some little while after St. Thomas's

aime's original deposition is in the Bodleian.

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day, as Mr. Webster ha
ham, and yet that be in
Out of Mr. Lumley's t
woman is supplied, as al
Street, namely Lumley.
away his kinswoman wit
ley's narrative, and the t
days till the spectre app
makes it a long time.
Webster's narration, by
miller from Lumley, wh
miles, as Mr. Webster
corn in, but a fuller's m
cloathes off Graime's
supplied out of Mr. L
out of controversy, tha
Davenport, which is o
Webster says, there w
appear to the Judge,
knows no certainty.
not write any thing i
the main; so here is
Smart, who affirms t
upon oath, that he s
shoulders, during the
might be the foreman
very much troubled,
as Webster says repo
is, that it was the a
very fit and apposite.
loaded or charged
child, as well as com

The letter also, w
whom the trial was
Mr. Smart's testimo
all likelihood, was a
ness, and enabled M
more particular tha
for the main, that
apparition.

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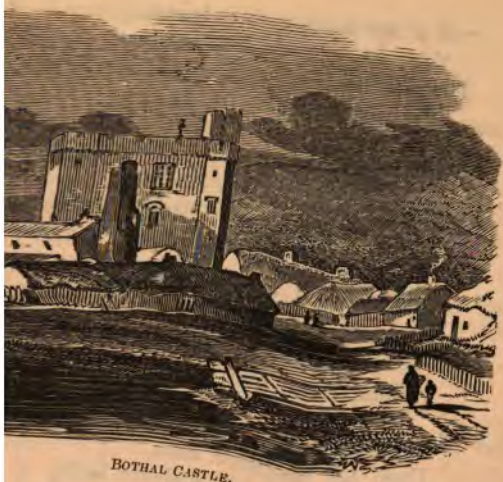

BOTHAL CASTLE.

LADY JEAN,

A Ballad.

Y Bothal Tower, sweet Wansbeck's stream
Rins bickerin' to the sea;
Aloft, within the breeze o' morn,
The banner's wavin' free.

ere's joy in Bothal's bonnie bowers;
'here's mirth within the ha';
, owre the cheeks o' Lady Jean,
'he tricklin' tear-draps fa'.

sits within her chamber high—
Ier cousin by her side;
sweer is she to don the dress
'hat's fitting for a bride.

haste! Lord Dacre's on his way;
'e hae nae time to spare:
ne let me clasp that girdle jimp,
And braid your glossy hair.

"Of a' the ladies
Ye'se be surpa
The lace that's o
Wi' goud 'ill s

"This jewelled
That broidered
For we maun h
On this—your

"O! Ellen, ye
To wed agai
I never loo'd I
I dinna like

"He kens tho
Upon his be
Ae tender wor
He never g

"And he has
My father's
Yet this fond
Altho' he

"O Ellen, s
I still may
When morni
The tiding

"And hurry
His spur
There's nan
Can mou

"Ah! wee
He will—
Aboon the
The pen

"Far is t
The br
Fair lady,
Ye'll b

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ıtely, solemn step, the priest
up the chapel stair:
s! for Umphreville;
art may weel be sair!

ıack! keep back! Lord Dacre's steed—
ıunna trot but gang:
te ye! haste ye! Umphreville!
lady thinks ye lang."—

t sheen she wadna dress;
earls owre her shone;
dered necklace, sparkling bright,
l Lady Jean put on.

: she frae her cushion'd seat,
ottered like to fa';
ek grew like the rose, and then
d whiter than the sna.'

:n, thraw the casement up;
ı the air to me:
ıwn within the castle-yard,
tell me what ye see."—

father's stan'in' on the steps—
mother's at the door;
o' the postern comes the train—
Dacre rides before.

auld an' gracefu' lichts he down,
loes his gallant band;
w he doffs his bonnet plume,
shakes your father's hand.

lady, list a bugle note!
unds not loud but clear;—
ı! I see aboon the wa',
true love's pennon'd spear!"—

fu' quick gat Lady Jean;—
ailment had she mair:
was her look, an' firm her step,
he ran down the stair.

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An' thro' amang
An' up the w
Until she reache
Her breath sh

Lord Dacre fain
He sought he
But dowf an' b
When Lady

Sair did her fa
Sair did her
She's up an' c
To bonnie

AT ALNW

HERE lie
Who witl
-der the
Crispe, v
She was
But men
-times e
And lov

IN

BEHOLD th
A virtuous
Sarah's obe
Martha's te

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MARY ASTELL.

ARY Astell, the daughter of a merchant of Newcastle upon Tyne, was born in 1668. The proofs of acuteness and capacity, which she displayed in the early periods of youth, attracted the attention of her uncle, a clergyman, who requested her parents to commit their daughter to his charge, and allow him to become her preceptor. Under the tuition of this gentleman, she acquired Latin languages, and made a considerable progress ›hy, and the mathematics.

›th year of her age, she quitted Newcastle and came s, where she prosecuted her studies with diligence and the remainder of her life, which was devoted to she resided alternately either in London or Chelsea. experienced in the study of letters a fruitful source pleasure, she became solicitous to impart to her sex she enjoyed, to raise the general character of women, ›m from ignorance and frivolity. In a defective edupersuaded, was to be found the true cause of those ies absurdly attributed to the sex. Under these im-ote and published an anonymous treatise, entitled osal to the Ladies, for the Advancement of their true terest." A second part to this address was a short to the public; "wherein a method is offered for the their Minds." These productions, printed in 12mo. vere favourably received, and even appeared to pro-n the female character, towards the improvement of directed.

une, impressed by these publications, proposed to)00 towards erecting a seminary, or college, for the ng women, and also to serve as an asylum for those e, studious habits, or other circumstances, should of retiring from the world. The execution of this onal project was prevented by bishop Burnet, from a sion, that its resemblance to conventual institutions idal upon the Reformation.

no, Mr. John Norris published his "Practical dis-›ral divine Subjects." The perusal of this perform-›sted, to the mind of Mrs. Astell, certain doubts, she

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stated her objections in a lett
their solution. Several letter
ject Mr. Norris prevailed wi
should be concealed, to cons
were prefixed to the work
entitled, "Letters concernin
of 'Proposals to the Ladies
Discourse, shewing that the
clusive of all other Love, is
Norris, M. A. rector of Be
The curiosity of the public
concealment; her letters a
and style, and procured h
face they are complimente

During the ensuing se
Astell resumed her pen,
a Lady," 1696: a humour
period she devoted herse
To preserve herself from
persons as relieve themsel
breaking in upon their
she was accustomed, from
that 'Mrs. Astell was n
attention, to the perusal
favourite authors were
Epictetus, and M. Anto

In 1700 she wrote
which she contended wi
be the privileges of her
nial engagement, with a
are unknown, gave, it
edge to her satire. T
and provoked malignit
1705, to which was ad
had been urged. Bot
with point and smartn

Polemic controvers
exercise to her active
ation a Virtue," and
the defence of estab
deration truly stated
occasional Conformis
&c." 1704. This p

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aintance with the religious disputes of the times,
le difficulty to the author, who obtained the ap-
prelates whose cause she had espoused. Among
vas more particularly distinguished, may be nam-
lwell; Dr. Hickes, eminent for his learning and
ın Walker, who speaks of her in his "Sufferings
lso Mr. Evelyn, in his "Catalogue of learned
tterbury, bishop of Rochester, in a letter to Dr.
ites; "About a fortnight ago, I dined with Mrs.
to me of my sermon against bishop Hoadley's
ıission,' and desired me to print it, hinting that
it. I accordingly sent it to her on the following
e returned it, with a sheet of remarks of an extra-
ısidering they came from the pen of a woman.
t imagine them to have been written by a woman,
me home you see, and artfully enough, under
my part against those who are in Hoadley's
to engage her: so I merely wrote a general an-
st to a conference."

ıtitled "Short Ways," she replied, 1704, in "A
e Dissenters and their Patrons; not written by
y other furious Jacobite, whether Clergyman or
ı moderate Person and dutiful Subject to the
4to. Before this performance had passed the
ın of "Moderation a Virtue" was published by
which Mrs. Astell wrote an immediate answer.
she also published a letter, addressed to a lady of
d "The Christian Religion, as professed by a
urch of England, &c." London, 1705, 8vo. In
he enters into a metaphysical disquisition, and
on his notion of *thinking matter*. Some remarks
ermons of Tillotson.

the church and state have, by modern govern-
erwoven, that a connection is generally observed
l and political investigation. Mrs. Astell's next
An impartial Enquiry into the Causes of Rebellion
this Kingdom; in an Examination of Dr. Ken-
nuary 30, 1703-4: and a Vindication of the
ondon, 4to.

ods of her life having been thus occupied by litera-
e devoted herself, towards its close, to a rigid ob-
ities and ceremonials of her religion. For some
leath she was accustomed to walk, regardless of

weather, every Sunday from (
tend the instructions of a favo
had been consumed in abstrac
knowledge: her heart was pur
per gentle, her spirits serene a
tive and animated. It was he
ought to be cheerful." But, w
towards herself degenerated in
imposed on herself a severe ab
of Christianity, frequently all
no other sustenance than brea
dining till night. "Abstinenc
sic." Those who indulged at
posed either for study or devot
tremes: temperance, not abst
tion, intense and unremitted,
body and hastens its decay.

Her death seems to have
breast; a painful and terrible
carefully concealed even from t
not improbable that this disor
life, by which the blood is imp
The symptoms at length becom
of Mr. Johnson, a gentleman
ed the necessity of amputatio
intimidated, she immediately
only that it might be perforn
scarcely allowing the presence
sed, on this trying occasion, e
confined, and submited hersel
nor during her sufferings did

Through the whole of her su
same fortitude and patience.
was eradicated, flattered then
but her blood was contaminate
continued to languish for some
clined. As she perceived her
for her coffin and shroud to be
her approaching fate. Occup
days previous to her death, sh
her most intimate friends, lest
her mind. She expired May 1

Among the most distingui

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y Elizabeth Hastings, and lady Catherine Jones; the e ladies appears to have been, on various occasions, her roness.

hical Fœminium—Ballard's Lives of illustrious British es, &c.

STOB-CROSS.

FROM SURTEES' HISTORY OF DURHAM.

FEW fields to the south of Stob-cross, near Cornforth, in the county of Durham, stands a ruined dove-cote, shaded by a few straggling ashes, and haunted by a brood of wood pigeons. Here a poor girl put herself down for love, in the homely phrase of the country, on the very spot of her appointment, with her traitor lover; and her spirit still hovers round the cote, the scene of her earthly loves and sorrows, in the white dove, distinguished from its companions by three spots on the breast. The poor maid was laid in the llowed her virgin strewments and the bringing home al." The traitor, "he, the deceiver, who could win ruin and leave her," drowned himself some years ıtbeck, and being buried where four roads meet with driven through his body, left the name of the transacss.

night the pitying bard the tale repeat
less village love in ages past;
he pale maid, the victim of deceit,
ike the primrose in the northern blast,
ere the ring-doves haunt yon ruined tower,
Ivy twines amidst the ashen spray;
still she hovers round the lonely bower,
anguish closed her melancholy day.
, she seems distinguish'd from the rest,
crimson blood-drops stain her snowy breast.

Superstitions of the North.

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INCI

N c
fro
17
dr
op
fr
ex
hi
re

nued alone in this perilous
whole of the next day. H
night; the white surf, in
sufficient light to lave th
particularly depressed; a
his preservation, was th
On the evening of the 2
being the nearest land, b
driven out of Whitby E
vessel which preserved h
renders this providentia
sunk within ten minutes

The following verses
azine, for March 1796,
Hutchinson, on the occ

T H
Sv
Des
Good l
Ah! m
Slides
Save, oh
See, w

Tremen
Wave
Scarce
Lo sh

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ow from this wat'ry ridge she's ready
To launch into the vast profound,
ly heart and hand no longer steady
Feel her beat the hollow ground.

Vith fainting voice I call assistance,
Call—but there is none to hear—
very help is at a distance;
My drooping soul's appall'd with fear;
ll around my eye-balls flashing
Seek some distant mountain's brow;
ought I hear but torrents dashing;
Nought but Heav'n can save me now.

e! my boat with water filling
Soon must sink beneath the wave!
he dreadful thought my fancy chilling
Lends my arm the strength to lave:
little lighten'd by my labour,
Hope revives within my breast,
ope, a kind and friendly neighbour,
Soothes the mourning soul to rest.

t, with horror, day declining
Leaves me here in darkness bound;
w adieu to grief and pining,
Here a wat'ry grave I've found;
O thou Sun," I cry, and, starting,
Anxious gaze upon the skies,
I see thy friendly beams departing,
"But who, alas! will see thee rise?"

ght comes on—but darkness never
Eclipses all the genial light,
e white surf aids my fond endeavour,
And joyful cheers my aching sight.
ce more Hope, with angel feature,
Sinks into my tortur'd breast;
av'n, preserve thy humbled creature,
And lead him to a port of rest.

I hail the sign! the beaming morning
Glances o'er the rolling wave,

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Its rays, the s
Gives earnes
My little skiff
Still she driv
My eyes I dart
In hopes to s

Dreadful still is
No glimpse of
Death in hideous
Hear, oh! hea
Alone, exhausted
Here my labou
Protect my wife,
And be to my

Deep sighs withi
Although no te
Tell the sharpen'
All I love their
Ah! while I gaze
Is it a sail that
It is—and Heav'
Before another

Words I want to
See, they cast
Here, in water h
Thanks—for th
Now on-board th
How my flutt'
Joy and fear tog
And do I hea

And can I see
While on this
My little boat si
Through vario
'Tis gone—and
Join in praise
To HIM alone
To us benevo

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BRAWN OF BRANCEPATH.

HE village of Brancepath, pleasantly situated at the distance of four miles and three quarters south-west by west of Durham, is said to have derived its name (a corruption of *Brawn's-path*) from a brawn of vast size, which in ancient times laid waste the surrounding country. After committing many ravages, it was at length destroyed by "*Hodge of Ferry*," whose prowess is cele-
erstitions of the North," whence the two following
ed:—

e may sing how in a northern wood
n time, a bristled brawn was seen,
size, which long the force withstood
ght well arm'd with club or dagger keen.

, when Dian held her nightly reign
lv'ry moon-beams slept on Vedra's breast,
ster scour'd along the silent plain,
oaring loud, disturbed the peasant's rest."

tle, the magnificent residence of William Russell,

esq., anciently a seat of the E
the south-west of the village.
the Bulmer family, previous
and defended by towers and
taken down by the late Matth
ture erected on its site. T
magnificience and grandeur
part of the kingdom.

That part of the ancient
entire, contains, besides seve
which last was, in 1821, lighte
and at the west end, by a bea
three compartments, so many
of Neville's Cross.

The illustrative engraving
including a great portion of t
ley rivulet, a considerable st
path, with the Wear. The
in foliage, stands at the sou
place of several members of t

The boar, or *brawn* of Bra
made his lair on Brandon-h
disputed sovereignty from the
then woody vale, extending f
the brawn's favourite haun
luxurious pleasure of volutati
after carefully marking the
with boughs and turf, and
the treacherous spot, stood
pitfall,—

"At once with ho

At length the gallant brute
seeing the passage barred, r

The story has nothing ve
evidence still exists. Accor
of Cleves sleeps beneath a c
yard, rudely sculptured wit
and spade on each side of a

It was not unusual, either
slain a boar, wolf, or spotte
in his shield. *The seal of R*
exhibiting his old antagoni
his daughter, wife of *Ala*

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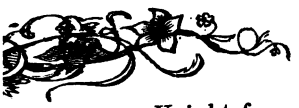
grey stone, supposed to be the remnant of a cross, is
rate the successful endeavours of Roger de Fery.—

The Outlandish Knight.

A BORDER BALLAD.



utlandish Knight from the north lands came,
nd he came a wooing to me;
told me he'd take me unto the north lands
And I should his fair bride be.

, broad shield, did this strange Knight wield,
eon did the red cross shine;
er I ween, had that strange Knight been
e fields of Palestine.

nd spake this strange Knight,
ight of the north countrie;
fair with the raven hair,
alt at my bidding be.

e is from home, ladye,
hath a journey gone;
aggy blood hound is sleeping sound
he postern stone.

me some of thy fathers gold
ne of thy mother's fee,
s twain of the best, in the stalls that rest,
they stand thirty and three.

* * * *

ted her on her milk white steed
on a dapple grey,
forward did ride till they reach'd the sea side,
ours before it was day.

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Then out and spake
This Knight of th
O maiden fair with
Do thou at my bi

Alight thee maid, fr
And deliver it unt
Six maids have I dr
And the seventh o

But first pull off thy
And deliver it unt
Thy kirtle of green i
To rot in the salt

Pull off, pull off thy
And deliver them
Methinks that they a
To rot in the salt

Pull off, pull off thy
That floats in the
It is woven fine with
And comely it is to

If I must pull off my
O turn thy back to
And gaze on the sun,
To peer o'er the sa

He turned his back or
And gaz'd on the b
She grasp'd him tight,
And plunged him in

Lie there Sir Knight,
Lie there instead of
Six damsels fair thou
But the seventh has

That ocean wave was
For he sunk right
Tho' with dying voice
And uttered an Av

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vas said for that false Knight dead,
ent bell did toll;
nt to his rest, unshrived and unblest;
; mercy on his soul!

* * * *

ed her on her dapple grey steed,
the steed milk white:
ill she reached her father's hall,
ours before the night.

hung in the lattice so high
lady then did say,
an I fear has led thee from home,
hast been long away.

ttle my pretty bird,
tell tales of me;
age shall be made of the glittering gold,
of the green wood tree.

s he sat in his turret high,
ing the parrot did say,
thee, what ails thee, my pretty bird,
st prattled the live long day.

I prattle, the parrot replied,
brave earl on thee;
t has well nigh reach'd the lattice so high,
eyes are fix'd on me.

d, well turned, my pretty bird,
n'd, well turned for me.
shall be made of the glittering gold,
door of the ivory.

Hone's Table Book.

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SC

ROB

Attorney

COLLECTED FROM THE

B

who as readily defends
the party who suffers c
his object, irrespectiv
truth,—his fee being
"To mak

The history of Bo
affords an instructi
course of apparentl
gence, absolute beg
yer of considerable
displayed much con
ed his principal no
the getting possess
of which were mo
came to his hand
documents he is
were held for a le
to be the occupie
sold, were knoc
insufficiency of t
habitants of He
Robert Lowe
many years sub
but which since

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ABBEY-GATE, HEXHAM.

who have greatly enlarged it, as a Chapel and Preach-
had his country residence at Humshaugh, in the
rds occupied by the Richmond family. It is related
one occasion whilst he sat solitarily in his house at
bly at an untimely hour, and perhaps whilst indulg-
tions which are peculiar to men who have made up
t nothing stand between them and their wishes,—a
the chimney and stood in his presence, to the great
the Lawyer, whose apprehensions were not much
ack visitant informing him that his *Master* would be
Among several men-servants whom he kept about
on of the Jobler's style seems to have had most influ-
ster. Once after Lowes' failure, whilst the Lawyer
e overhauling a quantity of parchments which it was
to dispose of; whilst some were preserved and others
e flames, a document turned up which it was Wilson's
ant to put out of the way, 'Burn it,' said Tom, and
much troubled with scrupulosity, who had kept his
ould not afford to keep a conscience,'—at once freed
responsibility to his landlord.
that gave a turn to his affairs, what events accelerat-
not here be distinctly traced; but he did at length
digence, and continued so till his end, when he liter-
itch. He seems latterly to have gone almost mad,
ne country with a batch of papers on his back; living
y, and lodging when in the town, with one Frank
e seems to have survived his failure long, and died an

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old man. He
and dress; in
though he was
stantly wore a r
shoulder gave h
rendered more re
shire, he called at
His company was
society, procured fe
ed to provide him a
to spend the night i
the table, unrolled h
own way; muttering
forbad her interferenc
thus till three o'clock i
for rest swept the Law
servant, turned him out
ments, and indignant at

He was ultimately fou
burn; at the foot of wh
little to the west of Hexh
vestry room, by the side o
perhaps erroniously, as tha
door of the building. His
Robert Lowes, Attorney at

When a Lawyer is seen
real property which had be
hands; and the houses and
de main become his own pos
ed to divide a piece of chee
the scales to an equipoize t
estates are thus acquired wit
heritance,—and he must wal
does not sometimes witness su
accustomed to say of the Law
"He's another *Bobby Lowes*."

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DERWENTWATER,

(A Fragment.)

'S REMAINS OF NITHSDALE AND GALLOWAY SONG.

AMES RADCLIFF, Earl of Derwentwater, commanded part of the rebel forces in the rebellion of 1715. After an ill-concerted irruption he was taken prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire. He is reported to have been a beautiful and noble-looking man. Smollet observes that 'Derwentwater was an amiable youth—brave, open, generous, hospitable and humane. His rom the spectators, and was a great misfortune to ich he lived. He gave bread to multitudes of people d on his estate;—the poor, the widow, and the or- his bounty.' (Hist. of Eng. vol. X. p. 200.) This aracter, and though smirched with the foulness of weetly of heaven. The Editor cannot find any tra- his ballad is founded; it is taken from the recitation in the parish of Kirk-bean, in Galloway. He has carefully through all the collections he could meet to be found.

DERWENTWATER'S a bonnie Lord,
Fu' yellow is his hair,
And glenting is his hawking ee,
Wi' kind love dwalling there.

he came to our lord's yett,
ud, loud cou'd he ca',
, rise up, for gude King James,
ickle and come awa.'

e held by her gude lord,
eel luve-locked hands;
n young Derwentwater came,
osed the snawy bands.

A

Th
I

'I w
An
When
Com

'And I
Which
When I
An' ow

O never a
As he pr
An' never a
As her jir
But 'O my
When his

He had drapp
Which knot
An' he has dr
Which gars

'Come down, c
'Come down
O dinna, young
The morning s

And high, high r
Wi' front o' rud
'Thy harlot front
Betokens naethin

* *

Our ladie look'd fra
As lang as she co
And every sigh for h
For Derwent there

* *

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

R OF MARGARET CROZIER,

OF THE RAW, NEAR ELSDON,

INISHMENT INFLICTED ON THE OFFENDERS.

OM MR. ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Look where yon waste
's downward to the south, amongst the trees:
by the steading of a farm, thou 'lt mark
tle gable, which the radiant sun
with his glory; 'twas in yonder spot
nurder foul was done. And on that ridge,
vard about a mile or more, the pole
angular arm, which thou seest standing fair
'een us and the sky, tells you the place
re hung the murderer's body. 'Tis a tale,
nn and sad, revealing much of ill,
vengeance too, without a single trait
l-redeeming mercy. MS.

IFTY years have now elapsed since this crime was committed, and great changes have taken place in the interval. Those who were then young, are now old; and those who were in middle life have nearly all passed from the stage of human existence. From the consequences which attended the murder, it will not readily be consigned to oblivion; and yet the detailed ıe case have never appeared in a form by which ered available as material for history. They float, ɔollection of those who were alive at the time, and ed on the memory of the succeeding generation; ıat leveller, besides throwing down "temple and ring with Truth and changing it into Tradition: areful hand gather together the leading points of ; omitting its minor and fainter traces, and subject ; of *photographic* process by the pen and the press, ' be appropriated to fill up the picture will after- bly lost. At the same time, the manipulator of the tments will feel himself amply repaid if he be fortu-

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nate enough to secure a represe
the majority of his contemporar

THE PEEL HOUSE.

In the year 1791, Margaret
occupied a portion of an old P
kept a small shop for the sale of
night the 29th August she was v
woman who was daughter to t
Mary Temple,* noted in the
at needle work. The object
pass an hour or two in conv
bed time; and as they retire
barking furiously around a pik
at a short distance from the
the door for her safety, she laug
fear, as nae doubt ane o' Bessy
to see her." It occurred that
Drummond, arrived from a neigh
commodity; but she was deterre
by observing some thread lying

* Aunt to Mr. Matthew Temple of
several particulars which are embodied in t

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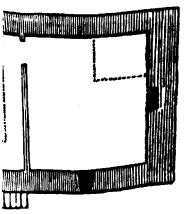
circumstance to Elizabeth Jackson and William neither of whom had seen the old woman that morn- ascertain the cause. The door was shut, but un- y found the body of Margaret Crozier in bed: the out scarcely so deep as to occasion death; it was, ound very tightly with a handkerchief: the palm of was severely lacerated, and a knife of the *gully* kind od, was discovered amongst the bed clothes. She was had apparently made great resistance in the struggle. of the house a plough coulter* was lying, the point of introduced at the edge of the door, by which means had been wrought back from its hold, and the door open. Traces were discoverable of the premises hav- d;† and on examination, sundry articles of wearing quantity of drapery such as muslins, printed cottons,

nt is now in possession of my respected friend, Mr. Thomas Arkle of whose information, while I was drawing up several paragraphs of the greatly indebted. It affords me pleasure to observe that his map of the and the accompanying book of statistical tables do him much honour. has given to the public a greater amount of *data* connected with the f his native district, than we possess of any other equally sized parish —*R. W.*

bove period, this scene of the murder has undergone considerable altera- part of the house having been changed into a barn or granary, and topped The side walls and gables were loftier, and the whole was covered he small window and door, however, remain as they were, only the stair the latter has been removed. The floor had a partition across the middle,



LAN OF FLOOR.

d it into two apartments, that to the right in the plan being occupied by the The dotted line in the upper corner shews the situation of the bed, on as found murdered. On the outside of the window appear figures raised ich are represented by the annexed cut. The lower story is arched over side, and the walls are of great thickness. Many remains of these strong- ll to be seen on the Borders: they formed places of security for cattle and ring the times when depredatory warfare was carried on between the two

and handker
was on terms
The exciter
accustomed to
People of all
miles, visited t
classes especiall
devise in order t
a rigid scrutiny;
to have been in t
offered a reward o
er or offenders.

When a deed of
what proof may be
or circumstance whic
took place, would a
preceding the murder
of a suspicious appear
house. They had wit
themselves were at dir
their meal; and one o
belonged the farm of
knife with which the m
and also assisted himse
but where it entered th
by an iron hoop soldered
man afterwards sung a s
a shepherd boy; and Hi
as to recollect the kind, a
peared on the bottom of
that William Marshall of
to attend the inquest, cha
having mentioned these pa
to the Coroner who stayed
were brought before him.
discriminating of the two, f
found beside the murdered
same which he saw in the m
which the man wore, were al
respond with several footmar
the Raw. Others had on t
individuals in the neighbourho
seen driving a loaded ass, near

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peas were discovered beside a pike of hay, above
h were supposed to have been left by the party
; and this also tended to indicate the direction
The man was nearly six feet high, strongly made,
ion, and his long black hair was tied in a club be-
light coloured coat with light blue breeches and
The women who accompanied him were also very
ne was remarkably so: they were dressed in grey
ack bonnets, and one of them wore a light stamped

the constables for the Woodside and Elsdon, were
Laing's Hill, William Hall of Elsdon, and William
peth. Arrangements were made for these officers to
the suspected persons, and mounting on horseback,
eir course to Tyneside. On passing Harlow Hill and
ingle called Whittle Dean, not far from Horsley, they
wandering amongst some whin bushes; and from the
n by Hindmarsh at the inquest, John Brown intimated
rs that this personage was the individual of whom they
At a short distance some workmen were employed
One wall, and one of the company rode forward to re-
be in readiness, should their assistance be required.
hen advanced on horseback to the stranger, laid his
ulder and said "you are my prisoner," to whom he
r prisoner you have of me," and forthwith surrendered
charge of the party. They next proceeded in quest of
ne of whom was apprehended about a couple of miles
n Ovingham; and on bringing her and the male prisoner
y denied all knowledge of each other; but a dog which
the woman, fawned upon the other prisoner on seeing
is slight incident afforded the officers cause to suppose,
quainted. It was discovered that these individuals were
ith what are called in Northumberland, *Faw Gangs*. The
was William Winter: his father and brother had on a
been executed for robbery at Morpeth; and he himself
few weeks previously liberated from some species of punish-
had been inflicted upon him for theft. The name of the
Jane Clark the younger, otherwise Jane Douglass, whose
some months in the winter season generally resided at
ll near Ryton in the county of Durham.
soners were conveyed to Netherwitton for the purpose of
mined by W. Trevelyan, esq. a Justice of the Peace; but that
being absent, they were thence taken to Mitford and

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brought befor
authority. O
were observed
ed in fighting w
ful of this, and
of that kind, his
The examination
against the prison
Morpeth, on Satu
the other female,
dale, together wit
individuals. The
Douglass; the nan
wise Jane Douglass
Mr. Trevelyan, and
Morpeth gaol on th

At that time it w
for the assizes to be
period from Septemb
arrange and get toge
on the subject of
early in the month
particulars of the pr
pied the court for nea
almost to suffocation.

* When Margaret Crozier
chased of Robert Benson an
and was shewing them to Eliz
as she was commonly called, e
manner. When she went aw
that woman—she gazed so mu
tor of the crime, by advising th
der was committed, she lodged
and would most likely meet Wi
said to have exerted herself in p
forth their hands and steal. If d
served "what's five minutes' han

† At the time of the trial, I
the testimony he bore against the
danger on account of the reveng
quence of which Mr. Trevelyan to
witton as a servant for several y
returning from Morpeth, between
spirited horse, he cleared the hedg
Mr. Trevelyan afterwards sent hi

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nce against the male prisoner, and E. Jackson identified d apron found in possession of the females, which she ade for the murdered woman. In the course of the trial evelyan, who had been bald headed or nearly so, was e the jury every little incident which could possibly tend charge against the prisoners, Winter, it is said, re- "his Honour had great need of a wig, but" continued his right hand and raising his own dark and profuse vara suin get my hair if he likes!" It was satis- n that the crime had been committed by the party.* e elder was liberated, and sentence was accordingly he others in the following manner:—William Winter, e younger, and Eleanor Clark to be executed,—the rmer to be hung on a gibbet near to the place where s perpetrated, and those of the females to be dissected d.

that Winter, notwithstanding his solitary confinement hs which must have shaken him considerably, was pos- nerve and courage worthy of a better position than e stood, we may mention the following incident. At Moot Hall in 1792, and for many years afterward, spot now forming the north angle of the area which nt of the present edifice of that name. All prisoners offences committed in Northumberland appeared here were kept in the old castle immediately before they ordeal, and were taken back to it when found guilty. en Winter and the two girls were about to be removed one of the latter, from the stunning nature of her sen- ed, and he, although heavily ironed, raised her up and arms to the door. Here, it is said, some individual, his own class who sympathized with the unfortunate dy with half a gallon of ale, and handed it to him,

ving his education; yet even here he was not deemed to be in safety, ely removed to the residence of Colonel Baird, about 20 miles north en he had been in Scotland about the space of eighteen months, he was recommended to return home. He arrived at Berwick by sea, as conveyed in Mr. Trevelyan's carriage to Whiskershield, where at which place, after lingering a few weeks, he died about the mber, 1803, aged 22 years.

confession, stated that the house was first robbed, and the old woman igh fear of detection, he sent the females back to ascertain if she e neighbours, and on returning one of them observed, "there is no *ed her up from her meat,*"—a saying generally applied to the act of the bridle or halter, when its owner is desirous it should not taste food.

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which he dran
across the ope
wards the old
in seperate cel
take place.

On Friday mo
led in front of t
were conveyed
ately beyond thi
on the spot wher
the Waterloo In
was guilty: the
all were forthw
time were taken
conveyed out no
females were rem
reported that or

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ess of the life they led, had in one respect maintained
e left the world undefiled as the gentle infant which
rit on the bosom of its own loving mother.

William Winter was gibbetted at Sting Cross near
, within sight of the Raw, in the clothes he wore when
d. These consisted of stockings, corduroy breeches,
ll lightish coloured, and a dark blue coat. The face
ly was covered. Bands or straps of iron bound the
nest; and these, at the top of the head, were connected
ich was fastened to the arm or short beam projecting
part of the upright shaft forming the gibbet. The
d be about thirty feet high: it was of an octagonal
lower part of it was driven full of large headed
at difficulty was encountered in hoisting the body,
rpose a set of *shear legs* had to be obtained from

Though a very disagreeable spectacle, it was visited
nd when the body began to decay, the smell was so
e horses which travelled the road could scarcely be
e place. The clothes, by degrees, rotted away, and
were loosening from each other, they were hung up in
red *inside* and *out* to resist the action of the weather.
d, while the whitened remains dropped down piece-
eighbouring shepherds were accustomed to bury them,
urse of time no vestige of mortality remained to be
len figure bearing some resemblance to the human
ards put up, which in the course of time decayed or
ieces. Another of a still ruder construction was also
of this, the head alone, with the upright pole which
l occupies the identical spot where the remains of
formerly hung.

retrospective view of the murder of Margaret Crozier
nent inflicted on the principal offender, it has betimes
that the order to gibbet his body, was one of un-
y. We have no desire to palliate the dark crime
nan blood, only we think that chastisement in the
who administer justice, ought not to be carried too
tempered with the divine attribute, mercy! One
and a house robbed, but when three individuals
ary confinement for eleven months, and were then
lows, something surely like retribution to the law
en made, had the body of William Winter, with

Lancelot Brown, Carrier of Elsdon, conveyed the skull to a Mr.
me landed property near the Barracks, Newcastle.

those of his
deed, had he
the property
abandoned w
and gibbettin
the country,
annoyed by
who were unv
check might
them should,
above harsh
this object;
the industrio
been attache
bearing it ca

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the female scream ascended,
lling o'er the crowded lawn.

her virgins round her weeping
ed aloft their snowy hands,
he wood Queen Emma shrieking
between the dreadful bands.

Sons, what rage infernal
you grasp th' unhallow'd spear!
detests the war fraternal;
the impious strife forbear!

w mild and sweetly tender
'd your peaceful early days!
as then of each defender,
of each the pride and praise.

first-born Edwin, soften,
invade thy brother's right;
Edgar, think how often
in dar'd for thee the fight.

shall thy impious fury
e thy guardian to the field!
y Sons, let peace allure ye;
stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

hat sight of horror waving,
en Edgar, clouds thy rear!
st thou Denmark's banners braving
insulted brother's spear!

ethink how through thy regions
night horror fearful howl'd,
like wolves, the Danish legions
o' thy trembling forests prowl'd;

unable of resistance,
mark's lance thy bosom gor'd——
hall Edwin's brave assistance
repaid with Denmark's sword!

that sword shalt thou assail him
m whose point he set thee free,

W

Ob

Sh

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l

Oh
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F
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And
Sc

Ah,
W
Whil
Ar

From
Tu
See
Mu

See
Co
Circli
On

O'er
Wi

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:ping o'er your follies,
/our heads shall lowly bow.

: Dane, the Scot, and Norman,
'our dales shall havoc pour,
ɔld and city storming,
herd and field devour.

.t signal new arising
the dreadful group prevails!
hand of Justice poising
aloft th' eternal scales.

with thy base alliance,
and rancour all extreme,
ıd honour's foul defiance,
:, O Edgar, kicks the beam?

; mild and blue, reversing
thy brother's wasted hills,
murky clouds dispersing,
the fertile shower distils.

r thy devoted valleys
:er spreads the angry sky;
he gloom pale lightning sallies,
ınt thunders groan and die.

ıy proudest castles waving,
by hell and magic power,
rk towers on high her raven,
h'd in Freedom's mortal hour.

ɜd be the day detested,
ırsed be the fraud profound,
n on Denmark's spear we rested,"
o' thy streets shall loud resound.

y brother sad imploring,
v I see thee turn thine eyes—
ı settled darkness louring,
v no more the visions rise!

ıy ranc'rous soul descending
thy sons from age to age,

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Province the
War on w

This thy free
Hapless E
With her wo
Down on e

EDW

OF HAYDON-BRID

DERIVE

character we may refer N
bridge Greyhound.

Edward was the son of
about April, 1754. His fa
mended clocks and watche
old man himself seems to h
sion having been employed
party who gave the order—
enough for him, but it will
his life, and it served the
parents lived to a tolerabl
The old woman's funeral wa
son: the spot where her
ed with stones, she was n

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, that he went no more to church, nor would he ever
emands called *Church-dues*. His infancy is said to
by an extreme slowness in learning to speak: he
before he acquired that faculty, and had begun to
other children calling him *Dummy*, when at length
n expressing his anger. When arrived at maturity
eet 10 inches in height, of fairish complexion, very
ingly strong: but his chief peculiarity was extreme
ay be noticed in this connexion, that Ned had a
ll, who was also an excellent runner, and is said to
, by pursuing a beast which had broke loose, and in
he swam across a river.

eral occupation was such as he had learnt from his
de racks, reels, and spinning wheels; and wrought
. Latterly he ran much about the country, cleaning
s also a glazier, and travelled much in the night,
ing a small cart after him; a vehicle which he found
his purpose, and which was unique in its kind. In this
materials and tools as his multifarious occupations
in which he not unfrequently managed to bring some-
me. His not driving but drawing his own carriage,
ery peculiar object on the road. Though often seen
ng what to others would appear drudgery, his dress
, such as to indicate the mere labourer: in this he
rather genteel, though somewhat shabby: he wore
rried a staff of a peculiar sort, a kind of thick twisted
which, in his nocturnal travels, had occasion required, he
made himself very formidable. He has been charged
es frightening travellers, by passing them, then hiding
repassing them, all in silence; and at length bidding
ght, perhaps accompanied by a strange noise, which has
ed as not unlike the report of a pistol, which he had a
roducing by an application of his finger to his mouth.
thus at times mischievously employed, was an object of
wherever he was seen. He was a fiddler; not perhaps
as an exquisite musician, but he could boast of an
which is much less common—he could perform whilst
g the road, and even with the instrument behind his
used various contortions of body whilst playing, as has
witnessed in the streets of Hexham, where he has been
ing at a public house door, with one leg suspended
arm which held the fiddle, whilst he merrily scraped
t with a clean long pipe. At other times he has been

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observed running befo
street from the west ;
even with his face to th

Strength and agility
the character of Coulso
at midnight, and ringin
satisfactory proof of hi
better tested by walking
town, with a load someti
he has frequently been
journey to Stanhope in
on some urgent occasion,
cut off every other mea
enterprize, but the partic
pedestrian feats related
been well ascertained : h
he found after getting the
tools, which could neith
village. He went home t
and returned the same
less than 65 miles, besides
that he reached home in t
sports on the village gree
surely could hope to compe
the gymnastic sciences wo
and it ought to be set dow
certainly to his wisdom, th
was not his forte, and he
his double-jointed fist might

Ned sometimes extended
Jedburgh and other places
took his carriage the whole
where he was known and co
pear ; but he is represente
dragging his cart after him ;
from home on an excursion
the bridge of his native town
so that his course was imped
cart. Some workmen howev

* Once in coming through Haugh
bull, but Ned produced the fiddle w
instrument, and the bull scampered
said, ran the animal down. *R. W.*

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his way through the water, though deep. This is
caused his death; as he caught a cold which fixed
and from which he never recovered. Feeling his
ng, and feeling too that he was a solitary bachelor,
spense with a wife till they have woeful need of a
l to be removed to the house of a person of the same
ost probably a relation, who lived up North Tyne.
ied, not surviving his removal more than a few weeks.
ave been buried at Bellingham, Dec. 27th 1807, in his

BELLINGHAM CHURCH.

year. Sykes, who published an abridgement of this
Local Records, preferred giving a different date to this
writer can only say, that both this and some other
articles, which it has been found most eligible to insert
onal department of this work, have been composed with
egard to historical correctness.
son! in the absence of better qualities, it is but fair to
lit for what has the appearance of a scriptural observance:
s purity of motive can be traced, he is entitled to credit
ligious scruples. He is known to have had a particular
swine; and abhorred their flesh professedly in obedience
ish law: for he had read his Bible, though he does
to have lived much under the influence of genuine
y. His residence was near that part of Haydon-bridge
broad-stone, at the east end of the town, but which
been rebuilt, perhaps without preserving any relic of

son.
d have been easy to have enlarged this memoir, by relating
s of prowess and of agility, equally extraordinary with those
but the author has not found it so easy to ascertain in every
the correctness of the statements.

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Renowned
Men used
But now th
Our puny

O Mad Mu
Since Orp
How had I
Thee scra

Thou wast n
I place it
Let blustering
NED had t

AN ELEGIAC

THI
Ou
On
The roc
Amazing
Which s

Sweet winc
A copious flo
And as its sil
In shoals the
Thick woods
The bays are
The tripping d
Enliven all the

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men, too, is the city fam'd,
ith deep rev'rence to be nam'd;
thbert's venerable shrine
—and, royal Oswald, thine.

ing, for charity renown'd,
lour too, with laurels crown'd;
Bishop Aiden, resteth here,
cht and Alfred, noble pair.

e Æthelwold, great Prelate, sleeps;
church the sacred body keeps;
eda, venerable Scribe,
Basil, too, doth here abide,
rned Abbot, by whose care,
uthbert gain'd his knowledge here,
with these Saints the relics lie,
in yon inner Monast'ry.

many more grave authors tell
t miracles proclaim their zeal;
ugh here, in a consuming state,
ir bodies, Heaven's last judgment wait.

Gents. Mag., 1772.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

g remarkable account of the discovery of a large sum
ated in Sharp's History of Hartlepool.—
tury and a half ago Nicholas Woodifield, then tenant
n at Mainsforth, is said to have become suddenly rich
ing strange circumstances. During the hay harvest,
ccidentally to a neighbouring well, to procure a draught
et his rake drop, which struck upon something metallic.
ly sent his servant girl home, and taking off his brogues,
o make two purses of them, which after having descend-
well, he filled with broad pieces of gold. With this
nexpectedly acquired, he is said to have purchased the
imdon of the Ropers. The estate is now by maternal
roperty of William Beckwith, esq., of Herrington.

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Advent

I *denyed* my baptisme, and d
and *the vther* to the sole of my
to *the Divell.*

which had not touched
as a preventative from
deed, at that period a
old erroneous opinions
ber a hard featured tall
even attended public
not owre cannie! It
the spot where her
portion of his stock
poor woman was the
commenced his adm
say, Tib, tou's a w
might be mentioned
be agreeable, and c
appear otherwise th
the greatest advant
time softens down t
is more apt with it
sober judgment to
is wrong. As the

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OLD CHURCH, WALLSEND, 1813.

oint of view, we present it without apology to our
nas been related in various ways; but in noting it
adhered to what appeared to us the most regular
g the story.

ne, one of the lords of Seaton Delaval was returning
ewcastle after night fall, and his way lying near the
ow in ruins on an eminence near Wallsend, he was
observe the interior of the edifice brilliantly lighted.
rd with the undaunted recklessness which in those days
many of the Border families, he left his horse in charge
t at the gate of the burying ground which surrounded
nd proceeded forward to gratify his curiosity. Upon a
h corner of which was placed an inverted human skull
ome inflamable substance that burned brightly, lay the
male, uncoffined and partly unrolled from the winding-
und it, occupied in the preparation of charms, sat a num-
ered hags, one of whom was at that instant employed
t knife in cutting the left breast from the corpse. The
ages of those who formed the company, considering the
r which they were assembled, might well have appalled
art, and we cannot say that when Delaval looked upon
blood circulated through his veins with its wonted regu-
e stood, however, still for a time, and could observe the
beards of several of the party as they turned occasionally
en eyes to the skulls which were flaming before them. He
ived that when the beldam who operated as dissector had
om the body the left breast already mentioned, it was deli-

vered to an attendant who
in the direction of the belf
the door or window at whi
the sudden dismay and co
endeavoured to provide for
whose hand the knife still
attempt to secure her, in d
ful. Some of the compan
entered, others ascended to
the openings in the belfry.
the smoke from a fire whic
the floor; and above it a
beam, by the rope with whi
fire was fed with broken pi
from the body of the female
in the kettle over which fat
sometimes allaying and aga
val had witnessed all these
his captive, and bound her
kept her securely, until sh
this was accomplished by
jury, we cannot now decide:
on the sea shore in the vicin
was about to be carried into
of two new wooden dishes,
neighbouring village. The
the sands, the culprit was
her, and fire was applied t
columns around her, she plac
ed a spell, cleared herself fro
away on the sea breeze like
captors. When she arose to
which supported her lost its
person who procured them, d
after making several gyrati
to the ground. Without a
the beholders then conveyed
amidst its flames.—*R. White*

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The Colours.

Manibus date lilia plenis
His saltem accumulem donis.

T the second parliamentary election for the county of Northumberland that took place in the year 1826, the following lines appeared in print, from the pen of Robert Surtees, esq., of Mainsforth, the historian of the county of Durham." The candidates it may be remembered, were Matthew Bell, esq., the hon. H. T. Liddell, Thos. W. Beaumont, esq., and the viscount Howick, o former were victorious. The total abstinence ion of political sentiment, that characterises this led the editor of the Table Book to reprint it. o him, that it would be matter for regret had it oblivion with the ferment of the time in which it

'ER Northumbria's hill and dale,
Far and wide the summons flew;
Dallying with the summer gale,
Four gay banners court the view.

e bright beauty's glance is beaming,
ses' love and Lads' delight,
oung *Liddell's* colours streaming
a flood of *pink and white.*

n'd and true, see deep *true blue*
n lighter tints combine—
nest *Bell* the triumph swell,
deck the coaly Tyne.

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From Hexham's
From Allen's
While Beaumont
Glints forth th

From mountains
That oft has v
Is loath to yield,
And waves on

Two must win, t
Mingle while
Pink and white,
In a medley s

Gay fleeting colo
Beneath the su
Two may last to
And two *must*

'Twas thus Nort
And cast a pit
As from old *Alnt*
And mounted c

She wav'd on hig
And Liddell's r
The blue and buf
She scatter'd o

—

ANECDO

After the *murus* at the *Va*
emperor was returning to th
as founder of eternal peace,
omen might happen to him, a
and noted for his jokes, crosse
with the colour of the man, a
him to be put out of his sight,
joke, to have said—"Thou ha
thing: now, conqueror, be a G

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CHEVIOT HILLS.

HE hill, properly called Cheviot, lies to the south-west of Wooler, from which its base, at Langley Ford, is about five miles distant. From Langley Ford to the top of the hill is about three miles more. In a Survey of the Waste Lands along the east and middle marches, by sir Robert Bowes and sir Ralph Ellerker, in 1542,* it is thus described: "The fforest of Chevyotte ys a mounteyne
ır myles or more of lengthe, lyenge betwene the head
ıd the Whyte Swyre towarde the easte, and the
towarde the west, and towarde the northe it devy-
d Scotland by the heighte of yt, as the water de-
eth.* And the English parte thereof exceedeth not
eadeth. And the most parte thereof, and especially
hte, ys a wete flowe mosse, so depe that scarcely
cattall may go thereupon, excepte it be by the syde
, broukes and waters that spryngeth forth of the
ason whereof the said ys not inhabytable nor serveth
pasture of any cattall, except only wylde bestes, as
oes.
outhest parte of the said mountayne springeth and
ryn',‡ called Colledge, and out from the south side
lytle brooke or water called Caldegate, and upon the
the two lytle ryns, as nere to other lytle brookes
f the said mountayne, and descendinge into the said
here growyth many allers and other ramell|| wood,
uche for the buyldinge of suche small houses as be
ed by husbandmen in those partes.
as well by nighte tyme secretly, as upon the daie

Caligula B. viii, No. 10, and the Rev. John Hodgson's History
ırt iii., vol. 2.
ese hills would be difficult to estimate, as they unite with the moor-
uthward, and are continued, to the westward, by similar green hills
ing that their bases occupy a circle of about fifteen miles in diame-
y be set down at 150, to 200, square miles.
ell," or runnel, a small stream. At folio 64 of the same MSS.
called "a lytle rynnell or water."
is natural copse-wood. Mention is made of a "banc ful of rammel
Complaynt of Scotland."

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tyme with more force, do co
verse tymes, and steale and
whiche ys to them a great pr
and buyldinges, and small r
tomes of the marches; whe
greatter correction and puny
and take awaie the said w
suche Englyshmen as geve
Scottes. And the one half
inherytaunce of the Lord Co
the inherytaunce of Syr Jan

From Wooler to the farm
ably good road, which, for a
that rises to the south of C
by alders and "ramell wood
the intention of ascending
leave their horses at Langley
top, there is a great likeliho
in the driest weather, to say
of the drains and sykes whic

The ascent of Cheviot, th
and springs and patches of
make wide circuit in order to
appear in the surface in some
ed with heather and moss, p
Cheviot is the highest hill on
above the level of the sea.
quite impassable from the ac
through numerous deep sykes
heaps of stones on the top o
the other the Wester Cairn.
generally find it difficult to
dry weather. On the nort
chasm, called the Hen Hole,
a snow egg at Midsummer.
hunters, when chasing a roe
into the Hen Hole, and coul

From the top of Cheviot-
hills which surround it, but a
of the coast of Northumber

* Mackenzie says this bog or lo
ago, that a person walked over it.

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uth is seen the high land in the county of Durham.
the view is bounded by Soutra Fell, and the Lam-
d to the north-west, the Eildon hills form a conspi-
the west and south-west, the eye wanders over a
ls," mostly of a conical shape, green to their very
nting with each other in the manner which heralds

frequently enveloped in a sudden mist, a stranger
ture upon it alone. A few years ago, a lady ascend-
ed by a guide, whom she dismissed on reaching the
she wished to give the rein to her imagination, and
ure of wandering over Cheviot alone. She had,
epent of her fancy, for a mist coming suddenly on,
nd continued to wander about the hill for several
ticking in the moss, and sometimes tumbling into
th, nearly exhausted with terror and fatigue, she
Langley Ford about midnight.
heviot is thus described by the author of "A Tour
Island of Great Britain," published in 1727.—
e to Wooller, we got another guide to lead us to
; for, by the way, though there are many hills and
y miles, which are all called Cheviot-hills, yet there
aster hill higher than all the rest by a great deal,
ce, looks like the Pico Teneriffe at the Canaries,
t I remember it is seen plainly from the Rosemary
iding of Yorkshire, which is near sixty-miles. We
ber up this hill on foot; but our guide laughed at
e should make a long journey of it that way; but,
imself, told us he would find a way for us to get up
we set out, having five or six country boys and
ran on foot volunteer to go with us; we thought
e for their diversion, as is frequent for boys, but
ugh that we should find some occasion to employ
d, as you shall hear.
us very artfully round to a part of the hill, where
e winter season, not streams of water, but great
g down from the hill in several channels, and those
hem) very broad; they were overgrown on either
es, so close and thick that we rode under them, as
one of these channels we mounted the hill, as the
a fortified town by trenches, and were gotten a
e we were well aware of it.
ounted, these channels lessened gradually, till at

length we had the shelter
cended till we began to se
thought very lofty, lying un
part of the plain below, ar
beginning, or as if we were

"As we mounted highe
also our horses began to c
vily, so we went very softl
till the height began to loc
ed myself down again; an
that ran before us, for we b
or start, we might roll dov
of alighting, but our guid
by you shall;" and with th
by the head-stalls of the br
rode up higher still, till a
and we resolved to alight;
could not prevail or persua
with labour enough, and so

"We were the more une
had a notion, that when v
upon a pinnacle, that the
have only room enough t
us; and with these appreh
and said we would go no fu

"Our guide did not und
at last by our discourse he
ing our fears, he told us, th
the right, but he assured u
hill to run a race if we tho
being blown off the precipi
us we went on, and reache
more.

"I must acknowledge I
the top of the hill I saw
what we expected a most
diameter, and in the middl
and the ground, seeming t
summit to the pond, tool
for when we walked towar
edge of the hill; and this
pond, the rain water all ru

"One of our company,

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l, found some nice plants, which he seemed might-
ut as that is out of my way, so it is out of the
I in particular began to look about me, and to
place was which I saw more remarkably shewing

ned to be very clear, and to our great satisfaction
e the height we were upon would not have been
. We saw plainly here the smoke of the salt-pans
outh of the Tyne, seven miles below Newcastle;
th about forty miles. The sea, that is, the Ger-
; if but just at the foot of the hill, and out guide
the Irish sea; but if he could see it, knowing it in
ere exactly to look for it, it was so distant, that I
; assured I saw it. We saw likewise several hills,
re in England, and others in the west of Scotland,
re too many for us to remember, and we had no
take minutes. We saw Berwick, East, and the
ills, North, which are in sight of Edinburgh. In
surprizing view of both the united kingdoms, and
penting the pains we had taken.
afraid now as when we first mounted the sides of
ially we were made ashamed of those fears, when,
we saw a clergyman, and another gentleman, and
horseback, come up to the top of the hill with a
had, and without alighting at all, and only to

h in the ascent of Cheviot, may be mentioned: the rare *Cornus*
, first gathered by Dr. Thomas Penny, who died in 1589, and
hnston in 1828 (Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed, Vol. i. p. 39);
(Cowberry); *Rubus Chamæmorus* (Cloudberry)—whose orange
oops;" *Melampyrum pratense* (Cow-wheat); and abundance of
berry). The *Carex rigida*, a denizen of alpine regions, grows
it, along with the Cloudberry. *Lycopodium alpinum* and particu-
f Club moss, display their remarkable forms in the higher parts
es, the *Splachnum sphæricum* occurs abundantly in its singular
als, and the *Andræa rupestris* embrowns the chink of many a
ten rocks and cairns are ornamented with the following Lichens:
r Cudbear; the ruby spangles of the *L. ventosa*; the dark-hued
istis; the silky tufts of *C. lanata*: and the shield-like *Gyropho-*
lla), famed ingredients in the Tripe de Roche of Canadian voy-
ords, the *Cetraria Islandica* or Iceland moss; the celebrated
Rein-deer moss; and the scarlet crowned *Scyphophorus bellidi-*
Cup-Lichen). By the banks of Wooler-water, above or near
fraga stellaris; *Rubus saxatilis*; *Polypodium Phegopteris*; *Aspidi-*
is versicolor; *Carex pallescens*; *C. remota*; and *C. sylvatica*.—
J. H.

satisfy their curiosity, whicl
us look upon one another wi
at our first coming up the h
ture. Fear magnifies the
first sight, which are present
"Satisfied with this view,
ill-bestowed, we came down
up, with this remark by the
foot, we found it much more
down than to go up."

Chevio

Of humar
I seem alc

ONCE more
From huma
Seeking 'm
A share in Natu
Her holiday—enj
From traffic's ces
In scenes where so
Or break the silenc
In Nature's silence-
From earthly thoug
In midst of desert s
Held captive with c
It glads my heart to
Rear'd round the va
Thy stern, and temp
Of desolation—bold
Where shrouding oft
Beheld by boding sw

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ark clouds thicken—
e-spread elemental
hast thy beauty too,
to the radiant noont
lift'st to heaven, thy
the might of unveil'
with creation's mor
ng the inroads of de
bear'st to periods ye
majesty of ancient sw
nations dwelling rou
er nations them befo
high the tomb—their n
earth—and then are see

With ardent step, the hea
The mossy pool—with willi
I pass—seeking the point of
With luxury of limbs well t
The Lapwing's scream, the
Invite me to their bleak abo
While mountain flow'r's "en
Lighten the rigours of the ro
The kindling breeze that swe
With new impulse incites to
Its freshness breathes of free
As in the old and storied tim
When, men to proud usurper'
Scorning their free-born hearts

* The collection of masses of cloud round the sum
age of rains and storms, forms a portion of the meteor
servers. Scarcely a shire, that can boast a hill of an
weather glass of this description. With respect to C
and its vicinity, will almost invariably predict rain, if
"her nightcap." In Roxburghshire this opinion has f
the following rhyme.

When Cheviot gets on his hat,
An' Hounam law, her hood,
A' the wives o' Kale and Boumon
May expect a flude.

† "The hills of Northumberland" observes the rev.
grey cairns bleached by the elements." (North Durham
occur on the summit of Cheviot, and many are scattere
chain. It is a mortifying view of the "vanity of huma
in rearing these vast sepulchral heaps, seems to have b

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In mountain glen
Found Liberty's
O potent more t
The mountain ai
It lures the lark
Exulting, to the
Nerve to the eag
For deeds of peri
And mankind's g
For converse wit

Oh many an h
When ev'ry scen
I've thought how
From Cheviot's n
My wish is crow
Along its ridges
Whate'er the pro
Of mighty, rugge
Have view'd bene
The streamlet dw
And men's abodes
In dimness hide t
Till, as on map o
Each bold-form'd
Now, dazzling bri
Then, one unvarie
Envelop'd in a se
Like ghost, I've v
Along the shepher
Amid its gloomy
I've seen the snov
Before the birds t
Bespot its hills in
And chill its glens
And I have mingl
The dwellers roun

longings for future fame, is now not onl
conjecture. A British origin has bee
antiquarians, others suspect that they m
who fell in their strenuous struggles to
bled in the not less frequent and not les

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elt the charm of Scotland's tongue
anced in an English tone.—*
something in a world like this,
earts unnerv'd, or grief-opprest,
have as here, some wilderness,
t whispers 'peace is here and rest.'
have as here—in yon deep vale,
ne shelter'd cabin's calm retreat,
ere smiles lit up, the steps to hail,
ev'ry cross impart a sweet.—

Dear were those hills, in boyhood's prime,
s far they met the distant view,
nd rear'd above the clouds, sublime,
stately wall of heaven's own blue.
iding from view a magic land
Where everlasting summer smil'd,
Which youth's fond musings plac'd beyond,
That mountain ridge so steeply pil'd.
But dearer now, their stern abode—
As o'er their time-scarr'd sides I stray,
While friendship smooths the rugged road,
And guides the drear and trackless way:

ilarity subsisting between the dialect of Northumberland and the Border Scotland, has been frequently remarked, and is probably the result of those ing originally been colonized by kindred Saxon tribes; and previous to their nent by the fate of war, their having been subject to the same territorial sway. imes when it was the duty of every loyal Englishman, to view whatever related , with the most rancorous feelings, this coincidence of dialect appears to have to mistakes—sometimes serious in their consequences to such "Northerne deeply tainted with their mother-speech could not refrain from speaking he." In Dr. William Bullein's "Dialogue bothe pleasaunt and pietifull, &c. e wife of a London citizen, ventures this surmise on a Redesdale beggar, who s charity:—*Uxor.* "What doest thou here in this countrie? Me thinke thou t by thy tonge. *Mendicus.* Trowe me never mare than gud deam, I had rather d in a withie, or in a cowtaile then be a row-footed Scot, for they are ever fase." (Vide Rambles in Northumberland, pp. 18-21.—332. Mr. Hodgson in ory of Northumberland (vol. 3. p. 31-32.) gives a curious deed which Robert d found necessary to obtain from Hugh prior of Durham and sir William as a certificate of his claim to an English birthright, in order to put an end to ces, to which he was subjected in the south of England, apparently for no other than that his dialect savoured of a Scottish lineage. This was in the time of VIII., when according to Holinshed, in a persecution raised against French and nen, attempts were made to accuse many Englishmen, natives of Northumberland fine them as Scots.

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When of that fa
Survives—but er
And startle—suc
Of friendship, to
Oh native Isle—
May skill depart
If I forget—if ce
The landmarks c
Tho' swept from
Were thy ennobl
Thy features bol
For thee an equa

Gateshead.

Anecd

N t
left
the
self
did
terr
abo
shee
after
left *i*

found alive by the shepherds;
of them recovered, *and afterw*
this respect, the destruction t
conceived; as it *may be* suppo
would hardly satisfy his hunge
by his depredations, that vario
They frequently pursued *with*
the dogs came up with him, he
ting for mercy; and in *that po*
fore laid quietly, taking his rest
made off, without *being follow*
excited to the pursuit, which a
it is worthy of *notice*, that he
upwards of thirty miles distan
sheep the same evening. Hi

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n the Heugh-hill, near Howick, where he had a that approached it; and in March, 1785, after npts, he was at last shot there.—*Bewick's Quad.*

---

storm, in the winter of 1789, a ship, belonging to near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland dog alone e, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. ı number of people, several of whom in vain endea- om him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the charge, which in all probability was delivered ning master, at length leaped fawningly against the had attracted his notice among the crowd, and de- him. The dog immediately returned to the place d, and watched with great attention for every thing wrecked vessel, seizing them, and endeavouring to .—*Bewick's Quad.*

:3, a large dog made its appearance at Bywell, and was supposed to be mad, which induced a large low it, which they did as far as Black Hedley, . Some of them were not a little surprised on to see the dog again in the field a little distance on going to try to catch him, he again made his :, on examining the field where he had been, and in ı large flock of sheep belonging to Mr. Hibbert, nirty four had been killed by him; and there was ase of any of them eaten except the kidnies. The on Sunday night, but it seems he had commenced his ent part of the country, as on Monday morning the n sheep were found in a field near Bradley, killed me manner.

History of British Fishes, gives the following ex- . of Lord Home:—"My uncle had a Newfoundland ebrated for catching salmon. He knew the Mon- well as the fishermen themselves, and used to go to lam at Fireburn mill on those mornings. He there ; the cauld slap, or opening of the dam, to allow the ınd has been known to kill from twelve to twenty ning. The fish he took to the side. The then lord ıted a process against the dog. I had a copy of the regret to say that it was lost when the old library s case was brought before the court of session; and

the process was entituled '
perty of the earl of Home.'
dog."

In 1837, a fine Newfound
Newcastle, pupped a litter o
keep two, the remaining sev
large tub. After being in
bodies were taken out and
further notice was taken
going to the stable next m
noise, and, turning the stra
discovered to his utter aston
having been interred nearly

The Mastiff (*Canis Molos*
knows how to chastise the i
of this kind, belonging to a g
molested by a mongrel, and
took it up in its mouth by th
ped it over the Quay into th
to an enemy so much its infe

The following instance of
eldest son of the late Alexan
deck of one of his father's ve
served until a large Newfou
seen swimming with the boy
himself by riding on the do
reason why he placed him in
kept while he lived, and his p

On the 19th of October, 1
rowing down the river Tyne,
it was overset, and the pass
stance attended the preservat
the boat when it overset, whi
the hair, and was dragging
shrieks of his master, the s
for, and brought his fortuna
sistance could be procured,
Gillespy's Col.

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The Premature Grave.

THE DEATH OF J. S. D., WHO HAD BEEN A MISSIONARY STUDENT.

:D AT HEXHAM, MARCH 12TH, 1828, AGED 23.

FROM THE "SELECTOR."

HAT grave we deem is premature
Where excellence is laid,
That like a rose in autumn's bower,
In bloom, and date, a very flower,
blossom'd but to fade.

n'd a youth of hopeful fame,
led in his prime:
ı mourns his perish'd name,
appointed hopes exclaim—
died before his time!"

kly flow'rs that deck his grave,
droop their heads at noon;
eeping winds that o'er them rave,
r's ear one import have,
sigh—"he died too soon."

ould entombs a generous breast
burn'd with ardent glow;
of piety possess'd,
ght to make his fellows blest;
leath hath laid him low.

for him the heathen wait,
e'er shall bless their shore:
end that mourn'd their wretched state,
etch'd to save, with hopes elate,
w, alas! no more.

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And was his of
The heart he
And was his yo
Who sought to
But found an

Nay—but a futu
(To mortals
The cause of al
None leave too
Nor 'scape to

Hexham, Oct. 2

POPULAR CUS

Syne Deid ca
Saying, Thir
Albeid that th
Undir this lyr
Thair is

still an end must come to th
farewell view of sublunary t
their being back to the Gre
the world and "all which it
Among all nations, whet
currence of death has been
which have had their rise in

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ns prevailing amongst the people. On the Borders
tised which may be traced far beyond that period
tion swept away much indeed that was worthless,
rtion of what it had been better to preserve. Se-
pitiatory nature, and intended to avert the influen-
ho, in the opinion of our early ancestors, were sup-
power of annoying and disturbing both the body
r a seperation between these took place. Others
of the shortness of man's life here and his immor-
The passing bell was to facilitate the passage of the
ld to the next: the prayers of good christians were
ur, and the sound was considered efficient to drive
ho otherwise might attempt to molest it in its flight.
e corpse likewise warded off unhallowed agency;
f the imperishable nature of the soul. The lights
r the body were both figurative of human life, and
desire of the relatives that the days of the deceased
ed. And the Lake Wake or Watching was also
vers of darkness from interfering with the dead: it
cite intercession with Heaven for the welfare of the
elatives and others an opportunity of remaining
either from endearing affection or esteem for the
promote, at the most suitable season, the spiritual
e who were present.
nes, when the present scene is about to close on a
e preparations for the event are simple and few.
f they were falling asleep, while the exit of others is
very great difficulty. When the parting-pang is pro-
h of time, it is sometimes deemed necessary to remove
from the bed to a chair; and in performing this, it
r that the pulse ceases to play.* The relatives and
ered around, and the eyes are closed immediately
s gone. When a period of about an hour has elaps-
taining feathers is drawn from above the mattress
he bed; the face and hands &c. are washed; the
n *dead-clothes;* the arms are laid down by each side;
etched out to their full length; and the whole frame

an opinion is entertained that some individuals cannot die upon
e feathers of wild fowl or pigeons; but we would rather attri-
nstance to some physiological cause. Will not the heart be more
the blood to the extremities when these are in a declining rather
ition? A watch when it is nearly run down will stop sooner if
ourable to the oscillation of the balance.

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is left to become stiff, rigid a
be deposited. The apartme
the change which has take
white linen; the tables and
terial; the looking glass is
of white or black ribbon as t
to the head of the bed; an
body upon which is placed a
these offices are performed
like ministering angels are
fort in the hour of need: wh
us; when we grow up and
there to tend and watch over
us his cold, icy hand, there
dress, and place our limbs in

On the occurrence of a dea
bell is tolled slowly and solem
val, a single stroke of the b
child; two strokes indicate
a male has departed.

At one side of the apartm
spirits are usually placed upo
tors. One or two people re
is gone, and the evening we
bours generally attend to wa
amongst the higher classes, n
in a room, and the family
think there is something in th
which evinces a want of prop
house, however, when a death
variably drawn down or close

Throughout the Border, fi
or third day after that on whi
ants are invited chiefly from
previous day; and this is do
each, and delivered by a per
said person is furnished with
and he goes around amongst t

* In the town of Hexham, within
bellman on this occasion went through
ants with the accustomed peals of hi
burial would be held, and, lastly, givi
sent at the solemnity.

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the time, and it is usual in the country for each to
crape hat-band and gloves. If the place of inter-
iderable distance, they are nearly all mounted on
partake of cake and wine or spirits; and when the
ear, the joiner approaches the coffin, the lid of which
allow those around to take a last look of the pale,
of the dead. When each has seen enough, amid
ut-burstings of sorrow, he then brings the lid to its
it closely down. Upon this the initials of the name
figures denoting the age of the deceased, commonly
white characters. Three or four attendants now
sombre-looking chest from the bed, and, with the
which contains the feet, convey it over the threshold.
f chairs are usually set; the coffin is placed upon
d, the company, uncovered, raise some verses of a
r hymn to a measure the most mournful and melan-
ell upon a human ear. Then the coffin is borne
ith the narrow end to the front, and fastened to its
rn straps; after which the procession moves on-
st relatives taking their place immediately behind
hus they proceed to the place of burial.
eligious forms over the world, there is not one more
appropriate to the purpose, than the Service of the
according to the order of the church of England.
who have accompanied the remains of a dear parent
know the consolation afforded by these words "I
tion and the Life &c." when they are uttered in a
r by the priest in his surplice, as he meets the funeral
the coffin has been taken from the hearse and is
gh the gate of the church-yard. Nor when the coffin
church, nor when it is laid in its place of long rest, is
of the remaining portion of the service less soothing
those upon whom the shock of separation is most
conclusion, the sexton and another assistant fill the
to the grave; lay the green sods above it; and thus
ast duties we can pay to the remains of the departed.
country places for the funeral-party to retire to a
the vicinity of the church, and partake of some re-
er this, they proceed homeward, and tea awaits them
The neighbouring females who assisted at the funeral,
ve been invited on that occasion, partake of the same
after the removal of the body, and generally retire be-
eturn who may have been present at the interment.

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When the company sep
themselves around the hea
a head of the family is g
the irrecoverable loss they
give way to inconsolable
again partake of what is w
the toils, troubles and suff
of tears. Moreover, the st
the Author of our being; a
all iniquity, why would we l
Will? Afflictions of all ki
to many in this way, that t
perceive more clearly the f
and ought to stimulate us i
the Rock of Ages—our sur
"Be virtuous—be religious-
words uttered to his son ir
whose comprehensive intell
est men who ever existed
weighty admonition can alor
cannot be taken from us, a
enabled to look for security

END

A. RICHARD

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